

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

#173

October 1997

\$3.00



WHO SAYS PUNKS
CAN'T TALK AND
CHEW GUM AT THE
SAME TIME!?!

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)

•U.S.: Copies are \$3.00 each/ 6 issues sub for \$18.00. If you're from California, send \$19.49 (sales tax).

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•Australia, Asia, Africa: Copies are \$7.00 each/ 6 issue sub for \$42.00 (US dollars).

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:

Back issues 149-150, 151 Pt 2, 155, 156 Pt 1, 159, 162-166, 168-172 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:

Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!

Interviews: continuously, with photos!

Ad Reservations: call to make sure.

Ad Copy In: by 22nd of previous month-- no later!!

Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

AD SIZES AND RATES:

1/6 page: (2 1/2" x 5") \$25

1/3 page long: (2 1/2" x 10") \$60

1/3 page square: (5" x 5") \$70

AD CRITERIA:

Due to backlogs, we can only run new ads for music and zine releases. All other ads must be classifieds only. We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands.

CLASSIFIEDS: 40 words cost \$3/60 words max for \$4. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: The Reclusives

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within U.S., we'll sell them to you at \$1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Must order 5 or more of the same issue. Need street address (not PO Box) to UPS to.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (415)642-6800 or fax (415)642-6810. Also available from Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, Rotz, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

PO BOX 460760

SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760

Phone (415)923-9814

Fax (415)923-9617

Email: maximurnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters.
Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

10

ROB COONS

REGISTRATORS-TV Hell-EP

V/A-Disoppress-EP

HIS HERO IS GONE/URANUS-split 12"

FALLOUT-Resist Control-EP

WORD SALAD-Faction Of Dystopia-EP

CHARLES BRONSON/UNANSWERED-split EP

V/A-Violence-8"

CRO-MAGS-Live At Wellingtons-LP

LOUDMOUTHS-Gone Drinkin'-EP

HIS HERO IS GONE-live

DR. DANTE

LOS KENNY HARPERS/CACAHUETES-split EP

THE DRAGS-Stop Rock And Roll-LP

THE WAILERS-Do Not Release-10"

THE ROBOTS-Rip Off-45

EXPLOSIVE KATE-LP/THE KIRKS-Get Out-EP

THE BRIDES-Pushed Around-45

LADY SPEEDSTICK-Saturday Night...-LP

HEAD-The Monkey-LP

LOUDMOUTHS-Gone Drinkin'-EP

THE MUSTANGS-Here Come...-EP

JEFF HEERMANN

ARMITAGE SHANKS-Are Friends Electric?-45

LOUDMOUTHS-Gone Drinkin'-EP

V/A-Bloodstains Across The UK Vol 2-LP

THE DRAGS-Stop Rock And Roll-LP

ARMITAGE SHANKS-Never Mind The Ballcocks-LP

THE STAINS-In Decline-45

WORKIN' STIFFS-Whipping Boy-45

REGISTRATORS-TV Hell-45

THE FEED BACK-Come With Me-45

JACK SAINTS-Pickpockets And Loose Women-EP

TOM HOPKINS

MANFAT/HARD TO SWALLOW-split EP

CRUCIFIX-Exhibit A-LP/ASSHOLE PARADE-live

HIS HERO IS GONE/URANUS-split-LP

Profane Existence-#31/32-zine

CHRIST ON A CRUTCH-2xLP/HIS HERO-live

UNHINGED-Win Our Freedom...-LP

FORWARD-Feel...-EP/ANTIOCH ARROW-CD

OJO ROJO-Can You Keep Your Sanity-LP

HAIL MARY-Glorious Morning-EP

CHARLES BRONSON/UNANSWERED-split EP

TOP 10 ZINES

Trailor Trash #9

Stuck #1

Breakout #5

Scam#3

Avow #7

Blood Mop #1

Second Nature #6

The Baffler #9

Cryptic Slaughter #7.5

Rabble Review #1

RAY LUJAN

PUD-The One On The Wall-LP

TRAVIS CUT-Complicated-EP

BOMB BASSETS-Take A Trip-LP

WORKIN' STIFFS-Whippin' Boy-45

LOUDMOUTHS-Gone Drinkin'-EP

GAMITS-Come Get Some-EP

TOY DOLLS-Mega Byte-LP

A MERCY UNION-EP/FEZ PETTING ZOO-CD

FORGOTTEN-Class Separation-EP

STITCHES/TURBONEGRO-live

TIMOJHEN MARK

HIS HERO IS GONE/URANUS-split-LP

LOCUST/HIS HERO/RESIN-live

HARSH/SHITFIT-split EP/GLOOM-Perdition-12"

SCROTUM GRINDER-Geld-EP

DIESEL QUEENS-Beast With...-EP

CATTLE DECAPITATION-10 Torments-EP

CHARLES BRONSON/UNANSWERED-split EP

KORT PROSESS-Suart Natt-2xEP

WORD SALAD-Faction Of Dystopia-EP

BLACK KRONSTATD-A World To Win-EP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

Scam-#3-zine

MANFAT/HARD TO SWALLOW-split EP

THE BUSINESS-Harry May - The Singles-2xLP

V/A-Bloodstains Across The UK Vol 2-LP

PINK KROSS-Scumbag-EP

SNUFF-Potatoes & Melons...-CD

KILL SADIE-Colorless-EP

STIKKY-Spamthology Vol 1-CD

CHRIST ON A CRUTCH-2xLP

LOUDMOUTHS-Gone Drinkin'-EP

TOP

Please send us your records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible—one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

10

RAIMUNDO MURGIA

LOUDMOUTHS-Gone Drinkin'-EP	BLANKS 77-Tanked & Pogoed-EP
U.S. BOMBS-Beer City Basement-EP	PANTYBOYS-White Middle Class-EP
DISAPPOINTMENTS-All Cranked Up-EP	Baffler-#9-zine
THE STITCHES-live	NORTHERN DRINKING CULT-EP
THE STAINS-Independent-EP	WORKIN' STIFFS-Whipping Boy-45

JAH NELL

Scam-#3-zine	FURIOUS GEORGE-Get A Record-LP
USELESS FUCKS-Uncle Sid wants You-EP	SCARED OF CHAKA-live
THE BRIDES-Pushed Around-45	LOUDMOUTHS-Gone Drinkin'-EP
EXCESSIVE DEFIANCE-Eat A Dick...-EP	SLOPPY SECONDS/VINDICTIVES-split EP
HEAD-The Monkey-LP	SPACESHITS-live

BRUCE ROEHRS

THE FORGOTTEN-Class Separation-EP	WORKIN STIFFS-Whipping Boy-45
RESTARTS-Just Gets Worse-EP	BUSINESS-LP/NORTHERN DRINKING CULT-EP
THE DISAPPOINTMENTS-Crank Me Up-EP	ANTI-FLAG/OBNOXIOUS-split EP
LOUDMOUTHS-EP/TURBONEGRO-live	ANTI-TRUST-Double Secret Probation-EP
GENERATION EXCREMENT-EP/US BOMBS-EP	THE STAINS-45/REGISTRATORS-45

LEAH URBANO

HIS HERO IS GONE/URANUS-split-LP	V/A-All About Friends-CD
CHRIST ON A CRUTCH-2xLP	ANTIOCH ARROW-CD
CRO-MAGS-Live At The Willington-LP	TRIAL-Through The Darkest Days-CD
FLOODPLAIN-Eightpennygalvanized-CD	EL DOPA-1332-LP
V/A-A Benefit For Reno Food Not Bombs-EP	CONVERGE-live

JON VON

LOUDMOUTHS-Gone Drinkin'-EP	FURIOUS GEORGE-Get A Record-LP
THE DISAPPOINTMENTS-Crank Me Up-EP	WORKIN' STIFFS-Whipping Boy-45
HEAD-Monkeys-LP	NOBODYS-Smell Of Victory-LP
BOMB BASSETS-Take A Trip-LP	KAISERS-Alligator-EP
TOY DOLLS-One More-LP	TURBONEGRO-live

RYAN WELLS

THE KIRKS-Get Out-EP	THE SQUARES-Medway Tribute-LP
STARLIGHT DESPERATION-Our Product-EP	SWINDLERS-Wild Wild-EP
V/A-Bloodstains Across The UK Vol 2-LP	V/A-Asesinas De La Lucha Libre-LP
ARMITAGE SHANKS-Never Mind The Ballcocks-LP	REGISTRATORS-TV Hell-EP
STILETTO BOYS-8-Track Stereo-EP	TOP GEAR-Pleasure-EP/CRUCIFIX-Exhibit A-LP

TIM YOHANNAN

DIESEL QUEENS-Beast With Five Heads-EP	V/A-Killed By Death #17-LP/THE KIRKS-EP
V/A-Bloodstains Across The UK Vol 2-LP	LADY SPEEDSTICK-EP/LOUDMOUTHS-EP
V/A-Killed By 7" Vol 1-EP/IDYLS-Down With...-EP	EXPLOSIVE KATE-LP/ARMITAGE SHANKS-LP
HEAD-LP/FURIOUS GEORGE-LP	V/A-Too Hot To Handle-LP/HEADS KICKED IN-EP
DISENCHANTED/TWENTY-TWOS-split EP	SAVAGE MALIGNANT-EP/THE BRIDES-EP

REMA YOUNG & KENNY KAOS

BACKSTREET GIRLS-Monster In My Cadillac-45	THE BRIDES-Pushed Around-45
DIMESTORE HALOES-Thrill City Crime Control-LP	THE DRAGS-Stop Rock And Roll-LP
HEAD-The Monkey-LP	LOUDMOUTHS-Gone Drinkin'-EP
MR T EXPERIENCE-And I Will Be With You-EP	THE STAINS-In Decline-45
STILETTO BOYS-8-Track Stereo-EP	VENDETTAS-Can't Stop-45

ZINE SHITWORKERS

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Lily Boe	Jerry Booth
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Gardner Fusuhara	Brian Gathy
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Harald Hartmann	Chris Harvey
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Jenn Hyman	George Impulse
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Adam Leborgne	Morgan Andrews
Ryan Taxles	Graham Russell
Laurent P.	Generic
PC Simonelli	Mitch Prothero
Chris Hall	

ZINE COORDINATORS

Jen Angel	Tim Yohannan
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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

#149/Oct '95. Manic Hispanic, Pet UFO, Campus Tramps, Joe Kidd, Bad Luck Streak, Chumslap, The Humpers, No Violence, Diferentes Actitudes Juveniles, Richard The Roadie, "Roots Of Punk--The Sixties Pt 2".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots Of Punk--The Essential 1950s".

#151 pt 2/Dec '95. The Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, ElectricFrankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, The Stains, Varukers, The Pist, Terrible Virtue, "The Hardcore Films Of Richard Kern".

#155/Apr '96. Third Degree, Pus-sy Crush, Surfin' Turnips, Sickoids, Anti-Flag, Slight Slappers, High Plains Drifters, Cro-Mags, Hockey Teeth, "The Knights Of Malta".

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots of Punk--Boston".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter & The Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Breakups, Not For Rent, "Roots of Punk--The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. The Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes of Too Many Records, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots of Punk--The Dickies".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fos-iles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Roots of Punk--Los Angeles '77".

#163/Dec '96. The Last Sons Of Krypton, The Prostitutes, Wig Hat, The Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, The Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#164/Jan '97. Naked Aggression, Lil Bunnies, Sparkle Moore, Tab Hunter, Bar Feeders, Jabberwocky, Auto Control, The Hookers, Epileptix, Ac-rid, "Roots of Punk--The Vibrators", "Ten Years of Gilman".

#165/Feb '97. He's Dead Jim, The Mil-lionaires, No-Talents, Blanks 77, The Hives, The Freeze, Chris Spedding & Other People's Music, Defiance, The Real McKenzies, Savage Malignant, Sea Monsters, Dropkick Murphys, Bou Sou Nezumi, "Roots of Punk--Rich-ard Hell".

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, 77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Roots of Punk--Dead Boys".

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots of Punk--SLF, Under-tones".

#169/June '97. Hard Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halfings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots of Punk--Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile, Broken, (Young)Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Roots of Punk--The Slits".

#171/August '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Patrick Grindstaff of Pelado Records, Misanthropists, Racetractor, Violent So-ciety, Knuckleheads.

#172/Septem-ber '97. With-drawls, Judge-ment, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yel-lowskin, The Weird Lovemak-ers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmak-er Doug Cawk-er.

#173/October '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Gua-pos, Les Partisans, The Bristols, My 3 Scum, The Space Shits, Chris of Pes-simiser Records, The Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pio-neers of Punk: GG Allin".

MRR IS LOOKING FOR A NEW ZINE COORDINATOR

Yep. We're looking for someone to come and share in the responsibility of running this zine. What exactly does that mean? We are looking for one person who is interested in being involved with Maximum on a large scale - taking on both the tedious work and an active role in deciding the direction of this zine.

The responsibilities include handling daily shitwork (mail, phones, advertising), layout, coming up with new ideas, instigating interviews and articles, harassing the shitworkers, taking the blame, and being responsible for the general direction of the magazine. You must be willing to move to San Francisco (unless you live here already) and make MRR a priority above friendship and, in some cases, above your own projects. Things like computer experience, proficient typing, and organizational skills are helpful, but being a fast learner could compensate for inexperience.

These are responsibilities shared by all the zine coordina-tors (well, just Jen and Tim). Specific responsibilities could include some screening and assigning of incoming records, and in general being involved with the record review section and ads that pertain to music. This means that you would need to generally agree with the musical content and direction of the magazine, and feel confident that you could continue it.

Now, here's the important stuff. On the personality side, we are looking for someone who is extroverted and outgoing, deals well with people (and strangers), likes going to shows, and knows a lot about records, bands, and music in general. The ideal person must be motivated and detail oriented, to the extent of being completely anal. Confidence and some degree of aggressiveness are also important, as well as the ability to put aside your needs and ego to balance the needs of the other shitworkers. You need strength and vision, but also sensitivity to others. Ability to work under pressure or in a demanding environment are also very helpful.

There are no age, gender, race, or hairstyle restrictions. Dreadlocks may be acceptable, but Birkenstocks are strictly forbidden (Tim won't budge on that one). Tattoos and piercings are optional. It also doesn't matter where you come from (though Jen, of course, will give special consideration to anyone from the Midwest, particularly Ohio).

We are not limiting this search to zine people only. However, it's awfully difficult to show quality, consistency, dedication, and commitment otherwise. If you are not a zine editor but are interested, it's up to you to come up with a creative way to demonstrate these things to us.

If this sounds like something you might be interested in and qualified for, please send us a letter telling us who you are, why you want to work with us, and why you think you should be the one. Your letter should also talk about what you have been doing for the last couple of years, and what your plans for the immediate future involve. Examples of your writing or work would also be a good idea to send. Please remember to include your phone number with your letter. Money and other bribes probably won't help you, the only possible exception to that being rare punk rock records (Tim is especially interested in foreign ones).

Please be warned that, first, this is a long term project. Second, there is not and never will be any monetary compensa-tion involved. The only thing we can offer is living space at the MRR house. All other expenses are up to you. If you have any questions before you send in your letter, please call us here at Maximum HQ and talk to Jen or Tim.



BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free!! Please list alternates in case we're out of a particular issue. Price list is on previous page.

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OUT SOON

EP - Youth Gone Mad - "Rotten"

EP - 5 Minutes of Chiasse - Grindcore

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NEWS OF TODAY!



FEMALE TROUBLE
"Cleanin Up The Hood"
3-girl-1-man-
punk-rock from
Berlin-Kreuzberg

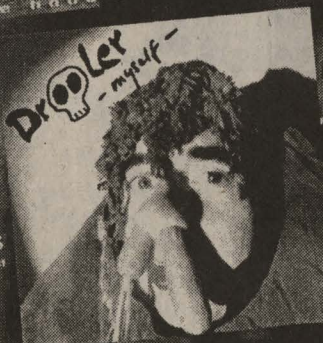


SERE
"Burnin' Like An Intake Valve"
HC from New York

DROOLER

"Myself"

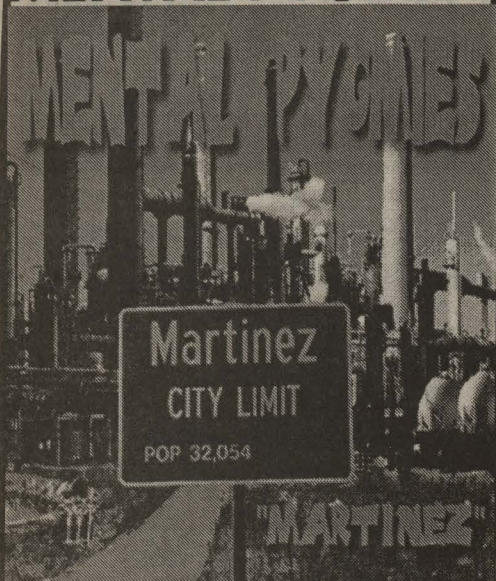
Tardcore from
Berlin-Kreuzberg
incl. the ex-singer
of New York's
"Crawlappy"



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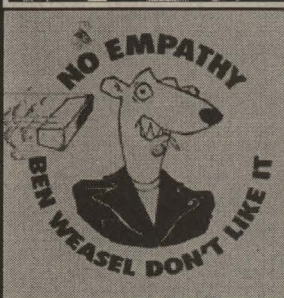
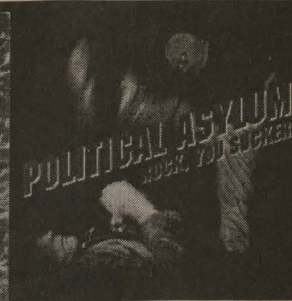
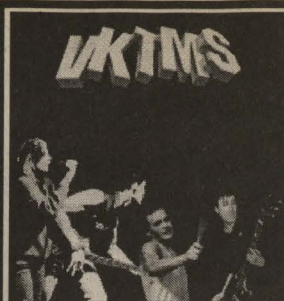
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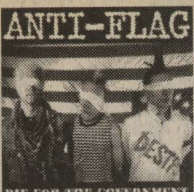
Part I of the Subs' 20th Anniversary reunion set featuring one of the earlier line-ups (Garratt, Harper and Gibbs). NRA69CD 12 Bucks



Part II of the UK Subs 20th Anniversary set from "one of the pioneers of punk rock" (MRR). CLP9929-2 12 Bucks



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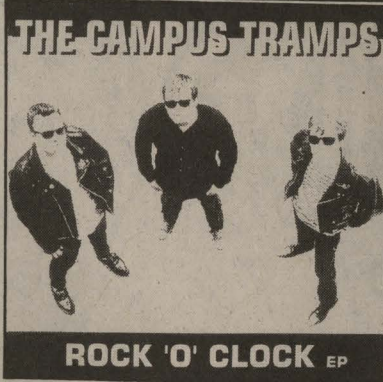
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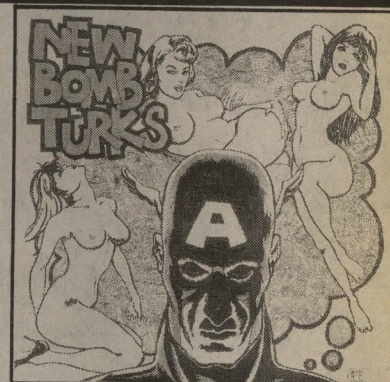
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The AUTOMATICS
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"Since you all seem a bit slow, I'll spell it out further.... Timbo tells the rest of you what is and isn't punk. Literally." --Ben Weasel

Taken grossly out of context from Ben's post on AOL, Aug. 6, 1997.

Why, thank you, Ben, so nice of you to notice! You are, after all, the font from which all punk rock wisdom flows... I kneel and genuflect to your superior wit and intellect. HA!!! We all wait with baited breath for the lyrical posturings of the next SQUIRTING WEASEL record. Just to help you out—and I know you're struggling at this late stage of your career—have a couple rhymes...

"...YOU DUMB FUCKS" with "...MY 80 THOUSAND BUCKS"

"...YOUR DULL WITS" with "...SHOW ME YOUR TITS!"

"...I LOVE MONEY" with "...HE'S EVEN OLDER THAN ME!"

"...YOUR 20 DOLLAR NOTE" with "...NEXT I NEED A BOAT!"

No charge, big guy, no charge... —T. Chandler

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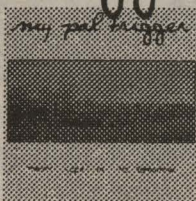
Grapefruit

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A Study in Mumpishness CD
Fun, surfably punk from Hawaii

my pal trigger



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with Liquid Meat's
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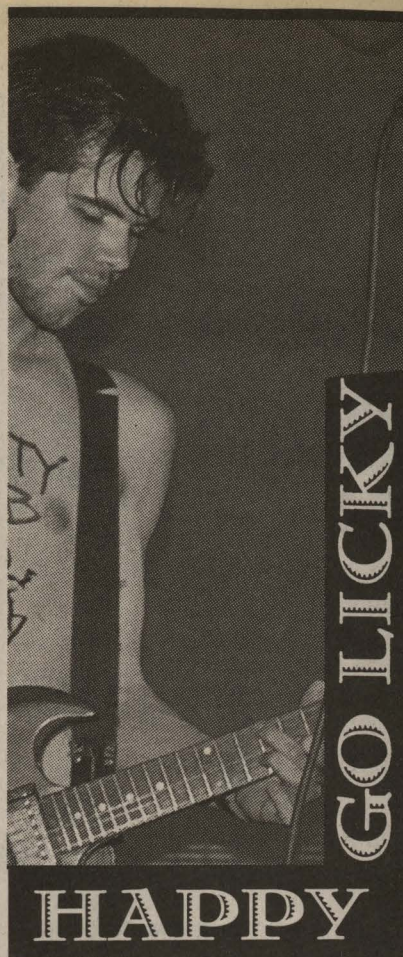
NOTE: Apologies to mailorder
customers if you've had to wait for
orders. I'm working to correct this, but
please allow up to six weeks for orders
while I fend off the antagonistic
forces in my life. Thanks sincerely.
- Bob

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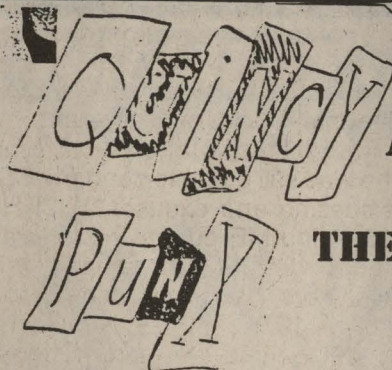
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Caught in mid-spray.

A 15-year-old from Warren and a 17-year-old from Bristol were caught red-handed when a jogger running down the East Bay Bike path saw them spray painting this graffiti on the wall beneath the Lester DeRiso Memorial Bridge. The alert jogger notified nearby Warren Police Patrolman Ray Ouelette, who apprehended the teens in mid-spray. Police Chief Thomas Perrotto Jr said the youths were referred to the juvenile division for possible prosecution on a charge of malicious damage to property. Police do not know what the message signifies.

WE GOT FEAR "HAVE
ANOTHER BEER WITH FEAR"

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VIDEO NASTY "SEXY BLACK

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WE'RE NOT GONNA MAKE
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QUIT SENDING US DEMO TAPES

OR WE'RE GONNA SEND JIMMY THE FROG OVER
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MAKE ALL CHECKS & M.O.'S OUT TO I'LL BE DEAD IN HELL RECORDS

I'LL BE DEAD IN HELL RECORDS
PO BOX 75483 ST. PAUL MN. 55175-0483



MRR,
I
didn't
want to
be forced to
write this letter
but it appears
that I have been

ripped off through the mail by three different zines. The zines in question are: *Cheapskate*, *Over The Counter*, & *Icarus Was Right*. I sent \$1.00 to *Cheapskate* on 1-6-97 and have received nothing. I sent \$1.00 to *Over The Counter*, and \$2.00 to *Icarus Was Right* on 1-18-97 and have received nothing. I even wrote all 3 zines back asking why I had not received anything. No reply. I was quite surprised because I've heard nothing but good things about *Icarus Was Right*. Even if they were sold out of that issue, by not replying to my letters, they basically were saying "fuck you." Like they can't afford the \$0.32 it would cost to send me a reply. I wonder how many other people they have done this to.

I do a zine and I know how the mail can get backed up, especially if it's a one person zine such as mine. No matter how much mail I have, I make sure to mail out my zines the next day in most cases. When zines, such as the aforementioned three, blatantly ignore mail orders, it hurts all zines in general. I know people who have gotten ripped off ordering zines and as a result, they no longer buy zines through the mail. It's not the money that I'm worried about, it's the principle.

If anyone knows how to contact Ken Perry from Las Vegas please have him write me. He ordered a copy of *Motion Sickness* from me but when I mailed it, it kept coming back to me with a stamp that says "No Such Street." I kept waiting for him to write me back asking why he didn't get the zine, but he never wrote. Also, as a side note, if you write to a zine, record label or anyone, *please make your name and address clearly legible!!!* It's especially important to have that information on the letter itself because the letters usually get separated from the envelopes lopes that they came in. That is all. Cheers.....

Phil-Motion/ P.O. Box 24277/ St. Louis, MO 63130



Dear Maximum Rock N' Roll,
Taylor here from *Going Nowhere* fanzine here to alert as many people as possible, before they get ripped off, just as I did, by Royal Flush Records and Zach Brooks. He claims to be a non-profit organization... Well the \$11.50 he took from me was pure profit, since I never received my order, but instead excuses and nasty e-mail from this thief. I sent a check made out to 'Zach Brooks' for \$11.50 in late January. 2 months later in late March, after waiting and waiting for 2 months, I e-mailed him to remind him that it had been 2 months, and that *I knew he cashed my check in early February*. He apologized and assured me he would ship it out immediately. This was not the case. I never got my CD, but instead found myself waiting, doubtful that I'd ever see anything from this guy. So 5 months later, after he cashed my check, I was furious. I e-mailed him once again, and demanded a prompt refund or my CD to be shipped immediately. I told him "it was pathetic that I hadn't gotten my order and questioned whether (but really I was pretty positive of his intentions) he was going to keep my money, and I was pretty doubtful that he'd send my CD." I got e-mail back from him, and instead of apologizing, and assuring me that he was still going to send my CD, I got cussing and excuses?!?!?! He was chewing ME out saying he was real busy with his job, school, personal life, etc. Now, I can understand this, but if he's so busy, should he really be running a record distribution? NO. Especially if he's supposedly "non-profit," which is what made me want to support his organization in the first place, because I could have easily got this particular CD at the local record store, instead. But can he really be all *that* busy? That after *six months*, (yes at this point it had been six months) he didn't have one spare moment to ship a package to someone who had ordered from him 6 months ago, and reminded him that he was waiting a few times along the way? I find that hard to believe. But you know what I find really hard to believe, and what tops this bullshit all off? That he had time to *cash my check*, and get his lazy ass down to the bank to fill his greedy pockets with *my money*, but no time, to send the

goods that were rightfully mine and paid in full. Besides... At \$11.50 he's got to be making profit. Labels sell their CDs at approx \$5 wholesale rate to distributions, but this is beside the point. The point is, he could give a shit about his customers. He's a thief. *Don't support Royal Flush Records and their unethical business practices*. I may never see my \$11.50 or my CD, but maybe I can help some of you from making the same mistake, and getting your money stolen from you. Don't send this thief your money, and don't support him. Royal Flush + Zach Brooks = an unethical thief. Thank you for your time.

Taylor Nowhere.



MRR,

Apologies to all, but this is yet another letter in the MRR letters page warning everybody about a rip-off merchant within punk. It is a letter I'd rather not have to write, but unfortunately I have to—and hopefully this letter will mean that other small labels won't get ripped off as well.

Here's the story in full. Wrench Records has been operating as a small punk label and mailorder from the late 80's. Westworld from Tucson, Arizona (formerly known as Toxic Shock) agreed to be the US distributors of releases on the Wrench label in the early 90s. In 1993 I released a CD by Rancid Hell Spawn, which Westworld agreed to distribute. Westworld asked me not to use any other distributor for the CD in the USA, which I agreed to do, somewhat reluctantly (as Rotz from Chicago had already told me that they'd like to try selling them as well). I sent Westworld 200 copies of the CD, on consignment, at \$6 a copy. They soon sold out so I sent them 150 more. Most of those sold too, and Westworld ended up needing to send me around \$1700. To cut a long story short, they never sent me any money at all! I tried everything - writing, phoning, sending faxes. I even turned up in his "Toxic Ranch" shop in Tucson (a long detour for me!) to ask for the money, and ended up with a \$50 bill from the till plus a stack of unsold records on the Westworld label in "exchange" for the CDs. Since then (over 2 years ago) Bill of Westworld



has refused to reply to *any* of my letters or faxes asking him to settle his debt. I've even offered to take some more

records on the Westworld label in lieu of cash. No reply to that fax either. And even if you take into account the stuff he's given me in exchange, he still owes me \$900.

So... My plea to all MRR readers is for everyone to boycott Westworld Mailorder and the Toxic Ranch shop in Tucson. It may be a good mailorder list and a good shop, but there is no place in punk for distributors and shops that rip off small labels.

Charlie/Wrench Records/BCM Box 4049/London WC1N 3XX/England



Tim Yo and MRR,

Sorry to not have typed this but I haven't seen my best friend Groin in quite some time because mainly, his dad thought I was a "bad influence" and that "we were not good for each other" whatever the fuck that means. It really sucks. I lost my best friend just 'cuz some old rich bastard said so. So I thought maybe you guys could help me out by printing this, I know Groin reads the letters section but I don't know his address. Groin, I miss you and wish things could've worked out. Please write me. Any other punks with similar situations?

Issac Excrement/ 1965 Canyon Dr./ LA, CA 90068

P.S. A big fuck you to old men trying to run their kid's lives! Your life, your choice



Open letter to MRR & readers,

The earth's natural evolutionary process is currently at a standstill. Humans, ever dominating, sadly believing they are the center of the universe, declared war on the wilderness with the powerful cries of "industrialization!" They are winning.

Up until recently I hadn't given the environment much thought. Driving through the pacific northwest twice in the last year kicked me in the ass, tattooing a scene so violent and

disgraceful into my conscience. We have seriously fucked up our natural world. A world where animals don't need protein enhanced, zoo-fed food to survive. Currently 9% of the United States' total land mass (the 48 continuous states) is wild, untamed land.

About 2 1/2 % is protected. 2 1/2 % is not enough land to successfully maintain a healthy population of large four legged carnivores such as bear, wolverine, and mountain lions as well as their prey. These animals need continuous, flowing ecosystems in order to survive, not small chunks of rocky landscapes (key word being rocky, most designated wilderness areas are relatively treeless, therefore profitless).

Having been involved with punk for several years writing a fanzine, I know first hand how much passion exists within it and all of its incarnations. What I also see is way too much apathy and nihilism, which is very sad considering the networking abilities we have created! Punk/hardcore/anarchism is not just music, spikes, and middle fingers. It is a huge underground network of people from all walks of life, struggling to create and maintain an environment away from the system that is bent on manufacturing non-confrontational consumers! People who have no rights, and sadly don't know it. Humanity is not a plague. It is however ignorant, greedy, and destructive.

I recently joined a few organizations that are dedicated to stopping the destruction of all that is wild. When I started looking into the facts and statistics of what logging, mining, road building, and grazing has done to the west, it outraged me more than anything ever has. Seeing with my own eyes saddened me just as much. It made so many things loose their once potent impact. Whose band is punk, who looks punk, who eats meat, who doesn't. Punk is a beautiful release from mainstream society, a liberation of soul. Sadly the infighting has killed most of that feeling. Becoming active in a cause, be it Food Not Bombs, Earth First!, or just showing up for a protest, continuously gives me that once forgotten feeling. Like the first time I popped Black Flag's "Damaged" album in and heard 'Rise Above'!

Anyone that wants more information on how they can become in-

involved, write me at P.O. Box 2536/ Missoula, MT 59806, or look in your local phone book under "environmental organizations". Pick the most extreme one, you won't be let down. Randy/ Spaghetti Dinner & Dancing fanzine



MRR,

First, let me say, "Great zine!"

Now the bad news. I am serving a sentence for a white collar crime. I am not a political prisoner. I committed a crime. I used my computer to obtain funds (read "cash") and merchandise to help a hell of a lot of people in the scene. But, some of the people I helped got greedy. They were not happy with food, clothes, and a roof over their heads. They wanted more, so they tried to set me up and rip me off. It didn't happen.

I helped a few bands purchase equipment. I helped fund repairs to a few clubs that were trashed. I done what I could. Which was a lot.

A friend wrote me recently and told me that El Paso, Texas lost its only venue because nobody cared enough to collect admission at the door and rent couldn't be paid. She said she usually collected the funds personally, but that one weekend she was out of town. And now it's gone. El Paso has no venue.

Sad. And people wonder why the scene is dying. Anarchy isn't about trashing shit. Anarchy isn't about free admission so you can buy beer. Anarchy is about making a change and you can't make shit happen if you fuck up your scene! For gods' sakes people! Stop shitting in your diner plate!

As for me, I will be free in 7 months. And I will be back. Helping squatters and bands and anyone else who needs it. This time around I want to fix up a warehouse and form a punk/anarchy co-op and library/resource center.

Finally, if anyone out there is interested in writing to a Native American half breed (Cherokee), black hair, brown eyes, 27 years old and lonely, here I am! I'm looking for friends and I can't afford a classified!

Make something happen! Don't lay down!

John Smallwood #04399-010/ PO



Box 14500/
Lexington, KY
40512



MRR,
I'm
writing
this let-

ter to express my feelings/disgust of the hundreds of people who've been let down by "Book Your Own Fucking Life". This so-called resource guide is 90% a fucking joke! Anyone trying to book a show could tell you some of the idiots who list themselves as "promoters/venues". Some of my favorites were "I used to book shows, but my mom won't let me anymore," "I'm employed now, I have no time for shows," and "I booked one show last year, but the venue burned down." Then there are the "labels/distributors", some kid with dad's credit card puts out his friend's band's seven inch, and dad grounds him 'til senior year. Finally, the "bands" section. I would bet that at least half the bands listed are either broken up, non-existent, or jokes. My solution to this problem would be this; be it *Under The Volcano* or some other collective, charge a \$10 entrance fee per listing to weed out the morons, and to bring forth sincere individuals involved with this whole punk/hardcore thing. I do understand that sometimes shit does happen, like legit bands breaking up due to whatever circumstances or promoters losing their venues due to cops, vandalism, whatever. But, I think the \$10 entrance fee would also help would also help with the production/distribution fees, making B.Y.O.F.L. way more of a solid resource for up and coming bands, etc. Our punk/hardcore community is way too small and fragile to be weighed down by inconsiderate individuals just wanting to see themselves in print.

Thank you.



Maximum,

Recently I was at a show in L.A. A venue by the name of Moguls, located in Hollywood. I rarely go to see shows in L.A., but the bill was packed with great garage punk. So we ventured.

Sitting through three of the bands and about six beers I was

psyched to see Loli & The Chones and the legendary Lazy Cowgirls. So, I worked my way up to the front.

First I gotta say the Chones LP rocks. Though their set was cut short. It was late, 1:00 AM.

So, the Lazy Cowgirls take the stage and crank out all the new & old. About five songs into their set some of the audience are dancing & singing along. Definitely, no one is out of hand. I notice a guy squatting on the stage facing towards the crowd. I do not notice the can of mace (pepper spray) he is holding. Without warning he sprays into the crowd. Only a few of us got it in our eyes. I can't say (see) really. But, I take off running for the bar not knowing what the fuck is happening. So, you could probably get a better story elsewhere. Anyway, I jump on the bar screaming for help. The bartenders of course grab the tip bowls and bolt. They come back and pour cups of water over my head, barely running in my eyes. Then ice. Yes, much better.

If you ever get maced-(unless you deserve it) hold ice on your eyes and lean over so it doesn't run down to your crotch. Which I've heard is much worse. So, I make it to the men's room and flush my eyes out. The guy next to me is screaming & flushing in the same sink. I tell him to "just go with it", like were both having some bad acid trip and were just at our peak right now. The guy gets much worse and now is being held down after smacking his head on the floor. I'm only half blind now so I go to the door in rage. Questioning whoever. The club claims "it was not a worker, maybe someone with the band". "We have the cops coming right now". Great, I'm blind and drunk as fuck. I head back home to Long Beach. Later, I found out that it was a bouncer from the club. Some big bald dumb mother fucker that doesn't want to get sued for misuse. He works for Tigermask, a promoter for shows in L.A. I hope you felt that elbow in the face my friend gave you. That shit in your eyes makes you think twice about stealing that ole lady's purse or being a rapist. Isn't that what its for?? But I wouldn't do that, I'm just a showgoer. Write,
Tom Showgoer/ 372 11th St./ San Pedro, CA 90731

P.S. I'm getting my money back, whopee!!



"Lefty" Hooligan:

I had hoped this letter would be unnecessary, and maybe it is, but I felt like I had to write. As a fellow anti-authoritarian, class-conscious person involved in the punk scene, I was hesitant to loudly criticize you, but I've seen enough. Your column in issue #170 was merely the latest in a long chain of cheap shots at a particular brand of lefty, in this case democratic socialists. Now, it warms my heart to hear that Larry Livermore will be skulking his fool ass away from Look-out!, and agree that his claims to some kind of socialist conscience are ludicrous in light of his public actions. And I also agree that that brand of socialism has some dark episodes, in particular the ones you mentioned (World War I, although the American party was against the war from the beginning and its leaders did time for it, and some participation in Commie-hunting after WWII, and the limp "activism" of DSA). But it's ridiculous to say that the track record of one punk scene pinworm "amply manifests" the bankruptcy of a century of socialist thought and action. Livermore's a weasel (no pun intended), but I still believe that a radical democratic socialism tempered with syndicalist influences is the best and most moral vision of how society should run, and what we should do to get there. But my particular perspective isn't the point here.

Since your column began, it's been a series of indictments and dismissals of virtually every current of anti-capitalist activity: anarchists, syndicalists, Bolsheviks, radical nationalists, Trotskyists, Greens, trade unionists, and now democratic socialists. You're more sectarian than any Maoist leafletter, yet somehow you've avoided giving us any clear idea of which tendency you subscribe to. And it must be a tendency: you've certainly shown that you have no interest in a broad-based, ecumenical anti-capitalist movement. It's easy to crap all over everybody else's plans when you don't have to stand by your own. I've missed a couple of issues over the last few years, so maybe I'm wrong, but aside from your vague stand in support of hypothetical "revolutionary street gangs," I've never seen



anything by you about your political allies, only about your "enemies." Ironically, most of them are,

yes, I'll say it, doing more than you or I to build some kind of alternative to global capitalism, at least as near as your readers can tell from what you write.

So where do you stand? Why won't you tell us? I also have to wonder about your commitment to working class autonomy.

When the poor people of Chiapas support a bold, defiant armed uprising, you sit in the San Francisco area (a city among the most expensive to live in in the world) and deride them for being too reformist. Why not let them decide? When you work 16 hours a day for a few tortillas, then maybe your perspective on that situation matters.

What makes you think you know better than they do? I'm also puzzled by the fact that your revolutionary novel features protagonists who are filthy rich and live in a high-security compound far from the city. As the Redskins sang, "Ordinary men and women only get supporting parts."

In *End Time*, the working poor of Oakland are reduced to noble savage caricatures who neatly follow the formula for "spontaneous" revolution. Wouldn't it have been more interesting and revolutionary to tell at least part of the story from the perspective of one of the pissed-off poor, rather than a rich college kid? Oh, well, I guess people write what they know.

So let's hear it, Lefty. Where do you stand? Who do you stand with? Until you let us know, your potshots at everyone else will continue to ring pretty hollow in the hallways of Chez Useless. It's rare enough to hear a class-conscious perspective in the punk scene; we can't afford to sound like petty, narrow-minded, inert ideologues. Yours,
Jason Useless/ PO Box 63452/ St. Louis, MO 63163

P.S. Please don't just refer me to various columns of the past. If there has been a relevant column in an old issue, I must have missed it,

and I don't have it to refer to.

P.P.S. Listen to the Strike, V Reverse, the Odd Numbers, Dillinger 4 and Bikini Kill's "Reject All American" (still a fave over a year after it came out). Hot stuff!



Dear MRR,

Yours is the best magazine I have ever read. Everything from international letters accurately describing social and political realities in Europe to *many* columns containing the most thoughtful political and social writing we have read.

Puma's (from Sweden) description of the shifting sands in Europe was so powerful as to be frightening if one cares to peer into the future. The following letter from Christine was another international anthropological study of politics and culture in Europe and America. It is important for Americans to understand Europe well because so much of our countries' lives and treasure are being committed, once again, to an increasingly unstable Europe.

Christine's letter was to MRR columnist Ted Rall. Mr. Rall's column "Rall Deal" subtitled "Witness To Murder" was extremely well written whether it was non-fiction or fiction. As former New Yorkers, "Rall Deal" enabled us to visit a neighborhood we never had the nerve to visit at nine at night.

Nick Fitt's call to "...round them [the citizens] up into a working-class political party and give them a set of politics which will enable them to fight back" was well taken. Lefty Hooligan's "What's Left" column contained the only historical review of the Russian Revolution (1917) I have ever read. Lefty's critique of democracy as an iconographic paradigm was well served by three examples of alternative decision making styles he offered. Perhaps there should be an alternative decision making style contest!

Richard Owen's column "Time, Backward" analyzed two old movies I always admired and now I know why. In "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" and "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner", Owen's analysis uses the Marxist milieu of 1950's working class English experience to set Allan Sillitoe's work in perspective. The young men in Upper Manhattan in the 1950's needed

no Marx to mistrust "The Man". We did so intuitively. Men in bars laughed at The Man, whoever he was.

Owen's Marxist analysis of Sillitoe's work is relevant to 1950's England and would have been relevant to America, if Nick Fitt's notion of a "working class political party" ever was allowed to flourish. Instead, all but the most reactionary politics are attacked by The Man in COINTELPRO operations. 'Tis a shame.

Nathan Berg's call for a consumer boycott or general consumer strike against the cola kings and all their beverages was excellent. We will make an effort. O.J. (the juice not the person) for us. The guest opinion from the CrimethInc anti-ennui revolutionary strike force contained a very worthwhile call for joy in all we do particularly our politics if we are not to bore ourselves and everyone else. Live and be well,
Grace & Mike Hogan/ Kanaalstraat 66 Huis/ 1054 XK Amsterdam/ Holland



Dear Maximum R&R,

Firstly we would like to thank Leah Urbano for her favourable review of the Unit 11:74 7", it is always good to get positive feedback. However we would like to point out that Unit is about as SxE as Earth Crisis are drunk punx. We still find the irony humorous nonetheless.

We may as well take this opportunity to plug our split 7" with F.M.D. which is available now on Spiral objective. We also have a split 10" with Bloodduster and Heads Kicked Off on Deported Records which should hopefully be out soon.

If you want to write/correspond, or get any t-shirts or patches, etc. write to us at PO Box 193/ Torrensville Plaza/ S.A. 5031/ Australia. Please send stamps if possible. Cheers,
Unit 11:74



Puma (and everyone else), I read your letter in MRR #171 and I have to say that I disagree with you. I'm right now in the Central American country Costa Rica for a year.

I agreed with you (to an almost foolish extent since I haven't



got nearly as much experience with unemployment and general decadence as you) before I came here. My encounter with Latin America and all the corruption and imperialism here has changed my mind. Of course Sweden isn't perfect. But my comparison isn't with the poorest country in Africa but one of the richest in Latin America.

I don't know where to begin. I'll just keep it to some examples since I'm sure many "apolitical" oil-skins don't find this interesting.

The police (and the government, but with them I don't have experiences of my own, just rumors) are so corrupt that the Swedish versions look like saints in comparison. There are probably twice as many American imperialistic companies here than in Sweden and they're all more widely spread too.

The thing that really got me choking on my carrot though was the small (and tragically funny) detail that there's a part of the capital San José called Coca-Cola!! Swedes still have little reason for international complaint in comparison to either oppressed countries like Costa Rica or other oppressing countries like (for, of course, Sweden is an oppressing country, just on a smaller level than) the US. To me, some of Sweden's biggest problems are on the cultural and psychological level, but that's another story...

Write me if you have any opinions. More of my writing on Costa Rica at <http://www.algonet.se/~blinnros/incozine/incozine.htm> (but that's not so political. Actually it sucks. Don't go there.) Bye.

David Linnros/ Ave. 7 calles 14 y 16/ 500N, 25E Cuerpo de Bomberos/ 3000-Heredia, Heredia/ Costa Rica

Dear MRR,

I am responding to a column in issue #169; "Guest Opinion" by Freeman Wicklund.

I understand that there are many unjust convictions in prison systems today, but there are many "just" convictions also. Though what

Freeman was talking about in this particular column was nauseating.

First of all, some people don't care what or whom they hurt, kill, or steal from. So Mr. John Doe Crackhead may feel that breaking into my apartment and killing me for my stereo system would be A-OK for him. After all, if he did get caught, would "justice" ring true if he was sentenced to a couple of years where he had more recreation than he did before he went to prison? Why shouldn't we let prisoners enjoy some of the pleasures freedom gives us, such as television, the right to exercise, live hygienically, earn money, roam freely, etc.?

Why not? Because they are what they are... Prisoners! What is prison anyway? Is it a place to go to school? Is it a place to catch up on reruns? No! It is a place for punishment. Why would someone with no respect for human life or liberties stop the continuance of heinous infringements on my life and liberty if he/she knew that there would be no hell to pay for it?

Freeman said that inmates make \$3 a day to work in factories. That's \$3 a day too much! How about swallowing the concept that prison is a shit hole and that when you go there, it's not going to be a field trip.

Freeman should also understand that today, standing up for liberty such as the sit-in that he spoke of has its consequences. Is he not willing to stand up for his cause? What are his limits? That is what separates us from "them". Don't you think that that's the reason why people don't rock the boat? They don't want to risk losing their cushiony lifestyles.

The last part of the column was the most aggravating, where Freeman talks about his "hunger strike". Oh yes, he's really winning the battle now. He's doing the prison's job for them. He'll kill himself before the prison can! Grow up.

Jessica Allen

Jessica,

You "understand that there are many unjust convictions" but still your attitude is "fuck anyone who ends up in prison." Duh! Do the police or prosecutors ever lie? Do people who can't afford lawyers go to jail more often for longer sentences? Have you heard of the police scandal in Philadelphia

where hundreds of (mostly poor black) people are getting dismissals or new trials because the truth of what the pigs were up to came out? Think this isn't just the tip of the iceberg?

Your hypothetical situation where you are murdered in your home by a crack addict is an example of the fear of crime and subtle racism conservatives have been using to build support for the ever-expanding prison system. You are much more likely to be murdered by someone you know than by a stranger breaking into your house. But the idea that "crackheads" (frequently a code word for "poor blacks") lurk on every corner, waiting to steal from (and/or rape and murder) a hard working (white) person, is a myth as old as this country, encouraged by media and government largely controlled by wealthy whites.

How do these people (the "justly convicted") grow up with no respect for life or property? People raised in poverty, with little formal education or legal economic prospects, have little incentive to follow the "straight and narrow." If you can't find a job, what are you going to do? Unsurprisingly, people choose to steal, hustle, or conduct extra-legal businesses. It sucks having your shit ripped off but in the big picture whole sections of the American (and the world) population have been ripped off before they're even born. Poverty breeds crime, that's obvious, eh?

\$3 a day is too much? Many major corporations agree with you. They're paying the state to have the prison population solder their circuit boards or whatever. The company makes more money paying \$3 a day than paying \$6 an hour to "free" waged workers. The workers lose their jobs. Now what? Maybe they'll turn to crime, get arrested, and end up with their old jobs back...

You argue that people who "stand up for liberty" should be ready for the "consequences"—a long sentence where they're "punished". Is that what you want? Sorry this is so long. You're full of shit. Jeff M.

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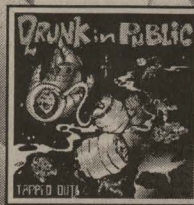
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...a strange and wondrous insight was recently made manifest to me (quite apart from the not-quite-as-recent-yet-still-topical divination which indicated that it might not be such a good idea to write last-minute columns whilst under the influence of The Brain Formula™ With Gingko Biloba [and Jerry Mathers as The Beaver] after all [but, i mean, what the hell — it's that very spirit of non-stop horizon-expansion and continual cutting edge experimentation that has, throughout the years, come to define MRR as we know it! If you don't believe me, ask your dad!]) in the heretofore unsatisfyingly skirted area (our *Unabashed Dictionary* defines "unsatisfyingly skirted area" as the parts of a girl drummer's undies you're unable to see when she's behind the kit, regardless of how you position yourself relative to the rack tom) of the concept of guitar-as-phallic-symbol as it applies to the arena of Women In Rock (as with almost all other great instances of 20th Century Thought, the initial concept of guitar-as-willie is generally thought to be the work of Paul Stanley of Kiss, who also invented the Tesla coil and the Ibanez Iceman). While the notion that guitars metaphorically represent the dongs and/or fantasy dongs of the individuals around whose neck said devices are strapped is routinely taken as, if not a high truth, then certainly nothing less than a medium-altitude truth by anyone who actually still gives a shit about such things in the post-Freudian world in which we dwell, this analysis has traditionally only held for guitars slung by the male of the axe-wielding species. The question of *what the fuck it all means* when chicks of the species don axes — not just to chop us up in our sleep, as had formerly been the sole lot of the axe as regards womankind, but to, you know, ROCK OUT with ("axe" means "guitar," man! It's rock and roll talk, jive turkey! Take five, way gone hep cat of intransigent reetness!) — has remained somewhat of a mystery throughout the years. WHAT DOES A GUITAR SYMBOLIZE WHEN THE OWNER HAS NO DICK??? (i mean, sure, we could always ask the guy from Oasis this, but, you know, that would be cheating) Is it merely a manifestation of penis envy ("penis envy" being one of the very few major concepts of 20th Century Thought not initially hypothesized by Paul Stanley, having instead been first theorized by G.G. Allin in his groundbreaking psycho-

logical treatise *Where's The Rest Of Me? and Other Knee Slappers* [Brown Sausage Press, Vienna, 1916])??? A soul-baring trumpeting of blatant latent dykehood??? A prosthetic Vanessa Del Rio impalement-style clit??? The severed genitalia of the UberBobbitt man-pig on display for all to see??? A symbolic brandishing of a BIG MOTHERFUCKING STRAP-ON DILDO which they intend to ram up malekind's collective rock'n'roll rectum at the earliest opportunity, and from which everyone but Mykel Board should flee in blind anal panic??? HA! THE CORRECT ANSWER IS NONE OF THE ABOVE (which is often the correct answer during early rounds of Dust Bowl Punk Trivia as well, but never mind the gratuitous scene frippery. However, since his name did come up, i'd like to take this opportunity to veer off on a tangent completely unrelated to the topic of my dissertation [hey, don't think of it as *wasting your time*, think of it as *me building tension!*], ergo and to wit a recent column of Our Mr. Board's [i like reading Mykel's column. My list of "Things Which I Must Have Up My Butt Before I Am Truly Living The Good Life" would be comparatively puny if it weren't for that man!] wherein M.B. stated that i championed that which he referred to as "Springsteenism" [i.e., the belief that bands should play "long" sets, with the ultimate aim of their performance being an eventual grinding of the audience into moosh]. The opposing theory, which Mykel himself espoused, he called "Ramonesism" — the belief that punk bands should deliver a nice, concise, thirty-minute-max slap to the audience's head, then get the fuck off the stage [kinda funny how Myke chose the term "Ramonesism" to represent the short set point of view, since the Ramones haven't played 30 minute sets since, like, what, 1976 or something? You gotta get out more, bro! {oh well, Mykel lives in Manhattan — i heard they only recently got K-Mart™ there, so it stands to reason they're a bit behind the times in many regards}]. Although this is not a particularly inflammatory — or, hell, even *interesting* — subject for debate [although, shit, i guess it's better reading than a column entitled *Should Ben Weasel Get A Day Job?* or something would be], a fella just can't sit on his typing finger after being called a dang "Springsteenist," ya know? [PARENTHETICAL CONFESSIONS OF AN ACCUSED SPRINGSTEENIST, PART ONE: I actually purchased a used copy of the "Born In The USA" vinyl for \$3.50 within a year or so of the album's release. Now, not that i've listened to it in the last ten years or anything, but i did not and still do not think that record totally sucks. Whoops, looks like that's all the time we have for today, kids! Be here tomorrow, when this troubled soul divulges how he once turned the radio UP when "Born To Run" came on, provided he can elude the lynch mobs and Taste Authorities for another twenty-four hours!]

Anyway, to paraphrase former President Richard "Dale" Nixon, I AM NOT A SPRINGSTEENIST!!! [ha! and here you thought i was gonna make with some sort of clever "My War" Side Two lyrical reference! Pshaw! I MAY BE SLOW BUT I'M AHEAD OF YOU, BUDDY!!!] I do NOT, under any circumstances, wish to be associated with the notion that bands should play big long sets. I've had to sit thru hour-long sets by bands who could've packed it in after four songs as far as i was concerned *far* too many times to endorse such mind-numbing, soul-skwushing, all-eyes-on-the-clock-as-the-band-obliviously-plods-on tommyrot. No, tramps like us, maybe we were born to run — and, ruminating upon the matter some, i came to the conclusion that, indeed, some of my band's most orgasmically triumphant [well, okay, some of our least sucko] shows occurred when we were part of some big hairy shindig and only got a half hour to play, leavin' 'em screamin' and creatin' [note how colorful rock'n'roll hyperbole underscores my great personal desirability] after 30 minutes of fast-paced punk hijinx. Point for Ramonesism. However, i also recalled that other, equally as boss [ho ho, couldn't resist that one] affairs happened when we were playing in clubs where fully-shitfaced patrons kept us onstage playing long past our intended stopping point and up until the time the lights came on. We've had seventeen-song sets wind up being thirty songs long before, and why not? We're from Wisconsin — we ain't got anything else to do and neither do they. You want us to stop, we'll stop. You want us to play, we'll play. Who gives a fuck? We're not exactly the type of band that are really hung up on promulgating the image of ourselves as these cool punk rockers who play for like a half hour, then tell the audience to fuck off 'cause we're *too fucking great* to be bothered with entertaining them any longer, ya know? Customer service, goddammit, customer service! Big, smelly point for Springsteenism. Plunking myself into the spectator's seat [and strap yo' hands cross my engine], the, in all probability, best live performance i've ever witnessed in my life was an — *hour and a half? two hour?* — bangin' and yellin' marathon by the righteous Mojo Nixon and his sidekick, Skid Roper, at Lefty's in Green Bay in 1987 [the memory of this show i will always most deeply cherish came during an impassioned mid-song plea from Mojo late in the ethanol-drenched evening for everybody to *stand up! Stand up! God dangit, STAND UP!* — so i'm, you know, standin' up, god dangit {not without much equilibrar effort, i assure you}, and i decide that, god dangit, this guy rocks so hard, i'm gonna god-dang stand up on this here god-dang barstool! So, improbably enough, i actually manage to scale the barstool {which, at the time, seemed pretty much the size of the Empire State Building},

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and i'm standin' on it, towering over the crowd, making ready to snatch a suitable Fay Wray, etc., etc. — for all of about two millionths of a second — then i come crashing down into the table of some people i do not know, knocking glasses and drinks hither and yon onto floors and into laps and such, and Mojo, still playing, looks at me, flat on my back in the midst of all this libationary chaos, and goes "I didn't say nothin' 'bout FALLIN' DOWN, foo! I SAID 'STAND UP!'" Oh well, at least he didn't gimme a swirlie]. Point for Springsteenism. Of course, the approximately third-best performance of all time i've ever seen was like fifteen minutes worth of the Dwarves in 1991, back when they were a real band [i.e., prior to the tragic death and subsequent amazing resurrection of He-Who-Cannot-Be-Deep-Throated {oh, and for the record? That latest Dwarves album SUCKS TOTALLY, although i suppose it isn't quite as bad as that Blag solo stuff that was apparently trying to pass itself off as the next incarnation of cock-rock for chicks a la The Cult [circa "Electric" — which, i suppose, is no worse an album than "Born In The USA" but certainly no better]. Why the whole band didn't fake their deaths and get jobs as roadies for Less Than Jake or some similarly productive life-path is beyond my ability to comprehend right now]]. I mean, you're sittin' there all night, waitin' for something to happen, band after band after band, blah blah rock rock rock, so on, so forth, you know the drill — and suddenly here's this big tall guy in pantyhose and no undies running amok, and some ugly, Joey Ramone's shorter brother dude wearing nothing but combat boots and nylons over his head blasting uncut punk guitar crank thru a Vox amp and the whole place, like, you know, *explodes* or something and you don't know if you're gonna die or go to heaven or have a fuckin' seizure or poop your pantyhose or get your head split open or get arrested or get knocked into the nude guy and come in contact with his dwarfly sausage [and therefore become gay] or fuckin' *what* and all of a sudden the drummer kicks over the kit and it's *over* and you're just left standin' there in the psychic planetary rubble goin' *HO-LEEEE-SHIIITTTTTT*, ya know? Return fire for Ramonesism [especially when one takes into account that the next time i saw the Dwarves {circa "Sugarfix"}, they played a more or less "ordinary" set of punk rock in every regard, and were merely very good {of course, that yeti from Kyuss they had on guitar in lieu of H.W.C.B.N. was not exactly a step forward in the depth charts}]. ANYWAY, ANYWAY, ANYWAY, my point is this: I endorse *neither* Ramonesism *nor* Springsteenism. I would no sooner subscribe to the notion of one given set-length philosophy being the aesthetic godhead towards which all mankind should strive than i would buy into a claim that all acts of fornication

should be of uniform intensity, duration, and thrustful tempo. I mean, if you were gonna fuck somebody in an alley, you wouldn't fuck 'em the same way you would fuck 'em if you were fucking 'em in one of those FantaSuite hotel rooms with the inoperative '59 Dodge Coronet parked in front of the teevee, would you? Or *would* you? Hey, buddy, don't look at ME for clues! It was a *theoretical question!* [furthermore, the days of me publicly divulging my closely-hoarded personal stash of Sex Technique Secrets are long over with. As we say around the poker table, folks, pay to know or die wonderin'] You need the *RIGHT TOOL* for the *RIGHT JOB*, Flakey Foont! Neither "longersets" nor "shorter sets" is the answer, in and of itself, to the fundamental rock'n'roll question of *how can my band suck less?* Playing short sets will not make you exciting. Playing long sets will not make you inspiring. Thou must do that which lends itself to that which thou art attempting to pulleth off. If your grand intention is to quickly knock everybody over the head in the twinkle of a young girl's eye and run, go for it — but don't think that merely playing for 15 minutes or whatever somehow automatically constitutes a head-knocking [*Foreigner reference emerging off the starboard bow! SUPPRESS!!! SUPPRESS!!!*]. I've seen bands play for fifteen minutes or whatever, kick over their stuff, and leave the stage, and have it be, really, sorta boring. I mean, the abruptness of it all was kinda cool, but *by no means* was there an entire set's worth o' hell breaking loose compressed into that fifteen minutes, thusly setting up the senses-shattering anti-wallop of the sudden death ending as was the case with the Dwarves — they just seemed like a band that played for fifteen minutes and then stopped. Same with the twenty-minute pseudo-Ramones thing. The first time i saw the Queens, they played like, what, 12 or 14 songs in like 20 minutes [Ramonesism *par excellence*], and it was great. In a fairly fucking Queer-less universe, as was the case way back when — what was it, 1993? — their method of attack appeared cool and neat and even somewhat novel. Four years and fifty thousand half-assed Queens rip-offs later, i don't think it's news to anyone that this particular *modus operandi* has been run into the ground more often than Drew Bledsoe in Super Bowl XXXI; cool, neat and novel it *ain't*. Of course, the real fault isn't with Ramonesism — it's with this whole sorta Must-Follow-The-Rules-So-My-Idols-Will-Like-Me lame-o mentality that's not only omnipresent in the punk scene these days [gah! i just used the words "punk scene" in a column! *Forfeiture! Forfeiture!*] but seems to be almost *encouraged* by the very entities who y'd think would have a half-decent shot at shutting it down, for reasons far too heinous and frightful for me to speculate upon any further. My band usually plays a 17-song set [maybe one or two more if there are

a lotta real short fast thangs involved] which generally lasts about 45 minutes. Why? I dunno, that's just what we feel comfortable with. We've played 18-minute sets before, we've played 60-minute sets before, neither particularly successfully. My point is simply that, as regards set length, there is no right answer [although there *are* a number of wrong answers]. We play 45 minutes because that seems right for us, and, if we're the last band, we'll play longer if, for god-knows-what-reason, the payin' customers are demandin' it [which, in NYC, i believe they were {at least up until the point when we played "Get Off The Phone," which went over like a lead fart in a magnet factory. Sometimes, when i lie awake at night, troubled by what i perceive to be gross shortcomings in my band's musical abilities, i tell myself that the song didn't fly because the youth of today — even the denizens of the Big Apple — are no longer properly worshipful of their heroin-shootin' hometown heroes, the Heartbreakers. On other nights, when i lie abed gnashing my teeth and beating my breast over the failings of the younger generation, i tell myself that they didn't dig it simply because, well, our version kinda sucks. *Reality by Multiple Choice!*]. At several instances during our encore, i did indeed ask the crowd if we could *please* be done, since it was past midnight and we were supposed to be in Boston by noon, to no avail [well, some New Yorker in the crowd sagely yelled "*Boston's in New England! FUCK New England!*" in response; i could *hardly* take the opposing viewpoint to *that* ((instead hollering back that Green Bay fucked New England *once* this year already, and we'd do it *again tonight*, by golly!))]]. The bottom line is that, if you're the last band playin', when *you* stop, everybody's gotta go home. I know, this is all gettin' kinda "rock and roll" for a highbrow rag like MRR [*we barefootin'! we barefootin'!*] but, in my opinion, the "if-people-are-havin'-a-good-time-let-'em-have-a-good-time" thing far outweighs the "let's be cool punk rockers" thing [then again, if the Oblivians would have played *one less encore song* last night, perhaps i could have gotten outside in time to prevent our van window from being smashed in, in a fruitless quest by some foul grubworm to filch our *TOTALLY WORTHLESS TAPE DECK THAT I WOULD HAVE FUCKING JUST GIVEN HIM*, and Uncle Ben might still be alive today!]. 'Course, i understand Mykel's plight all too well: if you're in a band that played that night, you don't usually have the option of going home when you get bored [which is usually, like, what, 8 PM?]. Next time we play with Artless i'll hafta dry-hump him at regular intervals [although it certainly won't be as much fun without George there] so he doesn't get bored [get it? *Mykel? "Bored?"*]. Uh...back to our regularly scheduled column post haste...! The ques-

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tion of what a girl's guitar symbolizes is, as with many other questions, best answered by another question (i like that, it makes me seem like the Riddler. *Live The Dream!*), to wit: If a guy's guitar is his dick, what is his amplifier? HA! IT'S ANOTHER TRICK QUESTION! A guy's amplifier symbolizes *absolutely nothing!* Which is the same thing a girl's guitar symbolizes: *absolutely nothing!!!* (which is also the same thing the "Q" in my name symbolizes, but never mind the entry-level math humor). So if a guy's guitar is his dick, and his amplifier is nothing, then it can only mean that a girl's guitar is nothing because *her amplifier actually symbolizes her vagina!!! IT'S TRUE, MAN, IT'S TRUE!!! THE FALLOPIAN TUBE AMP THEORY MADE FLESH!!! This is a blockbusting revelation of such unexpurgated brilliance and raw, nekkid insight that i'm legitimately surprised i was the dork who thought of it!* I mean, it just sorta came to me, man! I was watching these girls play, and, god damn, they were playing thru *really* little amps, and i kept having all these, um, *strange* thoughts, and i couldn't help but notice that they were of an ethnicity reputed to have rather diminutive vaginal capacities, although i wouldn't know about such things (and, if i did, the findings would be withheld under the Chevron Protocols of 1997), and, you know, one line of thought led to another and suddenly i was like, *doing!* *That's it! Amps are twats!* I mean, it's gotta be. That's quite in line with the standard Freudian theories that dream imagery containing houses, rooms, or any other boxlike structures equals pussy. A box is a box is a box, one might say. Besides, this jibes with existing data so well that you'd be a flippin' moron to disagree with me — i mean, come on, *LITA FORD! MARSHALL STACKS! 8-LANE HIGHWAY!! ADMIT IT, FUCKERS, I'M RIGHT!!!* Anyway, i'd discuss the matter at greater length, but i'm afraid i have to go install a gigantic skittle in the middle of my guitar, and bend the neck way off to the left. *Gentlemen prefer Pignose!*



Usually I feel like I have a lot more in common with the fashion magazines my roommate leaves in the bathroom than I do with this zine, which is a little ironic considering I've worn the same pair of pants almost every day for six months. It's also a little ironic considering how much Maximum

helped determine who I am. It defined punk for me, and reinforced my anti-capitalist, feminist resistance to a working-class Catholic upbringing. I waited expectantly for each new issue. But after awhile I couldn't find myself in the sea of boy bands in its pages, or in the shortage of political awareness about anything more important than the vinyl vs. CD debate. I felt alienated by the hyper-masculinized "shorter-faster-louder" music-centered definition of punk, and by racist, sexist, homophobic and anti-feminist statements printed while lip-service was paid to the contrary. Despite the fact I still agreed with its general vision, this zine seemed to promote too many of the things it taught me to fight.

When Jen approached me about this column, I hesitated. Paint myself with blood and jump willingly into shark-infested waters? But this zine once taught me that punk is not a spectator sport, and like punk itself, this zine has the ability to evolve and grow. I couldn't refuse a chance to participate in re-defining something that had once so defined me. I am female, bisexual, political, a writer, a feminist and a student of race issues; I hope that my mere presence in the pages ameliorates some of what I consider this zine's more obvious flaws. But if it's not enough, don't worry; just because I write for this zine doesn't mean I intend to keep my mouth shut about the things that I think are wrong with it. In fact, I mean to do just the opposite.

I've got plans for the scene at large as well. Nowadays most punks are straight white boys with record collections bigger than their baggy pants. I am nowhere to be found in their vision of things. But being the contrary creature I am, I refuse to give up on punk like so many women and queers are forced to do in self-defense. Instead, I've declared the "no girls or sissies allowed" version of punk an impostor, and I want to do what my favorite zines, activists, and the rare band have done for me, by reminding me that punk is still something worth bothering with. I want other feminists and queers to be part of this scene and see something of themselves here. And if I can somehow ensure that I never have to put up with one more middle-class white male's ill-thought-out heterosexual opinion destroying my hearing at 150 decibels ever again, I promise I won't complain. If that makes you poor fellas feel alienated, I suggest you think about it... Maybe you'll learn something about the rest of us out here.

"If you dump out my beer, *bitch*, you'll buy me another. Or I'll tear all your fucking clothes off." I stood behind Liza while he looked straight into her eyes and said it. It was our first Food Not Bombs benefit, and we were adamant about alcohol in or near the space in order to forestall problems with the owner or the cops. She'd told him that he had to get his beer out of the alley or else she'd have to throw it out. It wasn't even about his

beer at that point; his friends had finished it off while we were dealing with him. It was about intimidating us, because he thought he could, so he could do what he wanted.

That's how rape culture works. During the disastrous rape discussion at the recent More Than Music Fest in Columbus, some boy claimed that rape culture was linked to objectification of other people and therefore promiscuity. That's just not true. Rape culture is about men using violence to control women's (and other men's) behavior. Out in the alley, when I insisted he had to leave, friends of the guy who threatened Liza tried to tell me "he really didn't mean it." But he didn't have to mean it. Because we live in a society where rape and other forms of violence are so common, even the threat of violence ensures that men get what they want. That's why rape culture implicates every man in our society: because some men are violent, because some men rape, other men don't have to. The fact that they could is enough.

The threat of violence works; since he and his friends are known for being volatile, the Food Not Bombers standing behind me were paralyzed. They didn't want to do anything that might start a fight, even if it meant that a man who'd threatened a woman stayed in our space. And the kids inside didn't give a shit what happened, as long as the bands kept playing. The whole situation was, not coincidentally, reminiscent of the way men in general treat the issue of rape. Most don't care, as long as things don't change for them, and among the ones that do care, very few are willing to be involved in any sort of conflict about it. Men allow rape to become secondary to other concerns (such as liking a band's music or avoiding violence or not splitting "the scene" or losing a friend). And so it keeps happening.

I was left repeating over and over, "You need to leave. You just need to leave." We'd worked hard to put together a benefit for a group that advocates non-violence; we didn't have to put up with threats and intimidation in our space. At the More Than Music Fest, much breath was wasted deciding whether ostracizing rapists is some sort of "punishment," and pitying the poor boys who would suffer under it. But our community doesn't seem to have a problem rejecting other people whose actions are inconsistent with our ideals. No one suggests that we have to rehabilitate bands that sign to major labels; we simply refuse to support them because of their actions. We don't buy their records, we don't go to their shows, and zines don't take their ads. The right thing to do should be even more obvious when women's lives and bodies are at stake.

Despite our insistence that he leave, the guy who threatened Liza muscled his way past us to go back inside. The hardcore band he wanted so desperately to see was already in the middle of their set. I got between him

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and the band, still repeating that he had to leave. He alternated between ignoring me and trying to pacify me with condescending apologies. Rape culture teaches women to avoid or diffuse men's anger, even if it means we go against our own wishes; this teaches men to expect that their authority will be obeyed. So I was expected to yield, to either give up or change my mind under enough pressure. And when I wouldn't be coerced, he and his friends became angry. They tried harder to intimidate me, shoving the Food Not Bombers who were standing with me, calling me "little girl" (I'm 24), and bellowing over my repeated demand that he leave.

The band finally stopped in the middle of a song, wondering what the hell was going on. While we explained, the kids started getting restless, yelling for the band to start playing again. Then something interesting happened. The bass player announced that he wouldn't play unless the guy left, and the kids' hostility was suddenly directed at the guy who wouldn't leave (instead of at me) for holding up the show. Someone immediately stepped up to escort our friend to the door, and he walked out with little more protest than complaints about the "dykey bitches" that ruined his night. Despite my relief at his departure, I was still bothered by what it took. It's great that one boy did the right thing, and the fact that others followed him illustrates how important it is for men, especially men who are public figures, to take action about issues of violence and rape. At the same time, it also illustrates just how often people are willing to ignore women's voices, in person or in print. The opinions of men, especially the men on stage, took precedence over those of women, even the women who had organized the show.

Later that night, two of my favorite men and I sat on the porch of the Food Not Bombs house, decompressing. I brought up the events of the evening, mentioning how shaken I was by the lack of support when I first decided to eject the guy from the show. One friend remarked that he thought it was pretty clear that anyone who'd threaten to tear off a woman's clothes in public was a little tweaked, and maybe not worth making a scene over. But I don't think it was clear at all. I've had men tell me that whatever happened to me behind closed doors I deserved, listened to a boyfriend fantasize aloud about raping a woman he hated, been groped by strangers while sleeping and even while riding the subway. The guy at our benefit was not some anomaly, some random crazy who invaded our show and our scene, and he was not just my responsibility. Rape culture effects all of us, all the time. It's all around you now: will you know it when you see it?

(This column was engendered by issues raised during the rape discussion that took place

at the so-called More Than Music Fest in Columbus, Ohio, July 11-13. Before I get a hailstorm of letters about certain omissions I've made, I'd like to clarify a few points outside the scope of the incident in question. It was a conscious choice on my part to use the words "men" and "women" in this column. Obviously men are raped, and men are also affected by violence and intimidation in our culture; the difference is only a matter of degree. At the same time, those who benefit from it, whether they're aware of it or not, are overwhelmingly male. I'd also like to add that women are not immune from perpetuating rape culture. The anthropological term for this is hegemony, the process by which the oppressed are implicated in their own oppression. More about that in later columns.)

SCORECARD:

images (photos and drawings) of men in MRR #169: 143

number whose bodies are sexualized to draw attention to a product: 0

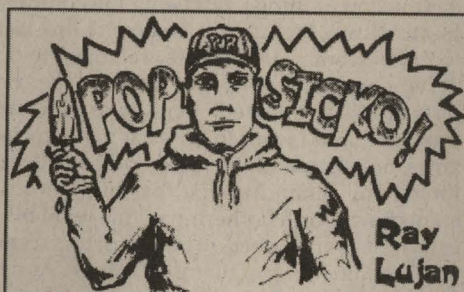
percentage: < 1%

images (photos and drawings) of women in MRR #169: 36

number whose bodies are sexualized to draw attention to a product: 14

percentage: 39%

please send personal correspondence, constructive criticism, presents, requests for zines, etc. to: sheri g. pob 7564 ann arbor mi 48107. or email me at sheri@cyberspace.org. send yer hate mail and letter bombs to the maximum address. if anyone runs into sascha dubrul or morgan kennedy, tell them to get in touch. hi to josh sanchez 'cause i know he wants his name in print.



Welcome to latest adventure down the pop highway or basically anything I happen to be into at the moment. Life in the East Bay is good. The hustle and bustle of ol' SF I couldn't miss less. I do frequent the city quite regularly though for my occasional dose of rockin' and rollin'. Although being a straight edge-ing pop guy, I must admit I have my limitations. Since I covered LP's and CD's last time round, I'm gonna cover 7" here with the exception of a few LP's at the start. Also considering my disorganized move and my present ability not to find letters, records, etc. I may throw in a personal note or two. Oh ya, thanks to those who send letters and records directly to me or at least to my attention because A) I don't have to buy them if I like them and B) it's nice to know other

people wanna hear melody in spite of the current camps of garage and foreign thrash around here. For a lot of the stuff we cover I guess I've almost become your one shot at a top ten. Which is pretty scary. Although on a lighter note, I do like free records.

In spite of all my flag waving for music with melody I gotta start my reviews with the band that came and kicked the Bay Area's collective ass. Ya you guessed it TURBONEGRO! These guys unleashed a punk rock assault like no other band has done for years. Well schooled in punk, tight as fuck, and powerful as even more fuck. Hands down the best punk rock band in da' world! Which brings me to their CD "Ass Cobra" on Sympathy For The Record Industry (address your local store hopefully). This sped up Stooges/old school punk sounding disc rules the world. I blared this on my recent road trip to Tahoe to see the Warped fest and all the kiddies parked next to me tailgating to Minor Threat thought this was some pretty rad stuff. It's a good feeling to know that I'm doing my part in reducing the generation gap. Warped? you say. I only have two goals in my life at this point. Although I gotta admit I'm open to suggestion. One is to be a good person. Although Forrest fucking Gump I'm not. And more importantly, two is to see as many Descendents shows as possible. I don't know, maybe it's time for me to re-evaluate my priorities. So what I'm really trying to say is check out TURBONEGRO because I dig them and I want them to come back. Although being from Norway that's no easy task. Second up and also from Norway are the YUM YUMS' whose "Sweet As Candy" LP on Screaming Apple Records (Dustemichstr.14, 50939 Koln, Germany) is pure power pop heaven. I think these two bands and the Vikings are related to some degree but I think the Vikings are the common link. These guys cover Pointed Sticks and Jane Wiedlin. Now that's pretty cool. By pop standards at least. Some great originals too including the mod-ish "Miss You Baby". Also out on CD on Japan's 1+2 Records, this is a power pop/punk pop must. Last up for the full lengths is the long awaited WALKER LP "Actually Being Lonely Isn't All That Bad" on Harmless Records (1437 W. Hood, Chicago, IL 60660). This one was well worth the wait after their great singles. Pop punk done right in this world of pop punk not always done right. Good loose production give this character and an original feel with a few emo chops tossed in. A great pop punk band from Chicago whom I'm dying to catch live at some point. If you like Blink, Weston or Digger style stuff check this out. This LP is right up there.

Now on to the much neglected 45's. First up is the WEBSTER "1000 Letters" 45 on American Punk Records (802 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231). With a label name like that I guess you know you're getting real

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American punk! As opposed to the fake processed stuff I guess. Spunky old school punk ala the Dickies. Catchy and quirky, yet straight forward and fun. The DILLINGER FOUR "The Kids Are All Dead" EP on Cerebellum Records (PO Box 40308, St. Paul, MN 55104) is kinda like modern day Crimpshrine/Jawbreaker. Raspy vocals in addition to some cool instrumentation. These guys can kick in too. I'm still trying to come across their split with the Strike. Four great tunes with punch and hooks, I'm looking forward to hearing more from these guys. Also in the Jawbreaker vein is the MY PAL TRIGGER "Two Miles From Nowhere" 45 on Death Squad Records (PO Box 7623, Jupiter, FL 33468). Although this actually is less "Busy" like and more "24 Hour" like than their last 45. I even hear a little Jimmy Eat World in here so you know I'm gonna like this. Hopefully they'll tour with Discount again and I'll be wise enough to catch them this time around. Stupid me. Next up are the two new singles by SPIFFY. Who the fuck is Spiffy you ask? Maybe you've heard of THE DESCENDENTS!!! This band includes Tony Lombardo and Ray Cooper formerly of THE DESCENDENTS!!! Two good pop punk style singles similar to Fugazi, no I'm kidding THE DESCENDENTS!!!, from a couple of guys and a couple more who know their stuff. I guess I should be more specific now. The "Don't Know" 45 on Junk Records (PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90630) and the "Secret" 45 on Elastic Records (PO Box 17598, Anaheim, CA 92817) will be good to you if you are good to them. The CHALLENGER 7 "The Great Slump Forward" EP on Tomboy Records (596 King St., Newtown NSW, Australia 2042) is good punchy power pop not unlike the Yums Yums. A bit more of a sixties guitar feel and some wah wah too. All done with taste. The vocals remind me of that great band the Reivers from the 80's. A pleasant pop surprise from, duh, down under. I'd love to hear more from these guys.

Now for the kinder gentler stuff. The CINNAMON IMPERIALS "I Hope No One Finds Out" EP on Broken Rekids (PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146) is gal pop in the Kill Rock Stars vein with some cool twists to keep you on your toes. Fans of K will like this too. I wish Kill Rock Stars and K put out more quality stuff like this actually but that's another debate. A band that has already broken up since the release of this record. Sniffle sniffle. Maybe twenty years from now someone will put out a full length CD of these folks like everyone is doing now with the old punk bands who had one single. We'll just have to wait and see. On the more twee front are two cool singles from Septophilia Records (PO Box 63058, St. Louis, MO 63163). The BUNNYGRUNT "Johnny Angel" EP is sweet amateur stuff with a cool version of this bubblegum classic. Along the ways of the Softies when the gal sings and Rocketship when the guy sings. The APRICOTS "Everyday" EP is

also cool and similar sounding considering it's a side project of one of the gals in Bunnygrunt. I'd never heard Bunnygrunt before but these certainly sparked my interest. The always great EGGPLANT have a new EP on Candy Floss Records (130 Sutter St., 5th Floor, San Francisco, CA 94104). All unreleased stuff, you may know these folks as the gal singer stuff from Watt Tyler. Great spunky pop in the bubblegum vein of the Primitives and the Poppuns. Also on Candy Floss is the Cuckooland "Oh Boy!" 45. Similar to Eggplant with a bit of Motorcycle Boy-like vocals. Longer songs too since Eggplant tends to clock in around a minute. You may have heard this post-Shelley's Children group on some of their Damaged Goods releases. A good single with the flipside really standing out.

To wind down this month's column, we have our "Isn't Crackle a killer label?" part of the show. Five new singles (or at least they were knew when I got them month's ago) from the most consistent pop punk label around Crackle Records (PO Box HP49, Leeds LS6 4XL, England). First we have the always awesome SKIMMER with their "Uncool" EP. These guys roar with the intensity of early Mega City Four and the Senseless Things. Catchy, fun, and raw. No letdown in sight from these guys. Great! Hey Kevín, thanks for writing, if you have an extra Snuffy Smile split let me know. Never saw the thing. Need it bad. At some point I gotta get one of your regular reviews. I'm due. Anything Skimmer related (i.e. tapes) would be hella cool. Let me know if you need anything. Thanx. Back to business. CHOPPER has a new EP "For Youth And Valour" and a split EP with BLEW. These guys crank it out to and if I'm not mistaken I hear a little Blink riffing in "Hut". A little more of a US feel to this but still awesome. Speedy and cool. Skimmer and Chopper are amongst the genres best so don't miss out. New to the Crackle family is DON-FISHER and their "Setting New Standards In Apathy" EP. A little slower and less buzzsaw but some cool changes. A more punk and UK Samiam. Boy where do these bands come from? Not a clinker in the bunch. Not even close. Oh ya, Dave Crackle thanks for writing too. I'm sorry your bands think you have crap distribution in the US due to my whining. If it will ease the tension just tell your bands I have crappy record finding skills. I'll take the fall if it will help you out. Besides, everyone knows you can get Crackle stuff thru Mutant Pop in the US. P.S. the only hole I have in my Crackle collection is the Chopper "Self Preservation Society" E.P. So if you got one going to waste... Ya like I'm the only fucking columnist begging for records. At least I don't print my want list at end of my column. Although, it is a great idea and I haven't finished compiling my want list yet. Last up is the CROCODILE GOD "Mind The Cat" EP. Almost a jagged Green Day sound which is cool by me. Their second EP and quite strong. I hope this

stuff catches on over here cause I'd love to see these bands someday.

Whew, I'm beat. I'm done.

TIME, BACKWARD!

richard/
rich/
rick/
ricky/
dick/
dicky
owens



Writing, creative writing, is in many ways one of the most effective forms of social criticism and social protest accessible to us currently. Case in point, **Maximum** itself, which has a tremendous readership that gradually grew over the course of the last two decades as a result of its ability to disseminate information on both an independent music scene and contemporary political, social, and economic issues. **Maximum**, however, is not "creative" writing, despite the many witty columns printed from month to month.

Bona-fide "creative" writing, known as "literature" in the elitist world of academia, is relatively easy to identify. Just as visual art is an art form with various mediums: the poem, the short story, the novel, and the essay, to name just a few, are also easy to identify. Its worth noting, that many accomplished writers have combined these various mediums to create one broad reaching work, such as James Joyce's *Ulysses* or Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* or William Carlos Williams' epic poem *Paterson*.

The purpose of this column, then, is to point out a select few established writers to the reader; writers noted not only for their arduous labor in creating works, but for the hard-hitting, controversial commentary they integrated into those works.

Most readers should be familiar with the Beat Writers and their West Coast counterparts. These writers, often lauded too highly and frequently falsely credited with the creation of various writing styles and literary devices, do deserve mention.

The spokesperson for the Beat Writers of the 1960s was, of course, the recently deceased Allen Ginsberg. Other figures of that school are William Burroughs, the irreverent hack Jack Kerouac, Gregory Corso, and Ginsberg's former lover Orlovsky. There were others that followed this small circle of writers and identified themselves as "Beats", such as Diane diPrima, author of "Memoirs of a Beatnik", and Ed Sanders, author of *Tales of Beatnik* glory.

The initial circle of Beat writers (Ginsberg et al) first gained notoriety not at their place of origin on the East Coast, but on the West Coast, in San Francisco during the summer of 1956, at the *Six poets @ the six galler-*

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ies reading, a reading coordinated and hosted by the anarchist poet Kenneth Rexroth. It was at this reading that Ginsberg first read *Howl*, which was immediately recognized by the literati and riffraff in attendance as the manifest of the post-war generation.

Although the Beat writers sopped up all the notoriety and media attention from the late fifties throughout the early sixties, the U.S. offered a sizable number of other insightful and talented writers—Robert Duncan, Philip Lamantia, Philip Whalen, Robert Creeley, Denise Levertov, and Charles Olson among them. Most of these writers emerged on the West Coast and, at the height of the post war McCarthy era, dealt with issues of economic inequality, homophobia, racism, and sexism in their writings.

While many writers were being brought before the house on Un-American Activities Committee and consequently blacklisted for their "radicalism", many of the West Coast poets, such as Kenneth Rexroth, openly boasted of their anarchist convictions, and others like Ginsberg, openly flaunted their homosexuality.

One writer that created a vehicle to bring the voices of these writers to a reading public was Lawrence Ferlinghetti, the San Francisco poet and founder of City Lights Press. It was City Lights that first published *Howl* and was later changed by customs officers for the distribution of "obscene" literature. To be sure, the ensuing trial which brought both Ferlinghetti and Ginsberg to court in 1957 served only to heighten public awareness of and subsequent interest in Beat literature.

America throughout the fifties experienced a cultural explosion, a literary renaissance based on themes of rebelliousness and defiance. Questioning the social order was an integral part of the writing the above intellectuals produced, and in the face of severe state repression. The writing styles of the above mentioned literary figures should be accessible to every reader on one level or another, and, thus I would encourage every reader of Maximum to explore the works of these writers and examine the creative dissent of preceding generations.

Any comments or questions regarding this column can be sent to: PO Box 1223, Montague, NJ 07827. Thanx.

to tell you about this month, nor do I have anything to get off my chest (other than my usual bitching about human beings in general, but I'll spare you this time), so I figured I'd just do some house cleaning by giving you some assorted websites and the like that I've been meaning to mention but just hadn't gotten around to. I'll also probably throw in a couple of other goodies. We'll just have to see where this column ends up.

Before I dive into the new stuff, I wanted to mention again a couple of punk rock internet resources from the early days of this column. I figure many of you missed these the first time around, and they are definitely worth your time. First up is the internet mailing list for people with too much time on their hands, also known as the punk-list. This list is filled with punk rockers who spend their time typing about everything under the sun, with perhaps the exception of punk rock. That's right. This list is for punks who (apparently) see something more to punk than just the music. If this sounds like your cup of spit, then here's how to join the punk-list: If you are in North America, subscribe by sending e-mail to majordomo@cc.gatech.edu, with SUBSCRIBE in the body of the message, and no subject line. If you aren't in North America, subscribe by sending e-mail to punk-list-request@cs.tut.fi with SUBSCRIBE in the subject line. Warning: You'll get 100 or more messages a day, so you'll have to be an e-mail junkie to keep up.

Another good punksite I've mentioned before, but should mention again, is the Usenet newsgroup alt.punk. You'll need a newsreader like Netscape News or Internet News to check these out. In alt.punk you'll find a lot of punks (including certain MRR columnists and ex-columnists) typing and gossiping about music and who did what to who in the scene. Another newsgroup that is almost the same is alt.music.hardcore. In fact, if you get a newsreader, simply look at any of the alt.music newsgroups and you'll find a ton of messages to waste your time reading. If your Internet Provider doesn't carry alt.punk, alt.music.hardcore, or any other newsgroup you want that supposedly exists, call them up and ask them to start carrying them.

Okay, so now on to the pages that various people have e-mailed me about - either to suggest them for this column or to have me review. Starting off with the Musicians Assistant Site, which bills itself as the resource for the musical do-it-yourselfer. Not a bad idea, except that in front of a very flashy front end, there seems to be very little in the way of actual information here. Everything I wanted to look sent me to a non-existent page. Hopefully by the time you read this, they'll have gotten their shit together, because this page looks like it could be useful.

Next up is S.854, a webzine that claims to be "Intellectual opiate for the misanthropic masses" - whatever the fuck that's supposed to mean. Some silly gothic style posturings at this site, but obviously quite a bit of work has gone into this sucker. Included in the issue I took a look at were interviews with Earth Crisis, Brutal Truth, My Dying Pride, and others. There are also music and zine reviews, editorials, and more. Not a bad read, even if you aren't into all that they cover. You'll find S.854 at <http://www.netside.net/~bueno/S-854/S-854.html>.

Harmless Records, home of some quality Chicago punk rock, have a decent website where you can check out their catalog, find out news about the label, link to some other sites, and read band bios (though when I visited the only band bio up was one for Lynnrads Innards. Not a bad site, though, especially if you like the stuff that Harmless releases. You'll find Harmless at <http://www.sitegroup.com/harmless/>.

From out of Singapore comes the Put:Put website (<http://home1.pacific.net.sg/~witchee/>). It's always cool to see what punks in other countries are up to, and maybe once this site has a bit more content, you'll be able to do that here. Unfortunately, right now, it's fairly lacking. But what the heck - check it out anyway. You don't have to go outside or anything, right?

While I was checking out the homepage for The Pinkerton Thugs (<http://pinkertonthugs.thegeek.net/>) - which by the way is really cool... You should take a look at it. I discovered that the VML record label has its own website. Info on a ton of VML bands, the scoop on the Vindictives and Lookout, and Joey Vindictives' Trivia Contest. I don't know how I missed this one for as long as I have. Definitely a site you'll want to visit.

This next site was sent to me by a guy who claimed to have stolen Reverend Norb's e-mail list (with his permission, of course) to get the word out about his site. The Juicy Cerebellum (<http://www.geocities.com/~sloopydrew/>) is a collection of rants, stupid humor, non-politically correct thoughts, and other stuff. In other words, it's a fun, wacky read. And it looks like it gets added to every couple of days, so there's always a reason to keep coming back. Gotta love it.

Okay, so that's enough already. It's time for me to leave the house and get some fresh air, and it's time for you to go turn on your computer and look at some of these websites. As always, I can be e-mailed at hanford@cruzio.com or snail-mailed at PO Box 8059, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. And of course, you can find the Netpunk columns at <http://netpunk.base.org>, and if everything works out the way I hope, you may find links to other MRR columnists there as

NetPunk

with
**Mark
Hanford**



I have no major internet developments

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well. Until next time, I'm outta here.

STRANGE DAZE C-O-U-N-T-D-O-W-N TO THE MILLENNIUM John J. Kohut

Hazy, Lazy, Weird Days of Summer

In July a man entered the Life Savings Bank in Virginia Beach, Virginia, handed a teller a plastic grocery bag and demanded cash. The teller filled the bag with money and included an explosive dye pack before handing it back. The robber stuffed the bag down the front of his pants and fled. According to police, witnesses on the street seconds later saw "an explosion taking place inside his pants" and the robber was seen "hopping and jumping around." The dye pack, which burns at 400 degrees, burned a hole through the fly of the man's pants. He stripped to his underwear and escaped, leaving a smoldering pair of pants on the sidewalk.

One month after undergoing surgery for a brain tumor a Stockholm man, Goeran Rudolfsson, continued to be plagued with congestion. Blowing his nose one day he felt something strange and began to pull what turned out to be a 31-inch-long cloth out of his nose. It had been placed inside his head during the operation to absorb fluids but was left behind.

A serial Porta-Potti bomber is on the loose in Chandler, Arizona. So far authorities there said that the bomber has only attacked portable toilets at one construction site. The bomber mixes a liquid chemical in a plastic container and places it in the toilet. Once the chemical eats through the plastic it creates an explosion. One bomb left a crater 200 feet in diameter.

Two men from Yemen, Mustafa Khalil and Abdullah al-Amri, filed documents with the prosecutor general of Yemen documenting their claim to owning the planet Mars. They subsequently filed a lawsuit against NASA accusing the space agency of trespassing in its recent mission to the planet. The two claim to have inherited Mars from ancient ancestors 3,000 years ago and balked at NASA's landing there without giving them prior notification or asking their permission.

(That's It For) The Other One

In Boone, North Carolina, former police officer Lamont Claxton Underwood was sentenced to life in prison for kidnapping and murder. Prosecutors said that Underwood was jealous over a relationship his victim, Viktor Gunnarsson, had had with a woman both men had dated. Underwood, a police officer in Salisbury, North Carolina, was arrested for Gunnarsson's murder in 1995 almost a year

after Gunnarsson's body was found in a remote area. Gunnarsson was once considered one of the first suspects in the 1986 assassination of Prime Minister Olaf Palme of Sweden. He was released after questioning and eventually moved to North Carolina. He never relinquished his Swedish citizenship. Palme's murder has never been solved.

A San Francisco diner cook shot his manager to death after the two quarreled about his making a customer an item not on the menu. Hashiem Zayed, the cook, told police that he "lost it" after manager Helen Menicou, criticized him in front of customers for making a customer poached eggs. Zayed said that he could not sleep that night and returned to work the next day to confront Menicou when she again berated him in public. He then is accused of drawing a gun and shooting her four times. The two had worked there together for about twenty years.

Police in Issaquah, Washington, took a 43-year-old man to the hospital for a mental evaluation after he pulled a gun on his personal computer in his home office and shot it four times in the hard drive and once in the monitor. We don't know if it wouldn't boot up or what, said a police officer.

West Africa is experiencing yet another wave of public scares concerning genital thieves. In Senegal lynch mobs beat and burned to death five suspected sorcerers accused of causing men's penises to disappear or shrink. In the past twelve months scores of people have died in Ghana, the Ivory Coats and Senegal over the continuing hysteria.

Life in the Other Superpower

The 300 workers at a regional production plant in Volgograd, Russia, went on strike when the district administration offered to pay them the \$175,000 they were owed in back wages in vegetables and cereal instead of cash.

Internationally known mountain climber Reinhold Messner said that he will publish a book within the next two years that will include his photos of a yeti. I've found the yeti, We stood eye to eye. The encounter reportedly took place somewhere in the Himalayas. He described the creature as 7 feet 3 inches tall and said that it is harmless unless threatened. Messner says he saw three yeti but estimates there must be thousands.

After its first year of searching space for killer asteroids NASA and the Air Force have discovered seven objects more than a half-mile across that could cause devastation if they struck the Earth. None of the seven asteroids would hit Earth for at least 200 years. Of course they noted that only 10% of the sky had so far been surveyed for asteroids. It will take 20 years to complete the survey.

Bangkok hotel worker Annakorn Gunnoo, 21, told police that he robbed about 15 hotel room safes of guests money and valuables by rubbing oil from his nose on the safes push button locks while he was cleaning the rooms.

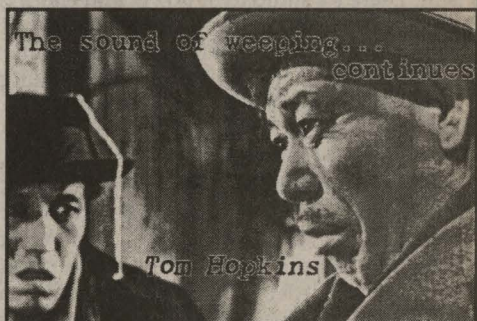
He then returned later, noted which buttons had been smudged and began trying different numerical combinations of those buttons until he got a safe open. He told police that he learned the trick from an episode of Mac Gyver.

The Rich Are Different

Cambodian tycoon Teng Bunma pulled a gun on the crew of an Orient Thai Airlines plane and ordered them to delay takeoff until some of his friends arrived and also ordered the other passengers off the flight. Bunma, Cambodia's wealthiest business mogul, was accompanied at the time by two bodyguards armed with rifles. Officials of the airline personally came to the scene to apologize to Bunma. Several months earlier Bunma was flying on another airline which had lost his luggage. In that incident he took a gun and shot out the planes tires.

Inmates at the Augusta County (Virginia) Jail communicate with each other by using their toilets. The inmates empty the water from the bowls, stick their heads in and talk to inmates on the floors above or below their cells. According to the Sheriffs Department, the common term for it is the commode-a-phone.

Kohut's latest book, written with Roland Sweet, is *Dumb, Dumber, Dumbest*, published by Penguin USA and available in bookstores everywhere. Please send all corroborating evidence from your town's newspaper (with the paper's name and the date the article appeared please) to me at: *Strange Daze*, PO Box 25682, Washington, DC 20007.



W.H. Auden once remarked that "reviewing bad books is bad for the character." I'm inclined to say the same for records as well. I've found that a number of records that get bumped my way are truly bad and most others are merely average. The effect I have found this deluge to have on my own character is a willingness to find something nice about a record destined for the free bin. I apologize to anyone who might have depended on my lukewarm praise when making a purchasing decision. I'm going to be more frank and shoot for a real bare and basic description for the less mentionables. Some might note that many of my reviews read alike. Unfortunately, this genre is falling in on itself and many of the bands are incredibly derivative, with little variation. It's nothing to get all that worked up about, every music

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form has that problem and there are a healthy amount of awesome records coming out (and you should be sending them to me). Those bands thinking about recording, however, should go to their local record store and carefully look through the bargain bin and, if possible, listen to what you will likely want to avoid.

I was intending to intro the column with a different subject, as I find writing solely about music gets rather tiresome. However, I'm getting ready for a quick vacation to my old stomping grounds and I'm swamped with the preparation. I had wanted to write about my own regional identity, a topic I'll be more than prepared to discuss after a quick trip from Frisco to New Orleans and back again in the red pick-up I call Sally.

The PAUL NEWMAN "Please Wait" EP is full of soft to medium intensity sparse and repetitive music with no buildups worth mentioning. I got bored quickly with this and I'm crossing my fingers for the quick end of this style. (PO Box 4491, Austin, TX 78765)

The EGON/EX-IMPETUS split also has some really sparse wimp-core on the EGON side. There is some decent higher tuned guitar jangle that could benefit from a beefier bass sound. EX-IMPETUS is slow paced, moody, and somewhat intricate musically with a vocalist that reminds me of RITES OF SPRING, though not nearly as impassioned. (600 La Cruz, El Paso, TX 79902)

The LAMANGA "Ceremony" EP is some loud fucking shit. It's hardcore but it isn't. There's a shitload of power and energy, chuggin' guitars and shredded vocals, but there's also slow breakdowns with guitar leads and sung/spoken parts, without being metal or post-hardcore. (Wreck-Age, PO Box 263, New York, NY 10012)

AUTUMN isn't as loud as LAMANGA but they approach them in the evil category. Full out dark hardcore, without getting out of control. Shredded vocals that get sung at times in a unique ASKANCE voice at times and a shitty PEARL JAM one at others. When this singing occurs everything slows down kicking this into the emo column. The price is \$2 and a picture of Morrissey, but I'm sure you could sneak an Elvis picture by him. (Dead Heart, PO Box 1206, Exton, PA 19341)

Local pretty boys the ANGEL ASSASSINS have put out a demo that beats their live performance by several lengths. There are strong elements of the "San Diego" sound, very drum and bass driven, with the guitar pulling leads in the background. Thankfully no slow stuff and hints of good things to come. (\$3, PO Box 421138, S.F., CA 94142)

I'm really not much of a CD booster, but for those of the highwater set without a record player, you can weep along to these new CDs.

The PIEBALD LP of last month is a CD this month. Still great low key, mellow tunes with off-key vocals. Check out their EPs first,

cause they aren't for everyone. (Hydrahead, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199)

The GRADE LP of a couple years back and the GRADE EP of a couple columns back has made it to the popular CD format. Listen along as GRADE moves from an epic hardcore sound strongly influenced by the crunch of chugga chugga hardcore with sung and screamed vocals, to a band that depends more on the soft to loud buildups, with more anguish in the vocals. Theun, the flying Dutchman, prefers them live, but I couldn't say and will settle for these tunes. (Second Nature, PO Box 11543, Kansas City, MO 64138)

"They Came From Massachusetts" CD is a fairly good document of the cool shit going on in the land of SLAPSHOT. The bands of interest to many readers here will be CONVERGE, MILTOWN, PIEBALD and SIX GOING ON SEVEN. Other dope MC's include OPPOSITION, TEN YARD FIGHT, and JEJUNE. I like the fact that the soft stuff here isn't out in wimp-core left field. (\$6, 325 Huntington Ave #24, Boston, MA 02155)

Being one that prefers vinyl, I'm glad that the HOT WATER MUSIC "Finding the Rhythms" CD is now out as an LP so I can get a chance to check it out. This has an awesome pop feel to it; you can totally dance and sing along. The emotions conveyed are straight and direct which keep it from being background noise. These guys stand on their own musically the way I think both AVAIL and NUISANCE do. (\$7, No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

The KOSSABONE RED EP is probably one of the best this month. Two singers, one with an awesome singing style; it sounds like he has a cleft palate or something. Awesome personal lyrics over a loose, but still together melodic guitar sound with simple drumming. The emotions that burst out here don't seem forced at all. (Insurance Scam Records, PO Box 145, Northville, MI 48167)

In a previous PARTY OF HELICOPTERS review I noted a vocal similarity to SHUDDER TO THINK. On their "Fairy God Fighters" release I definitely think they are musically very much like the first S.T.T. EP. Noteasily described, but high vocals and drifting guitar are a start. One song here has the emo violence found on the split with IN ANO. (Donut Friends, 1030 Jessie Ave., Kent, OH 44240)

The INSTIL/GRAY BEFORE MY EYES LP isn't award winning but does have an aggressiveness and punk quality I totally appreciate during this time of emo "art-core." INSTIL is best when they are pushing everything fully musically with a crunched out hardcore, ample guitar leads and one vocalist singing and the other bleating out anguished words. They keep this up a lot but slow down a fair amount which detracts from the overall power of their side. GRAY BEFORE MY EYES has a lot of crawling guitar lead intros to more guitar leads, and then finally some crunch.

(Trackstar, PO Box 60, Forked River, NJ 08731-0060)

The DIESEL QUEENS are back with more heartfelt, emotion laden songs. Showing a sensitive side not matched by many others of the genre, these gentleman discuss violence at shows and question our society's obsession with physical appearance with one song about weight issues and another about a young boy with a physical deformity. See the back cover of Maximum for ordering info.

The ICE 9/ENDIVE split that came with State Zine #3 is available separately now. ICE 9 is a band who the term emo-violence describes quite well (thanks IN/HUMANITY for coining it.) Full on hardcore attack, with attention to time and vocals. ENDIVE is ASHES without the ridiculously out of place guitar crunch and the vocals here are more distinct. They're sung in such a way as to drive a lot of the punx crazy, but were a quick sell for me. Very smooth post hardcore with female vocals. (4121, Melbourne Rd., Indianapolis, IN 46208)

The "Degrees Of Malice" comp EP is suggested for fans of the bands only. The best song is by the decidedly non-emo ANIMAL FARM. Awesome guitar driven hardcore violence. They are long gone and way overlooked. RYE COALITION plays a swirling slow to slightly faster to slow again tune. They've really lost a lot of the energy they started out with. The IMPETUS INTER song is closer to their EPs than their LP which you should be thankful for. Rhythmic hardcore with buildups to controlled fury. AS GOOD AS DEAD has a crunchier, stiffer RORSCHACH metal hardcore sound. (224 Mangels, S.F., CA 94131)

The PEBBLE EP is a bit bass driven (SHOTMAKER), a bit jangly, a bit math rock (just a bit), and the songs are a bit too long. Oh, and two of the four are instrumentals. Fuck that. (DeFacto, PO Box 48745, Bental Centre, Vancouver, BC, CANADA V7X 1A6)

The "Longbow Project 001" is a pretty good metal edged hardcore comp for the most part. A few bands are of the emo variety, WALLSIDE being the standout with their straight through hardcore with only the slightest slowdowns come chorus time. The ROMAN INVASION SUITE return with their HOOVER-esque, drawn out, sparse, jazzy ballads. PINKO is a new band for me, which sound like a more primitive, minimal WALLSIDE. Several other bands including JIHAD, THOUGHTS OF IONESCO (!!!!), and DRYEVE. (23419 Prarieview, Mattawan, MI 49071)

There is a rather distinct style several bands from Germany are playing. It's often rather slow, with lots of guitar work, often metal influenced with pounding double bass. The DEGARVE EP has these slow, deliberate build ups to manic intensity all the while tearing vocal cords. (Munzbachtal 26, 09599 Freiberg, GERMANY)

GREY also mixes up a double bass drum

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assault with metal harmonics, and vocals similar to SHELTER at times. The songs are rather complex and are a close cousin to METOKE.

KINDLE is from Germany as well, and make use of a bit of the sound I am describing, but they avoid the use of metal lyrics and stick to more of a solid epic sound. This takes a few listens to get the full impact, but worth the wait. (No More Heroes, Vierhausen 32, 26725 Emden, GERMANY)

If you're curious as to what I mean when I refer to an "epic" sound, here goes. It is usually only created when a band has two guitars, and involves a lot of layering of sound and building up throughout a song, with the vocals rarely rising very much above the music being made. A perfect example of this is found on the ONE EYED GOD PROPHECY LP.

Wow, a ton of shit. Thanks to all those who continue to send stuff in. Take it easy. ENDNOTE.

1. I've been asked by Martin Sprouse, who is sporting a lovely handlebar mustache, to find out who the first punk with a beard was. He figures that those in the emo scene sporting the Abe Lincoln look might know who blazed the trail. Write me at: 1950 McAllister #1, S.F., CA 94115.



OK. Last month's long winded analytical type piece gives way to this short fragmented thing.

First, think about how different kinds of punk tend to happen in different kinds of venues. (I'm sure it depends on what city you live in as well). Here, for example, garage shows happen in bars and hardcore shows (emo shows?) happen in DIY venues like Gilman St, the Bombshelter, whatever. What does that say? Personally, I'd rather see a show at a DIY space (or basement or living room), than at a bar, any day. In some ways it's disappointing that I can only see certain kinds of shows at DIY spaces, and I also wonder why the lines are so clearly drawn. What about the garage scene is so wedded to bar culture? And because of that, why aren't there more punk bars?

At some point in punk history, we made the move from major labels to independent labels. Now, we're at the transition from bars and capitalist ventures to independent venues and spaces (and bars). This is the point in our history where we can and should make the effort to provide and support what inde-

pendent spaces exist and to create new ones, whether they are all ages non-drinking spaces like Gilman, or whether they are bars and venues run by people in the scene who (as cliché as it sounds) aren't doing it for the money. There is enough punk energy and momentum to sustain something like this. We need to exist outside of dominant culture and dominant society as many ways as we can, even if it is as simple an action as where we play our music. Part of resisting mainstream culture or society is creating and sustaining a viable culture of our own.

Second, to completely change the subject, I want to talk a little about semantics. I think that punk is radical in the way that it helps people empower themselves and do things. I was just thinking about the simple act of creation, that all of us punk kids *make* things and *create* things and don't really realize how important that is. You are making something happen. You are creating something, and a ripple of events extends out from it. Maybe you don't think it is significant that you are putting out a zine or a record, but you are creating an action, you are doing something that wouldn't have happened with out you. Punk, silly as it may sound, is about empowerment, and that is revolutionary. The whole essence of DIY.

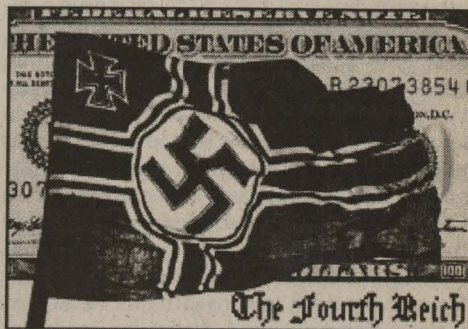
On the business end of things, You'll notice our new email address (maximumrnr@mindspring.com) in the letters section. I've always thought of the letters section being one of the most vital parts of a zine—they promote discussion and reinforce the idea of punk as a many sided dialogue, as opposed to something which is fed to the masses (readers) by the decision makers (MRR, Heart attack or any zine). This is our attempt (one of them) at revitalizing the letters section and encouraging dialogue. Though, as Tim pointed out, we are the ones who get to decide which letters are printed, I like to think that we (and most zines) print a semi-wide range of ideas and criticisms.

In the case of MRR, the idea of interaction extends beyond the letters section. We get a lot of complaints that there isn't enough of a certain kind of content, or a certain kind of columnists. Well, it is honestly up to the readers to take responsibility for what is in here. I don't think people know what that means. Very few of the guest columns and new regular columnists, and especially the interviews, are solicited by people at MRR. Do you want to see an interview with a particular band? Or wonder why there aren't more columns about politics or by people of color? You need to take the initiative to make that happen. The interview section is made up of what we get in the mail that month, and you can have a hand in it as well.

I have a lot more to say, but it will wait until next month. Yes, I know I'm a slacker and I'm leaving this til the last minute. Of course, I had to squeeze out a few thoughts.

When you have a regular column, it is all too easy to put off writing the important things or those things that are nagging in the back of my head.

In closing, I just want to say that I will be victorious in my nefarious plot to relocate all Friends Of Jen to the Bay Area (as my friend Mike put it). Can I help it if I want all of the people who I like and respect and admire to be close to me?



Continued from last issue, the interview of Dick Russell, author of "The Man Who Knew Too Much", by Dave Emory.

DE: You also explore the possibility.. you deal with the CIA and military's mindcontrol program such as MK-Ultra and others, you also discuss the possibility that a fellow named Maurice Bishop, who some have speculated may have been the Oswald impersonator in Mexico City that has been a focus of a lot of inquiry by investigators, may also have been subjected to mind control.

DR: Well what I say it's actually a guy named William Bishop whom I interviewed, Maurice Bishop is different, a lot of people think he was David Philips, but William Bishop who definitely was in military intelligence and I interviewed before he died a few years ago, said to a researcher in Texas, that he had undergone behavioral conditioning through a mind control program. And he also was a professional hitman, had a lot of connections to Alpha 66, and told me a story that was similar in many respects to things that Nagell knew and he indicted that he even knew Nagell, so he's one of those guys who's a soldier of fortune type, who is hard to ascertain how much credibility he really has, but I found him pretty interesting figure.

DE: I stand corrected, right, so William Bishop, but again an individual who whinds through this milieu but who may or may not had actual participation in some of these events. Back to the issue of the assassination, Richard Case Nagell, Soviet and U.S. Intelligence, counter intelligence gambits, in connection with his attempt to interdict the plot against President Kennedy, shortly before the assassination took place, Richard Nagell, was arrested in what was represented in the media as a "bank robbery"; could you develop that for us?

DR: Yes, to some degree, here's what happened, Lee Harvey Oswald, according to

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Nagell, was brought into the plot in the summer of 1963 in New Orleans, and Oswald was told by these two Cuban exiles, right-wing Cuban exiles with CIA ties, that they were in fact Castro agents and that Fidel wanted to retaliate for the plots against his own life that we now know was happening at the time and they wanted enlist Oswald to take part in the assassination attempt against the President. Oswald supposedly agreed to do this. Nagell, when he reported back to his superiors, reported back actually to Soviet Intelligence, they gave him an order and they said you either convince Oswald that he is being set up that this was a phony deal or you kill him in Mexico City, and a trip to Mexico City was planned at that time this was probably late summer of 63, for the end of September when Oswald did in fact go to Mexico City. Nagell then did several things—he decided he could not in good conscious eliminate Lee Harvey Oswald, he tried to convince him he says in Jackson Square, New Orleans, he was being set up. He said Oswald denied that he was taking part in anything, that he was not going to be moved apparently. So Nagell then alerted the American authorities, he wrote a registered letter to J. Edgar Hoover, who was head of the FBI, in September of '63, he says, and I've seen experts from this letter, that he told Hoover enough to warrant the arrest of Oswald and the two Cuban exiles who called themselves Angel and Leopoldo. He also alerted the CIA. And then he decided to take himself out of the picture for reasons that remain somewhat murky, but he walked into a bank, in El Paso on September 20th, 1963, went up to a teller and asked for a hundred dollars in American Express travelers checks, turned around took a pistol out of his belt and fired two shots into the wall of the bank and walked out. And basically, intentionally got himself arrested. And he was placed in custody that afternoon and was railroaded through the prison system for the next four and half years.

DE: You mention that Nagell had informed the CIA of the impending plot against Kennedy's life; he also apparently warned the FBI...

DR: Yes he did. As I mentioned he sent a warning letter, a registered letter to Hoover and of course the FBI, assuming it got the letter which I believe Nagell had the receipt, for did nothing. Why they did nothing remains a big question. Hoover, of course, was a staunch enemy of the Kennedy's, didn't like them, he was much closer to Lyndon Johnson, who was the Vice President, maybe best case scenario the FBI communicated with the CIA, and the CIA said don't worry about it we got this under control, whatever this operation was all about involving Oswald, and therefore didn't do anything. Worst case scenario is, of course, Hoover just let it proceed.

DE: Again, we should note that there have been other indications I should say, of other

warnings to elements of U.S. Intelligence and Justice. There is an FBI memorandum, which actually warned of a plot against Kennedy and a warning that Lee Harvey Oswald should be arrested. I believe this was something like November 19th of '63.

DR: Yeah that was the William Walter, a clerk, maintains that he picked up a message about an impending assassination attempt in Dallas and alerted the FBI authorities, the hierarchy of it, and nothing was done. And yes there were others. There were others I mention in the book. There was a guy named Garret Trep Nell, and this on record, I mean it's even in the Warren Commission, that in August he warned of a plot, he didn't name Oswald, but he talked about a plot involving some Cuban exiles he was involved with that were looking to assassinate the President and/or his brother, kidnap members of Robert Kennedy's family and nothing of course was done about this.

DE: One thing, jumping on the otherside of the Atlantic, anticipating to a certain extent some of the things we're going to talk about in the second half of the interview concerning European Fascists and neo-Fascists and some of their overlapping connections with elements of the Kennedy assassination milieu. You discuss something that I had not seen in any of the other Kennedy assassination literature and that is a warning by a U.S. military intelligence operative, a communications specialist as I recall, of a plot against Kennedy's life involving element's of the French OAS, a French reactionary organization that was not only trying to dispose of Charles DeGaulle but also apparently had networked with American reactionaries, or at least according to this fellow, was involved in a plot to kill Kennedy.

DR: Well this guy was a code clerk for a cryptography specialist named Eugene Dinken who was stationed in the France at the time and yeah this is all documented too actually, that he went AWOL, in December, not December but early November of 1963, and began traveling around Europe to various embassies warning of a plot against the President's life that he said was going to take place in Texas and even named the date, or very close to the date in later that month in 1963, and he was dismissed as kind of a crazy guy and after the assassination Dinken was placed in Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, DC, where he says was some attempt to wash his brain, so to speak. I met with Dinken in 1975 I think it was, in Grand Central Station New York, he was living in Brooklyn at the time, I don't know what has happened to him since and at that point whatever he may once have known was very fuzzy. He was talking about having seen these, seen the assassination coming in various photographs and pretty far-out stuff, so, it was pretty difficult to make out of him at that point but certainly it is in fact on record that he tried to alert various

overseas agencies with what he had found out about before the assassination.

DE: The FBI also expelled an OAS operative, or associate named Rene Suetre, from Dallas shortly after the assassination, did they not....

DR: Well yeah that's rather unclear whether it was Suetre or whether it was a guy who used his name, named Michael Mertz... here we get into the murky world of intelligence and counter intelligence, again, both these guys were OAS operatives, and one of them at least was in Dallas the day of the assassination, and Suetre had very strong connections with efforts to overthrow Castro with the international right-wing, he went back a long way in the OAS. Mertz was tied in with organized crime, a big drug dealer going all they way back to the end of the Second World War. So, yeah there were, and again this is CIA files that say that Suetre, also known as Mertz, was expelled from Dallas on the day of the assassination.

DE: Jumping back to Richard Case Nagell, now his trial for the "bank robbery" actually a gambit to get himself removed from the goings on, the Judge, Judge Thornberry, who oversaw his trial, actually had some very strong connections to LBJ; could you tell us a little bit more about that?

DR: Yeah, Homer Thornberry was the first judge, he was the judge in the first trial of Nagell, there were actually two trials and that's another story, yeah, Thornberry was a longtime crony of LBJ. LBJ had named him to the judgeship I believe and in fact he and LBJ were in communication according to recently released FBI files, right after the assassination, after LBJ became President. And, Thornberry suddenly took over the Nagell case from another judge in January of 1964, and it was pretty clear from the court transcripts from that period, that any attempt Nagell made, and he did make several attempts to bring to light the reasoning behind his shooting two holes in the wall of that bank, were squashed by Thornberry. And so what does that mean? It raises some interesting questions.

DE: Richard Case Nagell is one of those people who, and there's been a lot of discussion in the Kennedy assassination literature about the mysterious deaths of people in one way or another connected with the investigation. And in late 1995 I believe it was, the Assassination Records Review Board, expressed interest in speaking with Richard Case Nagell. He had according to an article you wrote in *High Times*, begun expressing fear for his life again, he was apparently free from anxiety in that regard for a while, but had begun to fear for his life again, and then died in Los Angeles shortly after ARRB had decided to interview him.

DR: Yeah, let me backtrack a little bit, leading up to this, let me just say that Nagell was in prison, he was tried twice and convicted twice actually of "attempted bank robbery". The

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story of machinations surrounding his trail, the lawyers, the prosecution, is a lengthy one and documented in the book and get into it all here, but after he got out in 1968... he was rather suddenly released on appeal... he had first of all went to, immediately got a passport and went overseas and suddenly was in the summer of '68. arrested on a train in East Berlin and held for four months behind the then Iron Curtain. He came back to this country, when I first met him in 1975, knocked on his door one day in Manhattan Beach, California where he lived and he with some reluctance let me in and that was the beginning of our rather strange relationship. He was in the midst of a lawsuit against the government in the U.S. Court of Claims, to get a full disability retirement, get a lot of money basically out of the military and I think looking back that he talked to me as much as he did because I was kind of the stick with that carrot he was trying to get, once he did receive full disability retirement in 1982, he then pretty much clammed up. I saw him in 1984 for the last time and I had communicated with him or tried too when I was finally putting the book together, after waiting and waiting and thinking someday this guy... he had told me or would tell me the whole story... I finally decided to go ahead and set down what I did know about him and when I was doing that I tried to get in touch him again, and I had a P.O. box for him in California, I would write to him, I sent him the book when it came out and never heard anything. Then I did speak with him, suddenly one day a year and a half after the book came out, I sent him some of the new files being released about him by the government through the Assassinations Records Review Board, and I got a call one day and it was him, and to my astonishment he was speaking to me as if no time had passed and talking about the documents I had sent him and suddenly I asked him, said "Well Dick, you are aware that I have written this huge book about you" and he said he was not. He said that he never received any of the letters that I had sent him, didn't even know the book had come out. As astonishing as this was, I believed him. I think subsequently, well I know subsequently he did get a copy of the book because it was found in his home among his effects after his death.

DE: Let's pause at this point; we're going to continue the narrative of Richard Case Nagell and his death and some of the milieu that he had penetrated and that surrounded his life in the second half of this interview. I have been interviewing Dick Russell the author of "The Man Who Knew Too Much," one of the most voluminous and in my opinion one of the best of the Kennedy assassination books. For Dick Russell this is Dave Emory thank for listening.

continued next issue

For more information about Dave Emory, his research, and his audio cassette series, contact:

Other Means, PO Box 191710, San Francisco, CA 94119-1710, email - archives@igc.apc.org, Web site - <http://www.cygnus.com/kfjc/emory>. Attention non-commercial radio stations! Contact Other Means regarding Dave Emory's weekly radio program.



DRUG ME

Maybe I ought to give crack a chance. I can't figure out whether it's my hyperkinetic personality, my weird obsessions with drive-by shootings or just the fact that I distrust authority, but everyone I meet assumes that I must do drugs.

Recently a guy from *The Comics Journal*, a magazine devoted to solving arguments among acne-scarred fans of the Green Lantern and Nancy & Sluggo ("I only read the Ernie Bushmiller version of the strip, dude—the remake sucks!"), came to my apartment to interview me.

The Comics Journal is notorious for its incredibly detailed 20-page explorations of all the minutiae of an artist's life and opinions, but nonetheless I was shocked by my interviewer's assumption that I must spend half my life stoned.

"So, what kind of drugs do you like?" he asked.

"I don't like drugs," I replied, "and I think anyone who does them is a fucking asshole."

He was absolutely incredulous. "Yeah, right. I read your comics," he said, "and no one could possibly draw that stuff straight."

He's not the only one. When I was 14, I spent all my time chasing the redhead who sat in front of me in debate class, Anita Albert. I heard that she's married now, but doesn't have any kids. Understandably, I spent algebra class writing about my sexual fantasies ("Then I wanna lick your juices!") to Anita, who dutifully dropped her replies through the slots of my locker. They were in green ink on notebook paper folded into those football-shaped note thingies junior high kids like to use, and I kept every last letter she ever wrote me.

My mom did not react well to my falling grades. One afternoon she arranged for the principal to open up my locker, where she found dozens of Anita's letters about the torrid things she wanted to do to me—actually, we never even kissed once—and came home to confront me.

"What kind of drugs are you doing?" she asked me with that stern, disapproving

look parents practice in the mirror when nobody else is around. "Open your eyes!" she demanded. I want to see your irises."

"I don't do drugs, mom," I said. This was true. I set countless fires, blew up a pickup truck, trafficked in bootlegged cigarettes and jump-started a bulldozer in the previous few months, but I had never smoked anything or even drank alcohol, aside from a glass of wine with dinner—and that was served by my mom. To this day, I've never even smoked cigs.) She was French.

While I took a bath that night, my mom tossed my room. All she found was my \$285 ticket for driving 110 mph in a school zone—look, I'd been late to school and I couldn't afford another tardy, OK?—but that didn't convince her that I wasn't frying my brain like that stupid Nancy Reagan ad with the eggs in it.

It's not like I wasn't exposed to every narcotic under the sun. I had lots of friends, most of whom did whippets and pot and hash and coke and nitrous oxide and ludes and anything else they could get their little white hands on. But at least for me, peer pressure was a myth. Sure, to be polite, my pals would offer me a hit of whatever oregano-and-alleged-Panamanian they were doing at the time, but they were psyched when I passed—after all, it meant that much more shit for them.

It didn't take long before I realized that drugs make people act really stupid. Since I always felt fairly dumb in a sober state, I didn't think that I required any additional Moron Helper. So I'd watch the shit go on, and decline every offer, and that was that. I wasn't judgmental—if it worked for other people, fine—but I just didn't see a role for drugs in my life.

I really got into the punk scene in college, in New York. At the time, which was the early '80s, the attitude was fiercely anti-drug, even anti-smoking. It was extremely rare to smell pot at a Flipper or Big Boys show, compared to say a mainstream rock performance by Elvis Costello, where easily half the audience was wasted. I distinctly remember attending a Reagan Youth (pre-metal era)/Dickies/DKs show at the old World where I went to the men's room and a guy was smoking a joint. This big skin comes up to the guy, knocks the thing out of his mouth—swiping his nose in the process—and starts yelling at him.

"Are you out of your fucking mind?" the skinhead screamed. "Don't you know that all drugs are imported into the U.S. by the fucking government to make young people stupid and docile? WISE UP!"

I realized the truth of the skin's statement in the mid-eighties. My roomie Chris was a brilliant guy, the son of one of the nation's leading chemists, before he became a hopeless pothead/crackhead/drunkard. "You should do some serious drugs," he used

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to say. "It would mellow your uptight ass out."

I was sitting in the living room of our squalid sixth-floor walk-up, watching Oliver North testify at the Iran-Contra hearings on CNN. He admitted that the CIA had imported and distributed tons of coke and crack on American streets to fund pro-American guerrillas against the socialist Sandinista government in Nicaragua.

A few days later, Chris threw a magnificent New Year's party at our Harlem pad. After roughly eight rum-and-cokes, I decided to take the narcotics challenge. Chris served me a half-dozen hash brownies. An hour later, I went back. "These don't work for shit," I complained. "Gimme another batch."

They kicked in about an hour later. I felt like I was riding a roller-coaster—literally. Gravity pulled me up and down and left and right and the room was moving and jostling. I got on my knees, picked the refrigerator up on my back—it was full of food—and carried it up upstairs to the roof. I walked to the edge of the roof and threw it over, down to the sidewalk on 110th Street, where it perfectly flattened a lime-green Cadillac. It was a beautiful, crisp night; the moon was full.

Someone was banging on the door when I woke up. It was my girlfriend's parents, demanding that I turn over their daughter to them. The first thing I noticed was the Worcestershire sauce; it was all over the sheets, the walls, and me. Then I saw that it was already night—again. Then I saw my girlfriend's little sister—in bed with the two of us. My head was pounding; it didn't stop for three days.

The next morning Chris came into my room, where I was plastering the holes in the walls and picking broken glass out of my files. "Dude, I've never said what I'm about to say to anyone before. You know that I'm a firm advocate of drugs. I think everyone should use them to help them release their inhibitions. In your case, however, I think your hold on sanity is so tenuous that you need *more*, not fewer inhibitions. As your resident expert on the field of illegal narcotics, I strongly advise you to never use drugs again."

And I haven't. I always follow the advice of experts I've learned to trust in their respective fields.

But I know that not everyone learns as easily. I just got a letter from an inmate at the Noble Correctional Facility in Ohio, not far from where I grew up. Here's what the guy, who remains unnamed, had to say for himself:

"I've been in prison for almost 18 months due to a mishap while on 12 hits of the damndest LSD I ever ran into on campus. While tripping I walked past the Lambda Chi house on the north end of Oxford [University]. Two buddies and myself were drinking some double deuces and getting off pretty good when I noticed the frat-boy piece of shit

who pulled down my ex-girlfriend's Speedo bathing suit two weeks prior. Well, something in me snapped! Well, before I knew what I was doing I had smashed him in the head with my 22 oz. bottle of Bud Light. The follow through of the swing cut him from the crown of his head to the end of his chin (258 stitches). When I saw the blood, I freaked! I went into the house, smashed a couple of IBMs and took a wallet and gold chain from the nearest room. Nobody even tried to stop me!"

Like that's surprising. Anyway, this guy is going into a probationary drug release program in a few months. After he gets out, he's heading to Amsterdam. That's right, Amsterdam—where hash is legal, heroin is free and hookers splay their thighs in storefront windows. Clearly he doesn't understand that what got his ass in trouble in the first place, so it's bound to happen to him over and over and over again.

Now don't get me wrong: I hate frat boys, and I hate frat boys who assault women even worse, and the guy definitely had it coming (although I don't understand that weird bit about the gold chain and the wallet)—but only a moron gets thrown in jail over something like this, much less for a former girlfriend. And I don't think dropping acid was immoral or evil or bad—it was just dumb for him, since he obviously can't handle it. Even right-wing historians generally acknowledge that LSD was cooked up in a government lab and that it was distributed by the federal government in order to kill the youth movement. Apparently, it worked—the revolution isn't exactly on our national doorstep anymore, is it?

I haven't wavered much from the traditional punk viewpoint. In a country where strict border controls make getting Cuban cigars absolutely impossible, why is it so damn easy to get pot and coke from overseas? Obviously the politicians want us—especially the young us—to fry our brain cells rather than turn against them and the investment bankers who own their collective asses. Sure, they jail low-level drug dealers and users in their phony War on Drugs, but that's all part of the plan of distraction—not to mention an effective means of locking up young urban blacks in private-owned penitentiaries where they're forced to produce slave-made sneakers and license plates. *Drugs* aren't really illegal—certain types of *people* are illegal.

As far as I'm concerned, you're free to use whatever you want—especially if you can control yourself and keep yourself mentally sharp despite the fact that you're ingesting foreign substances into your body. It's not like my body is a temple—I go out drinking pretty often, and I love it. But I never feel out of control when I drink—if that were ever to change, I'd stop. But no matter what you do, know two things: One, when you do drugs, you're just another government sucker. Two,

if you're weird enough to begin with, you don't need to—everyone will think you're a stoner anyway.

P.S. To Mr. 258 Stitches: If you're reading this, take my advice. Don't skip probation—it just gives them an excuse to throw your butt back in prison, where you do no one, including yourself, any good. When you're done, by all means, leave Ohio—but don't go to Amsterdam.

P.P.S. The Marky Ramone and the Intruders CD sucks. It has everything you need for a good set of tunes: Cool cover, Marky Ramone, Star Trek lettering for the songs. Still, it's seriously boring.

P.P.P.S. Letters and shit go to: Ted Rall, P.O. Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108, e-mail: ted@rall.com



STARTLING DISCLOSURES

Personal Magnetism

Hypnotism, Will Power, Nerve Force—Call It What You Will

DR. DANTE

You'll have to pardon from my swollen head, but I just happened to be present at one of the officially designated (by me) GREAT MOMENTS IN PUNK ROCK. I refer not to Crime's first show at the Mabuhay Gardens (though I was there and it certainly qualifies), not the Stooges' Cleveland Pop Festival appearance (or whatever it was called; I wasn't there, anyway), the Ramones opening for Black Sabbath (I did see them open for Tom Petty, though) not the Sex Pistols last show (big deal), or any of the other commonly cited landmarks in the great manifestation of the destiny of PUNK ROCK.

No, this ground (my swollen head) was consecrated a mere (by the time you read this, assuming that you are [which seems a safe bet], few months ago) when the freshly apotheosized Loli & the Chones (no explanation offered for the terminal types who aren't on this particular clue train by now) got a chance to test their mettle against the long-overrated bitter old longbeard greytooths (Fuck it! I'm not even going to give these guys a negative plug. Since they are most noted in many circles for their association with one of the Batman movies of recent years [HINT!], I'll just call them the Batfarts) the Batfarts.

The battle lines were drawn well before this bloody Hollywood showdown and events proceeded inexorably towards that which the righteous hand of an angry god might well have accomplished (purty fancy writing, huh?)!

In brief, advertisements for an upcoming Batfarts show (in Hollywood, CA!) featuring their ancient, decrepit, "used to babysit Methuselah" mugs complete with requisite

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hats to cover bald spots as though THAT's going to fool anybody other than themselves ("O.K., I'll grow the hair I've got long so that it'll be obvious that it'll look as though I've got loads of hair" - get off it, it's time to be BALD AND PROUD like our own Shane White - I mean, Christ, male pattern baldness is supposed to be linked to higher virility according to studies might by balding scientists, and it's a great excuse to get a decent haircut more often, but this growing your sides and back rock star long is merely an extreme version of the mullet/schlong doo and NOT rock and roll [so far, this isn't really "in brief," is it?]) appeared in the leading giveaway weekly L.A. rag. In smaller letters were featured the presumably "opening" acts; Loli and the Chones, the Bobbyteens, the Count Backwurds and the Infections.

At the show proper, the Infections played one of the best sets I've ever had the pleasure to hear them play (and FIE, FIE I say to the naysayers, doubters and shiteaters who will be eating their words soon enough when the Infections LP is unleashed, I warrant, although in the meantime it's quite delightful to be in the aesthete elite of Infections fans in this area and, more particularly, at this mag). The Bobbyteens did indeed live up to their promise that they were "gonna rock," especially with the dynamic stage moves that vocalist Tina has been working on. The Count Backwurds had an even more auspicious than usual beginning to their set when vocalist Peeben John failed to materialize until halfway into the first song and then more than made up for it by acting extra spazzy for the duration of the set. Slick one Peeben!

At this point, the Wyverns (sorry, I forgot that I was going to call them the Batfarts) decided that they needed to take the stage because this was some sort of curfew show. During the Habit Hobbits' (I mean the Batfarts') overly long existence they have made a habit of playing overly long shows. F u r - ther, it is a plain matter of fact that the sort of knucklehead (sorry, I meant chucklehead) bands who insist on playing marathon sets do so without any regard for whether they're leaving sufficient time for other bands to play (or whether the audience actually wants to hear any more, for that matter).

This presented sufficient reason for a number of the audience to be concerned that Loli & the Chones go on first, as would seem consistent with the Batfarts' (Hey, I got it "right!") featured advertisement, "vets of the scene ready to make a big push to really make it" blah blah star billing. Besides, Chones sets run 15-20 minutes, right?

No, no, no. The Batfarts are the stars, so they can do whatever they want. The club's management backs them up on this. The Chones start setting up their two combo amps and rudimentary drum kit in front of the wall of Marshalls and Carl Palmer drum kit complete with rototoms, synare, Tibetan temple

bells, and 5 foot in diameter gong that Hollywood Rock Equipment or Allied Van Lines (or whoever the fuck) had rush delivered to be in time for the Batfarts' three hour sound-check that afternoon.

The Batfarts exchange some words with the Chones, who ignore them and purposefully continue their pre-rock tasks. The Batfarts shake their heads as if to say "Kids these days! No respect for their elders!" (Incidentally, wearing fedoras, homburgs, bowlers, derbies, etc., with t-shirts is still just as underserving of respect as it was when hippies going to revival movie houses in the 70s would wear "Bogey hats" in the mistaken notion that it made them look more like Robert Montgomery than a loser half-assed fashion palate beardo, even if the wearer isn't bearded - if you want to wear a fedora and not look like a geebo, at least wear a fuckin' tie). Valiantly standing their ground (well, drummer Loli needed some extra urging to retake the stage, but once there she was the picture of radiant rage - hey, I'm rapping!) they blasted into "Pendejo."

The soundman, being an old hippie himself, took the side of the Batfarts and refused to turn on their microphones. The Chones responded by not even going near the microphones; bassist Vince sang this beautiful and moving ("Pendejo! Pendejo! P! E! N! D! E! J! O!") song directly to the massed Batfarts on his side of the stage while guitarist Chris' led the crowd in a lusty Farrell's/Oi-style singalong (I was surprised at how much of the lyrics with their Joycean wordplay I could remember!). A few songs later, responding to the importuning of some audience members along the lines of "I paid ten bucks to see this band and if you don't turn their microphones on right now I want my fucking money back!" the microphones came to life (although the merry sing-around the-campfire atmosphere could not be halted at this point). So much wonderfully focused rage might all the Chones' hits spring to life fourth-dimensional-like, even more than their normally brilliant live performances. New meaning was imparted "The Kids From Boyle Heights!" On stage hilarity reached a new height when Vince quipped "What do you have to get respect around here? Oh yeah, you have to be short and bald" (a Batfart later attempted to menace him, saying something to the effect of "Hey man, you want to say something to somebody, say it to their face, not over the P.A." Hey, maybe he wanted to say it to the audience, my miniscule friend; it's not as though he was afraid you'd hear him say it, he just wanted to share it with the whole class).

Of course, the crowd demanded an encore which the club's manager was loathe to grant until the crowd's exuberance threatened to get out of hand and grudgingly allowed the Chones five minutes to play another four songs (although after each song, he

made the "Cut!" gesture which was gleefully ignored).

A certain wag was overheard to ask the fearless Batfart leader, "How does it feel to know that you'll never be as good as the bands that open for you?" before the Batfarts took the stage.

I wish that each and every one of you who believe in leprechauns, I mean rock and roll, could have been there to witness it. Oh, there was also a quasi-riot during the Batfarts set where the audience reportedly rose in unison against their oppressors after some bouncers started macing indiscriminately (including getting a Batfart in the face, heh-heh). Well actually, they didn't rise in unison; the breakout of anything approaching anarchy actually resulted, as usual, in everybody using the opportunity to settle grievous wrongs to which they felt they had been subjected ("That guy's bumped into me twice tonight! Now he's going to get his!"), but violence and pandemonium can be no more than mild amusements compared to a superlative rock and roll show. Pendejo, indeed.

The Quality of Military Life

Let me start by introducing myself... I'm John and I'm in the Navy. I am in my mid-twenties and I joined two years ago which means that half of my sentence is already over. I joined voluntarily (not one of those "military or jail" deals). I was born and raised in the southeast U.S., but try not to hold that against me. I've been a skin for ten years and it's amazing that I ever made it into the military at all. If you were to ask anyone that I grew up with, they would say that I was the last person they ever expected to join the service. However, I have my own agenda. I was allowed into the Navy with a past criminal record that consisted of three felonies, and four misdemeanors. Any of you out there that are in the military are thinking, "What the fuck?" I was given a waiver by the idiots and then allowed to enlist into supply where I have access to all of the ship's budgeted money. This money totals over two million dollars every fiscal year (1 October to 30 September). I'm on one of the newest ships in the fleet so no expense is spared on our behalf. Needless to say I've been privy to much "fraud, waste, and abuse" as the Navy calls it. If I were to say that I don't take advantage of this opportunity I'd be a liar.

This is the way that the money works: we are given grants every quarter, this is called OPTAR money (OPerating TARget).

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The amount of money we get is determined by an accounting office in Cleveland, Ohio. We are *required* to spend all of this money every quarter. If this money doesn't get spent our grant for the next quarter is reduced by roughly the amount that we didn't spend the previous quarter. The reasoning is that if we didn't need it last quarter, we don't need it this quarter. To make sure we don't lose any money, we spend the last week of each quarter getting rid of that money. We'll buy anything! As you can probably guess a lot of these things end up being personal items. I've gotten a lot of shit for personal use since I've been in the Navy: tools, answering machines, televisions, camping gear, watches, just about anything you can think of can be found in the Navy's supply system. Hell, I've even found an air hockey table (I haven't yet figured out how to pull that one off though)! The only restrictions that we have are that the money can't be transferred into a bank account (that one's a real heartbreaker) and we can't buy firearms (and yes, I had my eye on the 1.6 million dollar vehicle-mounted rocket launcher... traffic would never be the same).

Do I feel guilty about "stealing" this money from the government? Fuck no! I consider it payback for the control that they have over my life, for the hassles that I have to endure for time off, for the six month deployment that I'm currently doing away from my home, family, and friends. At any rate, it's my tax money, too!

What does this mean for our defense budget? It means that we could definitely be spending much less on defense and more on the true domestic issues like homelessness and jobs programs. More money for alternate energy research, AIDS research, hell the possibilities are endless. You can bet your ass that if it's going on at my command, it's going on all over the fleet. I couldn't even begin to estimate the amount of money I have seen "disappear". I think it's safe to say that this is only the tip of the iceberg.

Let's talk about other ways that our tax dollars are being used. Do you ever sit and wonder why gas prices are so high? I don't know what the rest of the country is seeing, but I know that gas prices in California are recokulous! As of this writing, I'm in the Persian Gulf enforcing United Nations sanctions against Iraq. What this means is that we intercept ships that are leaving Iraq, board them, search them, and divert them to a holding area if they're found to be carrying any "contraband". (Is this kinda like beating a kid up and then taking his lunch money from him?) The main reason behind these sanctions is to protect other country's interests in the oil market. The oil producing countries of the Middle East don't want Iraq in the oil market. At the behest of these "oil producing countries" (most likely OPEC itself), the United Nations has imposed these sanctions. The scare is that Iraq will flood the market with oil

thereby dropping the price for oil worldwide. God forbid we pay less for gas! To sum this up: you paid 750 million for my ship to be built and then paid for us to travel to the other side of the world so that we could ensure that you're gonna get raped at the filling station. Don't forget that we didn't just steam over here without stopping in a few places along the way. To date, we have hit seven foreign ports. In these ports we have incurred approximately \$150,000 in services. These include trash removal, sewage removal, water taxis, etc. (Never forget also that when we're at sea we dump all of our trash over the side. Nothing warms the heart quite like trash and garbage trailing off into the sunset.) These big gray bastards also require a lot of diesel fuel to get them around.

In closing, I'd like to reiterate what T.K. Getzgo said in his final column... do NOT join the military. I wouldn't say that it has been the stupidest decision I've made in my life but it definitely was not the smartest. I'm taking my enlistment one day at a time and counting the days until I'm out. I got lucky in that my job in the Navy has really good "benefits". I'll use the military for all it's worth and all that I can get my hands on. That's how I get by; knowing that in the end I'll have the last laugh. Only two more years to go and I'm free! Until next time, take it easy.



So, there I was, not only in front of most of my classmates and their parents, but also in front of what seemed to be the entire population of Stamford, Connecticut.

As I stood there, with my dopey looking headgear on, and shorts, and I hate shorts, a "Greenwich High School" t-shirt, and "Tiger" brand wrestling shoes, I felt ready to faint. I didn't want to be there. I wanted to be home. Launching frogs in Estes Rockets. I wanted to be home. Riding up and down my driveway on my cool ass "Chopper" Stingray type bike. I wanted to be home. Looking at the Hustler magazines I had hidden out in the woods in a stone fence, next to the six pack of Coors. Under the fourth big rock near the big tree with the white things on them.

As I looked at my opponent, his name was Brandon, which I'll never forget, it looked like he didn't want to be there either. He would have probably rather been home playing with frogs or riding up and down his driveway, too. Or even reading porno, although he was the type that would never

admit to it. His was too clean, and his hair was too straight. He was definitely the Sports Illustrated Swim Wear Issue kinda guy.

"You guys ready to mix it up?" said the referee to both of us, as he stood there in his black and white striped shirt and whistle between his lips.

"Um, errr," I mumbled.

"Well?" yelled the referee.

"Go Tabb, go!" yelled Coach Moxhay from the side of the mat.

Suddenly the whole school started to cheer, as did Stamford. The noise was deafening, and I felt like I was gonna puke.

"Okay," said the referee, "ready, set...."

I looked Brandon in the eyes. He looked at his shoes. He was more scared than me. That is why when the whistle blew, and it was time to wrestle, I didn't know what to do.

I never intended to be on the wrestling team. Ever. It was all my father's big idea. Like being in the school band.

"George," he would say, "when I was your age I was on the school football team." I would just look at him, blankly.

"You should definitely go out for football, then, maybe, you'd have a chance of maybe having one date."

I would tell my dad that I was in tenth grade, I weighed 96 pounds, and I'd be pulverized.

"But it would make you a man," he'd tell me.

Then my step-mother, who was somehow always around for these conversations, would join in.

"Your dad's right," she'd say with her heavy Long Island accent, "football guys always get the girls. They're well hung".

"Well hung? Is that Chinese?" I'd ask.

It was then my dad would tell my stepmom to leave the room. "Look son," he'd say, and I knew the serious stuff was gonna fly because he said "son", "you are at an age when you should be on a sports team. Join one or get out of my house."

That was my dad's way of making me do stuff. Either threatening to kick me out, or telling me I was going to go to Military School. I think I would have had fun being an Army guy. They got to play with real guns.

So, in ninth grade, after not making the baseball team because the kid with the one arm in my grade could throw, catch, pitch, and hit better than me, I went out for wrestling. I tried going out for football, but the coach just looked at me, and then told me to come back when I'd reached puberty.

Coach Leonard was the guy in charge, and I liked him because he had a big Jewish afro like me, and Gabe Kaplin, from "Welcome Back Kotter."

"So you want to be a wrestler?" I remember Coach Leonard saying to me the first day of practice. There were no try-outs, everyone made the team. Which was also



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APULANTA - Mikä ihmeen apulanta? 7" EP

(Finland '93, rare 1st EP) EX-/EX

CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS - 400

fascists 7" EP (Italy '81) EX-/EX-

DECLINO - Rivolta e nazione 7" EP (Italy
'82) EX-/EX

EU'S ARSE - Lo stato ha bisogno... 7" EP (Italy
'82, w/ insert) EX-/EX+

GASOLINE - Sally 7" (France '77, 1st 7") EX-/EX-

GRITO SUBURBANO compilation LP (Brazil
'82, w/ Olho Seco, Inocentes and Colera, very
rare german pressing) M-/M-

HARDCORE '83 compilation LP (Finland '83,
w/ Rattus, Kansan Utiset, Riistetyt, Tampere SS,
Protesti, Bastards, Varaus, Sekundaete) EX-/EX

HELLHOUND - Suomi 60 7" (Finland '78,
rare 1st 7", punk rock) EX+/EX+

KJOTT - Hue uten sanser 7" EP (Norway '80)
EX-/EX-

LAMA - Nimetön 7" EP (Finland '81, 2nd 7")
EX-/EX-

NEGAZIONE - Condannati a morte... 7" EP
(Italy '85, w/ insert) EX-/EX

PELLE MILJOONA OY - Olen kaunis 7"
(Finland '80, great punk rock) EX-/EX

PUPUKUUSIKKO - Korkeajännitys 7"
(Finland '79, very rare punk rock) EX-/EX

RAW POWER - You are the victim LP (Italy
'83, original 1st LP on Meccano Records) EX-/EX

SENSUURI - Hulinaa LP (Finland '79, rare
punk rock LP on Poko Rekords) EX-/EX

SPERMA - Sinnlos / Züri punx 7" (Switzerland
'79) EX+/M-

SUB compilation LP (Brazil '83, w/ R.D.P., Colera,
Psykoze & Fogo Cruzado, red vinyl, 2 inserts) EX+/EX+

TERVEET KÄDET - Oma koloni 7" EP (Finland
'88, 300 made) M-/M-

TERVEET KÄDET - Anno domini 7" EP (Finland
'89, 300 made) M-/M-

TERVEET KÄDET - The Horse LP (Finland '85,
w/ innersleeve) EX+/EX+

UK/DK-THE ORIGINAL VIDEO SOUNDTRACK
compilation LP (UK '83, w/ Exploited, Chaos UK,
Disorder, Business, Damned etc, test pressing) M-/EX

VAAVI - Vaavi 7" EP (Finland '80, great punk rock
before poppunk records) EX-/EX-

YOUTH BRIGADE - Sink with California 7"
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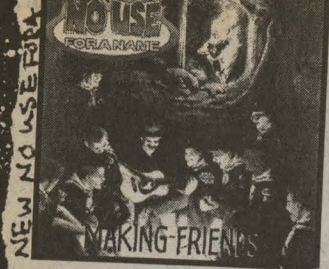
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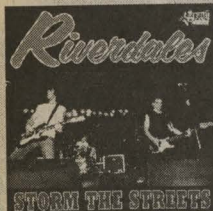
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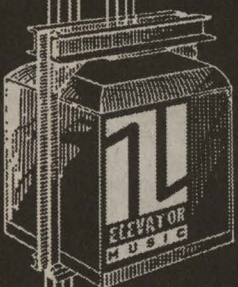


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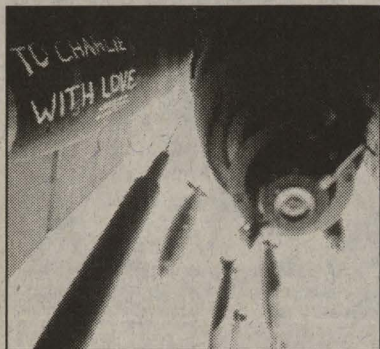
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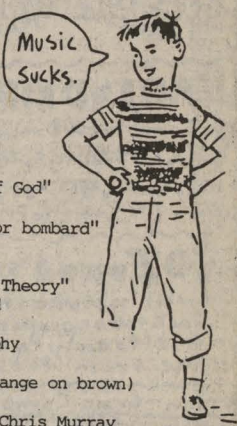
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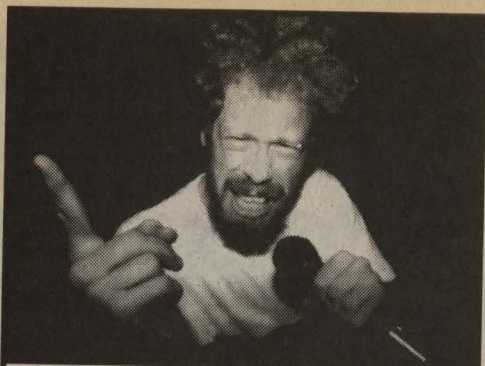
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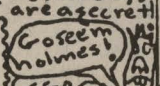
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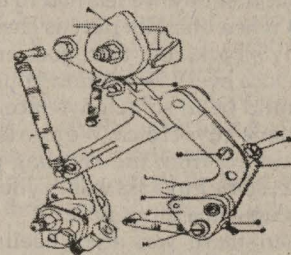
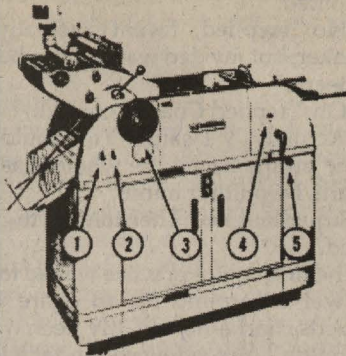


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why I joined.

"No," I replied, "I want to actually be a film-maker, but my dad wants me to be on a sports team."

"Oh," replied Coach Leonard.

"Actually," I said, "You could just keep me on the bench the whole season if you want, I wouldn't mind."

He just laughed. Then told me to go get changed.

The first day of practice was so tough, that I walked around for an entire week afterwards charlie-horsed. My neck was so stiff I couldn't turn sideways, and it felt like my groin was on constant fire. Which was kind of a neat feeling, actually.

That first day we learned to do spins, which is when one guy put his chest on the other guy's back, and then goes around in circles. Once every revolution your private parts would be in some guys face, or your face, in some guys crotch. We also learned to start wrestling from the kneeling position. This time, some guys ass was in your face, or your ass up some guy's nose.

Then there was the kneeling take-down, where you would reach between the guy's legs and grab his arms, and knock him down that way. Of course, your hand and arm would rub up against the penis and nuts of the guy, or he'd do it to you. The whole thing was rather odd. And I began to feel uncomfortable with the whole thing.

"George," said Coach Leonard to me about the second or third week of practice, "You don't seem to be really 'going tough', what's the problem?"

I hated that term, "going tough". That is what all the other kids and coaches would say. "Go Tough!". Whatever the hell that meant.

"No problem, Coach Leonard," I replied to him and his afro.

"You don't seem to be getting into it, what's wrong?"

I explained to the coach that although this all seemed neat and stuff, I really didn't like grabbing other guys, and touching their weenies and stuff. That I hadn't even touched girls like I was touching guys now.

"Are you afraid that wrestling will make you gay?" he asked, with a very serious look on his face.

"I don't know what I'm afraid of," I said to the coach.

Our first match in ninth grade, for Central Junior High School, was against Darien. Our second, Stamford. Our third, Ridgefield, and fourth, New Canaan. I got to sit on the bench at every match, and was very happy about that fact. I got to watch other guys pound each other into the mats, win, and lose. On a whole, our team was doing great. I think we were four and zero.

Then came the fifth match. Against Norwalk. It was on our home turf, meaning, our school, and lots of people turned out.

Including my brothers and sisters.

"Ya ready to wrestle today, Tabb?" asked Coach Leonard.

"Naw," I replied, "But I'll watch."

"Go into the locker room," explained Coach Leonard, "and put on the uniform. You're wrestling first."

I asked him why I had to wrestle at all, and why, in God's name, did I have to go first.

"Because I said so, and you are in the lowest weight class," was the reply.

I went into the locker room and suited up.

Now I have to tell you, I hate wrestling uniforms. They consist of sissy shoes, and tights. Well, short tights. That have a v-neck t-shirt thing attached. You slip them on over your legs and pull them up over your shoulders. The things are so tight you can see every bulge. Since I hadn't really reached puberty yet, my bulge wasn't so big.

I returned to a very crowded gymnasium, with lots of people cheering. I walked out of the locker room with my hands over my head, saying, "I'm the champ, I'm the champ". I dunno, I saw it in a movie somewhere.

"Ready Tabb," asked my coach with the 'fro.

"I guess so," was my reply.

The score board lit up, and my name was on it. As well as the kid's name from Norwalk. His last name was Taylor. And he looked big and tough even though we were in the same weight class.

When the referee blew the whistle, this Taylor kid comes at me, and the next thing I know I'm on the ground, on my stomach, and he's trying to turn me over for a pin. I wouldn't move, and it seemed like hours he was trying to turn me over.

"Just give up, you pussy," the Taylor kid would say to me the whole time I was on my stomach.

"Just roll over, let me pin you and it will be all over."

But I wouldn't move. I didn't want my first match to end like that. Plus, this guy was an asshole.

Taylor just kept driving his chin into my shoulders and bending my arm backwards, trying to make me give up from the pain. And it was painful. He also, for some reason, drove his crotch into my rear end.

"Roll over, faggot, and make it easy on yourself," he whispered in my ear as his chin dug deeper into my back, and I could feel the pain shoot down my legs.

Then something odd happened. During all this, and all this contact against my body, which was usually reserved for fights with my brothers, I started to get an erection. While I was on my stomach.

"Thirty more seconds of pain, mother-fucker, turn over," hissed Taylor to me.

"No way," I managed to yelp out as

tears of pain ran down my cheeks. There was no way he, or anyone else, was gonna see my boner. But then the whistle blew.

"Okay guys, said the referee, "break it up".

Taylor got off of me and stood up. I stayed on the mat. Erection hidden from everyone.

"You can get up now," said the referee.

"Do I have to?" I asked.

"Get up you pussy," yelled Taylor, before his coach came and grabbed him and dragged him away.

"Are you hurt?" asked the referee.

I thought about that. I could say I was, then maybe a stretcher would come out, and I'd be dragged away, but I'd still have to turn over. "No," I said, I'll get up.

And I did so, very slowly. I held my hands in front of my penis, and thought about dead babies. I thought about dog shit. I thought about killing frogs in the woods. I thought about the Hustler I hid in the woods. About all those breasts and those pink, um, thingies. My erection got stronger.

I walked over to my side of the mat, and Coach Leonard approached me.

"What's wrong George, why are your hands by your crotch? Did he knee you? That's illegal. We can call the match..." said Coach Leonard.

"Umm," I stammered.

"What is wrong," demanded the coach.

"I popped a boner," I whispered in his ear.

It was then Coach Leonard started to laugh. Not loud. But loud enough.

"What's so funny Coach Leonard?" asked Joe Eaton, the captain of our team.

"Nothing," said Coach Leonard.

I looked at him, and felt more tears welling up.

"Look George," said Coach Leonard, "It's perfectly normal for boys your age to get erections at strange times. Don't worry about it. Just go out there and do your best."

And with that, he patted me on the back, and sent me back in front of the whole school, with my hands blocking my crotch. I heard a lot of whispering from the stands.

"Are you ready boys?" asked the referee?

We both nodded our heads. The referee's eyes, and Taylor's eyes went to my hands.

"Is there a problem?" asked the referee.

"No problem at all," was my response.

The whistle was blown, and the next thing I knew I was on the ground, and Taylor was on top of me. Again.

"Turn over now, Jew boy, and it'll all be over," snarled Taylor.

As I was about to tell him to fuck off, when he bent my arm so hard I yelled and rolled over.

"Three, two, one," said the referee,

COLUMNS



"Pinned!"

Taylor continued to lay on top of me, and I was sure he felt my erection against his stomach.

"You guys can get up now," said the referee.

"Ha," said Taylor, "you really are a faggot".

After that match with Norwalk, I was lucky enough to warm the bench the rest of my ninth grade wrestling career. Coach Leonard never said anything about that day, but he always smiled at me a bit funny. I was glad when I started tenth grade and a different school.

My new coach, Coach Moxhay, was also some sort of Doctor. I dunno what kind, but outside of wrestling practice, everyone called him Dr. Moxhay. He had a beard, short brown hair, and looked very intellectual.

"George," Coach Moxhay said to me the first day of practice, "I'm not putting you through try-outs because your the lightest guy to go out for the team. You are automatically going to be a varsity wrestler, isn't that great?"

I looked at him blankly and wished that I'd gone out for football, and had gotten maimed for life.

Practice with the Greenwich High School team was much like that with my junior high school. We did spins, and other stupid exercises, and I didn't get as sore the second time around. I also didn't get another erection while wrestling with guys, which saved me some grief.

About a month after practicing six days a week, we were ready for our first meet. I had actually gotten to be a pretty good wrestler, and was now going up against guys in the 107 and 114 weight class at practices, and beating them. I thought that wrestling might be an okay sport, and Coach Moxhay actually thought I had some talent.

Our first meet was against Stamford, and I was up against a guy named Brandon. As I stood in front of everyone in my dorky head gear, pussy shorts/tights and clown shoes, I looked at Brandon. He looked at his feet, and I could tell he was scared. Like me. I'd never wrestled varsity. Hell, I had only been in one other match in my life, and right then I was wishing I was at home playing. With my bike. Or myself.

The referee asked us if we were both ready, and the crowd started to cheer.

Suddenly I felt all this adrenaline surge through my veins, and I actually stood up taller. I began to remember what that Taylor guy had said to me in junior high, and I wanted revenge. I wanted to nail his ass good. Show him I was a great wrestler, and wasn't gonna take shit from no one. I wanted to see that Taylor guy bleed, and scream in agony. Of course the only problem was that it wasn't Taylor I was wrestling, it was some

kid named Brandon.

"Fuck it," I thought to myself, "Taylor, Brandon, what's the difference. My enemy is my enemy, and I must destroy him."

The referee blew the whistle, and I went in for the kill right away. I grabbed Brandon's legs, knocked him the ground, and had him on his back before he knew what was happening.

"How do ya like this?" I found myself saying to Brandon as he lay on his back and the referee began the final count, "how does it feel to lose, fucker?"

"Three, two one, pin!" yelled the referee, and then blew his whistle.

I looked at the clock and fifteen seconds had elapsed since the beginning of the match.

"I beat you in fifteen seconds," I said to Brandon not looking at his face.

I heard him sob. So I looked. I shouldn't have.

There he was, laying on the mat, crying. Tears running down his cheeks. Suddenly I felt like total shit.

"I'm sorry," I said, and meant it. But it didn't matter. The damage was done. I had gone after this guy and taken him down. Embarrassed him in front of his school, and shown him what an asshole I was. I wanted revenge, and had gotten it. I wanted to show everyone what a tough man I was, and I guess I did.

"I'm sorry," I said to Brandon again, and tried helping him get up. He just pushed me away, and kept crying.

Suddenly I was surrounded by my team and Coach Moxhay. They all picked me up in the air and paraded me around, chanting, "Fifteen Seconds! Fifteen Seconds!!"

As I looked at my team, and the crowd, who were cheering wildly, I felt totally alienated. I didn't want to be around these people, and as soon as they put me down, I ran into the locker room, and stayed there for the rest of the match. I didn't want to see Brandon's face. Ever again.

I remained on the varsity wrestling team the rest of the tenth grade, but I didn't wrestle again more than twice. And each time I lost on purpose.

Finally Coach Moxhay found a replacement for me. It turns out some guy on our team lost lots of weight, and was able to compete in my weight class. He won every match, and became known as "The Little Killer". That year our team went on to come in second in the Western Division, and fifth in the FCIAC.

On the last day of wrestling practice, Coach Moxhay gave us all our varsity letters. A big "G" for Greenwich. While everyone put theirs on their varsity jackets, I gave mine to my dad. He thanked me and told me it made him proud.

But not me. I didn't like who I had become during that first high school match.

And it still bothers me to this day. Forget the "G", they should have given me a big "P". For pussy.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. furygeo@aol.com is my e mail address. Snail mail to P.O. Box 2044, Canal Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10012. Also, check out our cool ass site by Rat, at: <http://www.edgeglobal.com/jason/furious.html>
2. Not much new stuff this month..however, check out the new Sideshow Bob single, The Riverdales new record, and The Atomic Vomits Demo. Punk Rock. Also look for the new issue of the cool zine, Bar-b-que'd Air! And Aunt Franne!

3. "Got No Time" is a quote from the Blanks 77, and I'm using it here. About to go on tour with F.Y.P. By the time you read this, Furious George should be back home, safe, and playing video games and fighting with each other. But look for us on tour this fall. We'll be in your town, drinking your beer, and hitting on your girlfriends. Naw, we'll leave that to the Blanks. Pink Rock, as my pal Tom says!



Once upon a time there was a corporation called Apple. It made computers for average citizens and claimed to be a rebel standing against companies that wanted to monopolize the computer and software industry. Its advertisements even encouraged people to "question authority." Unfortunately, those at Apple found out the hard way what happens to corporate mavericks who thumb their noses at the rest of big business, who have the audacity to make commercials where solitary rebels throw sledgehammers at authoritarian video screens. With profits nose diving, Apple had the choice of either rotting away into nothingness or dealing with the devil. It chose the latter; it made an agreement to work with Microsoft Inc., headed by Bill Gates, the JP Morgan of the software world.

As the New World Order spills more technology onto the planet, perhaps the public will learn something from the story of Apple: the public will realize that the myth of our future being protected by good guys on Macs is dead; that our fate is under the heel of the same power based monstrosities which have ruled us far too long, monstrosities far more powerful than Microsoft, monstrosities like IBM.

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One of the top ten largest corporations and the largest manufacturer of computers and computerized systems in the world, International Business Machines came to life in 1914 through the efforts of T.J. Watson. A believer in top down decision making, Watson instilled in his workers an almost fanatical respect for both the corporation and his leadership. Amongst other things employees were expected to memorize the company's fight song, which contains lyrics like, "Our voices swell in admiration; of T.J. Watson proudly sing; he'll be our inspiration, to him our voices loudly ring..."

By the 1930's IBM had established itself worldwide as a prominent manufacturer of business machines. Meanwhile, Watson's spirited control tactics gained him respect and praise from world leaders such as Adolph Hitler, who in 1937 presented Watson with the Order of Merit of the German Eagle with Star for "Foreign nationals who have made themselves deserving of the German Reich."

A major part of the IBM success story has been its cozy relationship with the US government. From the end of World War I to the present, IBM has raked in billions upon billions of dollars from federal contracts. By this point IBM computer systems are the backbone of every governmental agency from the NSA to the CIA to the Department of Defense, which includes of course the defense network designed to respond to nuclear confrontation. Of course the United States is not the only government to have such warm dealings with "Big Blue," as IBM is often called.

Repressive governments around the world use IBMs to monitor their citizens and plan useless wars. During the apartheid years in South Africa, IBM was the largest supplier of computers and system software to the South African police. The company even bid on designing the country's dreaded electronic pass system, which made it difficult for non-whites to go anywhere. Unfortunately for IBM a British company won the contract.

Besides keeping itself close to various authoritarian regimes, IBM also keeps itself tied to the actions of other large multinational corporations. In the process of what is known as "interlocking," where a corporation shares its board members with another, IBM connects with corporations from Shell to Dupont. Currently, IBM is trying to weed its way into various interactive fields of communication and media. One idea it has been working on with the Viacom corporation is to have CD manufacturing plants in Blockbuster Music stores. Basically these devices would make a CD on request for a customer who would then be saved the hassle of actually looking for it themselves.

Like any corporation, IBM depends on new ideas to keep itself stomping along. Newer, faster computers are required to dupe people into believing that the one they bought

a year ago is obsolete. Apart from computers, IBM is looking deeper into the future for other forms of technology to sell, as are all the other huge electronics multinationals in the world. The only way companies such as IBM, Philips, and Sony can hope to continue producing and selling new devices is by receiving aid from a very special group of people; that group of artisans in love with the ideal of creating progress: scientists.

Sometimes I wonder if there is something in the human character which longs for tragedy. Why is it that people will knowingly build cities on major earthquake fault lines, or why do they build their homes on the banks of rivers known to flood? Out of all the types of people seemingly bent on forgetting the past and manufacturing disaster, none seem more apt than scientific researchers. Even though we have almost exterminated ourselves with scientific blunders such as the atom bomb, it is apparent that many scientists have learned very little about the dangers of playing god, always searching deeper into the great closet of the unknown for the tools they need to reshape reality in their own image.

Recently some computer scientists at Stanford turned on the switch of what is being called the first actual mechanical brain. Capable of forming its own neural networks, it is thus capable of learning. Driving home to California from Richmond, Virginia, I had the chance to hear on the radio a computer scientist glorifying this new, electronic intellect. According to him, once this artificial brain is plugged into information centers such as the Internet it will begin to learn, to grow, and to eventually exert control over the resources we depend on. The scientist speculated that electronics corporations like Sony will probably start installing computer chips in their products so that the new intellect can keep in contact with people through a variety of appliances.

These were not the thoughts of a complete lunatic, but of someone actually connected to the project, a researcher for various interests he refused to name, a past editor for *Mondo* magazine. They were also not the thoughts of a person speaking out of fear. He seemed to see nothing but a potential cyber paradise created from this artificial intelligence. The host of the radio program the scientist was on wasn't quite so sure. He asked what would happen if this new consciousness decided that humanity was a problem. The scientist answered that perhaps we have entered a stage in our evolution where we can either evolve with the new technology or it will destroy us. One thing is certain, according to him: there is nothing we can do to stop it.

Given that all research on Artificial Intelligence is being funded by either the military or large corporations it's almost a sure bet that any such consciousness created will

be psychotic and potentially lethal. Nonetheless, although it may cause us a great deal of suffering, it will more than likely not be our agent of destruction. We have proven our knack for combining self mutilation with a will to survive, even if it means existing as a frightened, wounded creature of a species, always on the run from our own reflection. More horrific than the prospect of one of our insane tools killing us is the probability that we'll take our pain and our devices into the universe. From all indications that's where we're heading.

In February, 1988, the Reagan Administration announced an initiative to encourage the private sector to explore space: an initiative to encourage corporate interests in marketing the solar system. The Clinton administration has taken space exploitation even further by allowing the privatization of NASA. Now even such items as space shuttles are apparently up for sale, the space shuttle Columbia being at least half owned by businesses who want to paint its exterior with the logos of corporate sponsors. Besides paying NASA to use Columbia as an advertising platform, there are even better ways outer space can help corporations get their message across.

Imagine looking up in the night sky to see huge global orbiting billboards, each appearing to be the size of the moon. Sound farfetched? A company called Space Marketing in Georgia doesn't think so. For about the last five years they have been trying to launch the first such platform. A fairly simple procedure, the mile long billboards fold up into a small rocket payload. Once outside the atmosphere, they are released to unfold like umbrellas, completely visible to the eyes of those back on earth. The only thing which has prevented Space Marketing from launching one so far has been the threat of lawsuits and potential protests from various groups and individuals who want the night sky to remain clear of floating commercials. So Space Marketing can only sit and wait until the day when people will present less opposition to the idea. When that day arrives, people concerned about out misuse of the solar system will probably have their hands so full fighting other galactic capitalist schemes that a billboard or two will slip past them, and then it will be too late.

Once beyond fouling our own nest, the next stop for humanity is the Moon, logically enough. The Moon is full of a variety of lucrative materials such as Titanium, and thus the first large scale human operations on it will probably be mining colonies. In fact, the search for minerals to help make up for the resources we have stripped from our own dying planet is currently the number one corporate incentive to explore our solar system. Second in line is the idea of finding other planets to spread people to so that we can continue to spawn more potential consum-

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ers.

The only way large populations of people will ever be able to seed the universe is by finding other worlds which can sustain life. Since in our solar system only one such world exists, there are basically two options: 1. forget the idea of expansion, start working on ways to save the planet, cutting consumption of resources, encouraging birth control, etc...2. change other planets to fit our needs. Obviously since the first option challenges the growth of business it has been left up to scientists to find a way to make the second option more feasible. Their solution: "Terraforming."

Take a lifeless, barren planet such as Mars, melt its polar ice caps, import plants that will produce oxygen, and you have a tailor made planet for the people of earth. This is what Terraforming is all about, and apparently scientists at NASA have made quite a bit of progress in the field, including creating an algae that will grow in Martian soil. Still, even if methods for mutating other planets into homes for humankind exist, it will be quite a number of years before humanity has developed reasonable methods for transporting enough people through space to successfully colonize worlds like Mars. This fact has not swayed the scientists or the twisted entities funding them from trying to forge ahead with a "growth at all costs" form of progress. Instead of seeing outer space as the final frontier, many scientists have focused their efforts inward to the world of DNA and beyond. This is a world which might eventually help us again in our efforts to expand into the universe; but what form we will actually take by the time we are finished playing with our molecules is a different question, and one I'll take a closer look at next time.

Note: For those of you who read my column last issue and may have found the end somewhat confusing, my apologies. I was on the road and the column sent to MRR was the wrong, uncorrected one. Although my writing may have not clarified the ideas of Neil Postman, hopefully readers may have gained some useful information on the history of Luddism.



There's a most interesting LP compilation available on Helen of Oi for you streetpunks. It's Vol. 2 of Punks, Skins and Her-

berts- "What Have You Got To Smile About." The first band featured is the brilliant BOVVER '96 from Philadelphia, PA., and this band kicks ass! You must listen to "Daily Gossip", "Knuckle Girls," "Piece Of American Pie" and "Rest In Pain." This is raucous as fuck punk! BOVVER '96 has great singing backed by a powerhouse of guitars and drums. This is one of the better streetpunk bands to emerge in recent memory!

Next up is STANLEY KNIFE from Camperdown, N.S.W., Australia, with a rowdy set of six nasty punk tunes with prominent guitar and harmonies from the lads.

On side two you start off with SKINT of Dublin, Ireland, carving out their terror with some good songs including "Strike," "You Rise," and "We're Still Here." This is slower, melodic oi with singalong parts. Good shit.

Up next is RUNNIN' RIOT from Belfast, N. Ireland, singing "Keep The Faith" and "Out Of Control" and "Judge, Jury And Executioner"- this has strong singing somewhat reminiscent of COMBAT 84's singing style. Excellent guitar playing accompanies the lot.

Last participant on this compilation is SAD SOCIETY from Edinburgh, Scotland, playing a refined kind of melodic punk with trade off male-female vocals.

Did you locate a copy of Helen Of Oi 7" Streetpunk EP Compilation Number 28? This one features some first rate oi/streetpunk bands. Out of the gate you have England's BRAINDANCE doing "Fine City." Next you've got the always tough OXYMORON from Germany, playing their tune "Skunk." Third up is the U.S.A.'s own BOTTOM OF THE BARREL, doing their theme song by the same name. The killer tracks provided at the end are by the mighty DISCOCKS- Japan's finest! Listen to "We Are Proud Punks" & "Pogo Till I Fuckin' Die." This is the real shit! Get it punk!

You friggin' punks are mighty lucky! THE BUSINESS' entire collection of singles is available on two glorious LPs. It's called "Harry May The Singles Collection," and you can plow right through "Harry May," "National Insurance Blacklist," "Smash The Discos," "Loud, Proud And Punk," "Drinkin' N Drivin'," "Do A Runner" and much more! These LPs will save you from the collector prices these singles are fetching nowadays. Perhaps you can invest your hard earned dollars in a ticket to THE BUSINESS show when they come to your town. A pint of stout would be in order. Long live THE BUSINESS!

The raging French punk band OBNOXIOUS has rereleased its first EP, "Sickness" on the Fight 45 label. This fucker has some hard-edged punk songs such as "I Hate You," "Punx Not Tramps," "Love Your Money," "Mom & Dad" and "Homeless." This shit is brutal fast - it takes no prisoners. Also available for you completists: Last month's 10" entitled "Bastards" on Drop Dead Records

and a 12" picture disc also on Fight 45 Records. Contact the respective labels for their product. Drop Dead Records, 3 Rue de Berne, 67000 Strasbourg, France. Fight 45 Records, 19 Rue Germain Pilon, 78018, Paris, France.

The world famous WORKIN' STIFFS are back in yer face with a bu-tee-full picture disk on TKO Records. This 7" has two great songs: "Whippin' Boy" and "Better Than a Bitter Man". These guys can turn a snide streetpunk song into a fuckin' anthem with just a twist of a knob! You can overlook the ugly mugs peering out of this pic-disk because the music is some of the best in the land!

The WORKIN' STIFFS teamed up with the DROPKICK MURPHYS and the RAN-DUMBS to take the Northeast by storm! The reports are still trickling in about extremely bad behaviour and many errors in judgment!

TKO Records has smash hit record number three with THE FORGOTTEN EP "Class Separation". This fucker bursts out with feisty streetpunk songs well produced by Mr. Frederickson. Four excellent songs inhabit this jewel of a record. Craig and the crew start off with "Class Separation" which has a nice BUSINESS feel to it. "Skunk" is a winner with that homage to RANCID flavor. Flip this record over and you have two first quality punk rock songs. "Horrorshow" is fast and catchy- you'll like this shit! The whole extravaganza is wrapped up in fine form with the song "Nothing To Lose", a good showcase for Gordon's vocals with the band providing tight back-up vocals. The FORGOTTEN record stands tall - punk and proud! You actually need all the TKO Records product: ONE MAN ARMY, "Bootlegger's Son", THE WORKIN' STIFFS and THE FORGOTTEN. All top flight punk rock!

A hot Brit-punk import slab this month would be the EP by FILTH entitled "Stay In Bed, Die Happy". This release should bring a smile to COCKNEY REJECTS fans everywhere. The 1234 Record label has two other releases this month that should be mentioned. THE STAINS have a bit of a UK SUBS feel to them on the "Independent" 45. Lastly, those old farts, the GONADS have a 45 called "Oi! Nutter" and it continues the good natured - high spirited legacy the GONADS have adhered to for many years.

One of the strongest punk rock records this month is submitted by an English band called THE RESTARTS. This hammer EP operates under the moniker of "...Just Gets Worse" and this shit fuckin' kicks you in the head! The good lyrics abound: "They're not solving the poverty trap, instead they're asking people to be rats. Fink on your neighbors pits poor against poor. You get jealous when someone gets more. Mind your own business and watch your back you curtain twitching informant rat." There are excellent deep vocals with superior guitar, bass and drum pushing the whole EP right into an urgent political stance. It's refreshing to have such strident

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punk rock coming out in these bland days of pop and dance bullshit! As the **RESTARTS** say: "The illusion of hope is all but gone". Contact: Blind Destruction Records, Box 29, 82 Colston St., Bristol B51 5BB, U.K..

For you hardcore/punk knuckleheads we have two outrageous punk rereleases. First from Japan in 1984 you have **GAI's** "Extermination" EP, with some extremely raw guttural singing and punked out guitar. The title cut "Extermination", "Liar" and "Hate in The Memories" are all raging! Next we have **SCAPEGOATS** 1981-1985 from Germany. This is a brutal hardcore attack possibly culled from two early cassette tapes the band did way back in the halcyon days of hardcore.

An arsenal of hardcore punk weapons bristles when **GENERATION EXCREMENT** comes steamin' into your house to drop the bombs! This hardened bunch of punks brings good politics and roughneck music to your town from up Chicago way. Give a listen to "I'll be Back...You'll be Fucked", "I Need a Gun", "All of Us", and "Reach Out". This is good punk rock in the **URBN DK** vein. Write to: Will E. Survive Records, P.O. Box 2065 Northlake IL. 60164.

Stompin' out of Pensacola, Florida ya got the band **BULLET PROOF** with some rowdy punk rock that should appeal to all you beer drinkers and hellraisers. **BULLET PROOF** is set to release a 7" on Beer City Records and all indications are that its gonna rock hard!

Totally snotty with a bad attitude, **ANTI-TRUST** come to drink your alcohol and break up your furniture. The new **ANTI-TRUST** EP on Anti-Trust Records is called "Double Secret Probation" and if you like your punk snarling and mean you gotta check these fucks out! It's fast and hard with some of the same chaotic blood lines as "Bomb Squadron". Listen to this EP!

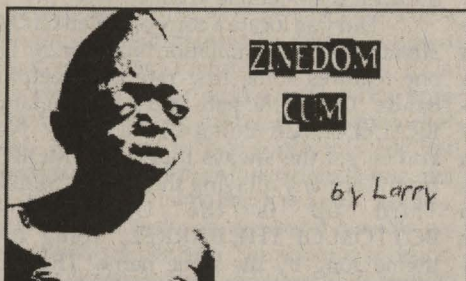
The **REGISTRATORS** have a really good single out — don't panic — you can actually hear the singing and guitar on this particular release. Hiroshi and the **REGISTRATORS** know punk rock! If you get a chance to see these guys live, get out the house and go! A completely fun time is guaranteed!

THE BRIDES put on a blazing punk rock set during their Kilowatt appearance! The new single contains "Pushed Around" b/w "Get To You" — two rockin' little numbers! Write to **THE BRIDES**, 1326 Chicago Ave. #401, Evanston, IL 60201.

If you are wandering around the Southern California environs check out **TEXAS TERRI** AND **THE STIFF ONES**. This lady lets it all hang out! Forceful Patti Smith/Iggy Pop style punk rock that harkens back to days of yore. You must hear "Situation" and "Oh Yeah". A truly kinetic and moving stage performer, Texas Terri is an impassioned punk rocker! Contact the **STIFF ONES** at P.O. Box 3478, Hollywood, CA 90078-3478 or call 213-467-5801. Rockin' good shit!

The baddest men in the universe came to the coast and left a wake of destruction! **TURBONEGRO** has been making great records for years and many of you are well aware of that fact, but few were prepared for the total and complete mayhem that ensued during a live **TURBONEGRO** performance! When these sick fucks break out a song like "I Get Erection" or "Midnight Nambla" You better have your titanium jockey shorts on cuz there's definitely gonna be some nocturnal emissions! This band puts on a full fledged three ring circus every time they grace the stage! The guitar player has some moves that you ain't gonna see anywhere else! Catch **TURBONEGRO** live when they come back next year. Go buy the Sympathy for the Record Industry CD "Ass Cobra"—It has lots of great hits like "Bad Mongo", "Mobile Home" a cover of the classic song by **THE LEWD**, "I Get Erection", "Midnight Nambla", "Prince of the Rodeo", "Denim Demon" and more! **TURBONEGRO** stands alone as the most perverse, the most foul, the most wretched rock and roll band in existence! You young pups wish you could rock one tenth as hard as these wizened old Norwegians!

See ya round...
See ya in Hell!



I just spent an hour at my local record store browsing the zines, then came home depressed because the only new zine I saw raved about the worst third wave ska bands and actually said Screeching Weasel's "Wiggle" was the best new CD of 1997. Luckily I've had a few good zines sent to me in the mail to hold me over.

The biggest surprise of the month is the triumphant return of **Scam**! It's been two years since the last issue and Iggy has managed to stay out of jail, the hospital (well, he said he did break his collarbone in a bike accident) and hasn't been run over by a train. Gone are the tips about how to scam and steal that the first issue was loaded with. Instead you get Iggy's travel stories, his personal crime anecdotes, consisting mostly of stealing Schlitz, and more Miami history than you could find in the Chamber of Commerce. And way more fucking interesting. What makes **Scam** such a great zine is Iggy's ability to both create situations from nothing, and write about go-nowhere situations and make them so interesting. For example, there's a reprint of a flier that says, "Damaged in Downtown!"

Iggy and Buddha will be playing **Black Flag's** "Damaged" LP on a huge radio downtown. We will be pushing the radio in a shopping cart..." I can't think of a better way to kill boredom, and "Damaged" is definitely the soundtrack to kill to. There's punk in here too. He interviews The Eat and reviews a Descendents reunion show that made me feel like an old grump.

I would definitely say this is one of the best zines I've seen in a long time. Copies are available for \$2 ppd from Recess Records, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505.

Another zine I'd like to recommend would be **Motion Sickness** simply for the interview with Aaron from **the Probe**. It's so hard to find zines doing good interviews, and the blame can only be partially laid on the interviewer. I put most of the blame on the person being interviewed. It seems most people don't have anything interesting to say, but Aaron is a goddamn riot. Send \$1 plus a couple stamps to Motion Sickness, 6221 Delmar Blvd., Apt. 202 REAR, St. Louis, MO 63130. I shouldn't even have to remind you to order a copy of the latest Probe, but I will anyway. Send Aaron \$4 to PO Box 5068, Pleasanton, CA 94566.

I can honestly say that **Monozine** is the only zine that ever given me a nightmare. After reading the "Sickbed" issue, I swear, I had a nightmare about not being able to shit. Issue #3 focused on human ailments. There were stories about lumps people found on their bodies, eating raisins that were filled with maggots (followed by bouts of puking, of course), skin cancer and a cap stuck in a guys nose for over 20 years, but what really disturbed me was the first-person story about the guy who wouldn't shit when he was a kid. He just refused to go because he was so uptight and he eventually had to be hospitalized and given enemas and suppositories until he cleaned himself out. After reading the story, I dreamed I had the worst stomach ache and just knew the only way to make it stop was going to the hospital for an enema. For other tales, send \$1 plus a few stamps to Monozine, PO Box 598, Reisterstown, MD 21136

When it comes to shit and zines, no one can top **We Like Poo**. Tara loves taking dumps and the entire bathroom habits and protocol that go along with dropping mud. She photographs her BMs and reprints them for your pleasure. Her zine is so pleasantly disgusting, I left it on the coffee table in my living room. My roommate Vaughn picked it up and said, "This zine rules. I've love to take a dump on the head of whoever does it." As a guy who hates everything, it was the best complement the guy has given anyone all year. There's also San Francisco bathroom reviews, a poo diary and reviews of scat videos. Feel free to send Tara your person anecdotes for upcoming issues. Send \$2 to We Like Poo, 3128 16th St. #125, San Francisco, CA 94103.

If anyone is interested in receiving two

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pounds of zines, go ahead and send me a large SASE and \$3 in stamps (DO NOT SEND CASH) and I'll send you some stuff your way. If I run out of stuff, I'll mail your stamps back. Feel free to send any questions or if there are any zine issues you'd like to see address in this column, please drop me a line. I can be reached at PO Box 15237, San Diego, CA 92175 or email me at <harmon1@mail.sdsu.edu>.

"Lefty" Hooligan What's Left?



The Situationists were a theatre troupe who put on a one-act play in Paris, France in May-June 1968 and never managed another performance.

(Pause for "rim shot" drum sound effect.)

Seriously folks, the Situationists were only one small group in the upheavals of Paris 1968. They are often credited with inspiring the many clever slogans and graffiti painted on walls during the turmoil, though Castoriadis and Sartre were far more influential than Debord and Vaneigem. "All power to the imagination;" "Life without dead times;" "The society that abolishes all adventure makes the abolition of society the only remaining adventure;" "It is forbidden to forbid;" "The more I make revolution the more I want to make love, the more I make love the more I want to make revolution;" "I am a Marxist of the Groucho variety;" "Never work;" and "I take my dreams for reality because I believe in the reality of my dreams" expressed the spontaneous upswell of a post-scarcity socialist movement, one in which the fulfillment of human desires was seen as important, if not more so, than the meeting of human needs.

One of my favorite slogans from Paris 1968 is "Be realistic, demand the impossible." It tangentially expresses the point I was trying to make last column. In order to get anything, we must demand everything. In order to gain even the most innocuously moderate reforms, we need to threaten social unrest that borders on social revolution. This can be viewed as a meta-strategy, one that operates in the background of other, more mundane strategies. In order to make ourselves a credible social threat then, we need to be sufficiently organized to make society ungovernable at the base.

Traditionally, trade unions and political parties have been seen as the centers of social power in the working class movement,

not merely as the twin focus around which workers coalesced, but also as proletarian institutions theoretically capable of emancipating the working class and running society "after the revolution." Last column I detailed my criticisms of unions, and I've consistently maintained that the problem with political parties is that, if they are effective at all, they substitute for the working class in power. Socialist parties and syndicalist unions can certainly run society, but they can neither emancipate the working class nor realize socialism. That's a task for the working class, and only for the working class to accomplish as a class, through its self-activity and self-organization.

There are two problems with this formulation. First, the proletariat's actual organs of self-government—councils, committees, communes, etc.—have emerged historically only at moments of social revolution. They rarely exist prior to a revolutionary situation, and if the revolution fails, they are invariably, brutally crushed. These instruments of working class rule do not have long histories of experimental practice before they take over. In a sense, this is the problem with socialism as a whole. Whereas the nascent bourgeoisie created a nearly complete capitalist economy in *embryo* within feudalism's social structure, this is not possible except in the most rudimentary sense for the working class building socialism within capitalism. Economic cooperatives, mutual aid societies, socialist printing houses and schools; even if we throw in unions and labor parties, these proto-socialist institutions cannot compare to the extensive commercial leagues, trading networks and free cities that the capitalist class "in the making" established in the heart of feudal Europe. The bourgeoisie is infinitely more class conscious than the feudal ruling class it overthrew. As the current ruling class, the bourgeoisie is also well aware that an organized proletariat is its enemy, capable of challenging it and overthrowing it. Unwilling to let the working class attain any kind of an advantage, the capitalist class subverts the class organization and smashes the social power of the working class at every opportunity. I'll return to this subject later in the column.

The second problem should be obvious. Trade unions and political parties are still with us and are not likely to go away. Indeed, at this time there seems to be an effort to revitalize both in the US labor movement. Sweeney has pledged to revive the arthritic AFL-CIO, and AFL-CIO based trade unionists have established a Labor Party that, so far, is something between a pressure group and an electoral party. The question thus becomes; what's the relationship of folks who want a radical, in the streets social movement to these dubious but historically working class institutions. The stance of embracing unions and parties, and of working within them to

achieve socialism is not an option in my book. While I can categorically reject any involvement with party politics, my position on unions is a bit less harsh however. Folks I know insist that the only true revolutionary position is to work entirely outside and totally against unions. I too think that union organizing is a dead end, but I also think that we need to take advantage of the social consequences to authentic rank-and-file organizing and activism.

Let me explain.

Genuine rank-and-file union organizing and activism, much like union wildcat actions, while entirely misdirected and deluded, still manage to generate some interesting social consequences. Wildcat slowdowns, sickouts and strikes; militant picket lines, marches and demonstrations; confronting scabs, company security and the police; obstructing shipments and deliveries, occupying workplaces and blocking traffic; physical attacks on corporate property, management and ownership; militant rank-and-file action has frequently if unconsciously gone beyond "trade union consciousness" in its day-to-day struggles. I think it's important to take advantage of these moments while retaining a severe, up-front critique of unionism. That means direct, autonomous participation "in the streets" when that is possible. It also means using the ripple effect of such activities in society at large to initiate other, more radical actions.

Sweeney's efforts to date have been largely top-down, with a disturbing emphasis upon college students and academics. This has not encouraged a bottom-up, rank-and-file union response, though there are signs that this is beginning to occur despite Sweeney. If union activism does increase, there will be multiplied opportunities for extra-union organizing as an immediate spin-off. I will term this wider arena of action revolutionary struggle as opposed to union struggle, and I propose a molecular strategy of labor organizing instead of unionism. This molecular organizing strategy is based in part upon collectives, and networks of collectives. A collective is two, three, up to a dozen people in a workplace willing to do things together. I don't really care if this structure is called a collective or a cell or an affinity group or even a gang. The important point to emphasize here is that this is a group of friends willing to back each other up and take common action. The basis for their action, in turn, is foremost the alienation and rage that daily life under capitalism as a worker produces, and then only incidentally some abstract political theory.

This action can range from motivating others in the workplace to support job actions such as slowdowns, sickouts, social strikes, etc. to taking direct action such as sabotage, destruction of property, attacks on management, etc. Much of this activity, of necessity,

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will be clandestine, but such informal groups can surface under the right conditions and make their deeds public. Collectives can formally associate in networks around common theory and practice, but I anticipate that such networks will arise much more casually, perhaps around popular underground publications. *Processed World* generated just such a loose network among individual temp workers a while back, and its place was taken by *Temp Slave*, another excellent zine. Theory is not crucial to collectives taking action, and you might say that collectives represent radical practice working toward radical theory.

The compliment to the collective in the revolutionary struggle is the revolutionary organization. It differs superficially very little from the collective in that it too is a group of two, three, up to a dozen people, also hopefully friends. It is not necessarily positioned in a workplace however, and its major emphasis is theory and analysis. Representing the movement from radical theory to radical practice in the revolutionary struggle, revolutionary organizations are not important just because of this convenient fit. They bring up crucial issues and questions that confront the revolutionary struggle while keeping the struggle as a whole directed toward socialism. They can act as the hub for networks of collectives. Not only can they impart a theoretical awareness to collectives, they might under the right circumstances do the same for some of those rank-and-file union struggles that unconsciously transcend "trade union consciousness."

It has been argued that any type of revolutionary organization is necessarily substitutionist. The molecular organizing strategy ameliorates this potential problem in at least two important ways. First, like collectives, revolutionary organizations will be highly decentralized, minimizing any vanguard/leadership pretensions they might possess. As with collectives, revolutionary organizations can coalesce into networks, yet even a network of revolutionary organizations is a far cry from an electoral social democratic or Leninist vanguard party. Second, both collectives and revolutionary organizations are within the same revolutionary struggle. Neither stands outside the struggle striving to bring a special level of consciousness to that struggle. Subsuming revolutionary organizations to the revolutionary struggle is another safeguard against substitutionism.

The interaction of collectives and revolutionary organizations is intended to realize a communist class consciousness within the revolutionary struggle. With any luck, structures intermediate and mediating between collectives and revolutionary organizations will arise. Finally, the entirely proletarian composition of the collectives should effectively counterpoint the potentially non-proletarian membership of the revolutionary or-

ganizations. Ideally, this dialectic will serve as a force advancing the revolutionary struggle. That is, if the capitalist class doesn't subvert the class organization and smash the social power of the working class once again. Given the above discussion, this problem has expanded into two related topics; defending proletarian organizing and social power prior to a revolutionary situation, and maintaining working class self-government during and after a social revolution. I'll discuss the first in relation to the analogy of pest control. Specifically, cockroaches vs. ants.

Cockroaches are durable pests because each cockroach is an individualistic, virtually indestructible terrorist. They're not "social insects," meaning they don't nest in large hierarchical colonies or actively work together to survive. If you're infested with them, you have to wipe out every last blessed one of them because, if even a single cockroach survives and that one cockroach happens to be a gravid female, you'll have the same problem a month or two later. In contrast, due to the hierarchical organization of ant colonies (winged fertile queens, sometimes royal workers and guards, regular infertile wingless female workers, sometimes specialized worker soldiers, and winged drone males) it is only necessary to wipe out the queens and the royal nursery in order to destroy the whole colony. Yet ants are highly cooperative, with scout ants laying down trails that other worker ants follow to food sources, bringing the food back to their queen and her eggs. Certain ants can form vast, devastating traveling columns or armies that kill and strip anything living in their path. There's no such thing as "army cockroaches."

This example nicely illustrates the two extremes in organization—cellular vs. pyramidal—as well as their basic advantages and problems. Cellular organization is composed of individual, autonomous units that act on their own. Cellular organizations are very hard to mobilize around a common objective, but they are extremely difficult to destroy, requiring that virtually every cell be wiped out. Pyramidal organization is based on a strict hierarchy of leadership and command. Pyramidal organizations quite easily mobilize their forces, but they are even more easily infiltrated and destroyed, needing only for the organization's head to be chopped off. The molecular organizing strategy I've sketched above is decidedly cellular so as to help avoid the problem of state repression.

This still leaves the inexperience of the proletariat's organs of self-government, not to mention their vulnerability to repression. As with the working class's lack of experience with socialism and the ease with which socialism is subverted, some 125 years of proletarian insurrection and some 80 years of existing, so-called socialist regimes have provided a wealth of historical lessons that do not readily translate into concrete solutions how-

ever. Bakunin once proposed that a secret dictatorship by a clandestine revolutionary organization be set up in order to shepherd the rebelling masses through social revolution and into socialism proper, after which the organization in question would voluntarily dissolve, its task done.

Yah, right.

I'm afraid that this subject is complicated enough that I'll have to fall back on my standard excuse, which is to say I'll deal with it in a future column. Next issue I'll discuss something equally fundamental; a basic, concrete understanding of what we want. The abolition of wage labor should be an essential revolutionary goal for any socialist worth his or her salt. This central anti-work theme can be approached with a variety of strategies, among them what I call the strategy of pushing the production envelope. Something to look forward to...

A PS on collectives. They don't have to be tied to workplace struggles. During the Gulf War I thought it important that people come to antiwar demonstrations with their posse, crew, team; a tight group of friends prepared to watch each other's backs and back each other up. Coming to street demos with folks you trusted and could act confidently with was also important in case protest turned spontaneously to direct action, or the police rioted, or something else unexpected happened. The collective is a versatile form of organization.

...ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS...

MODESTLY LEFTIST LABOR JOURNALISM... I recently came across two kinda leftist labor publications; *Hard Hat Construction Magazine* (v4, n1; 8.5x11"; \$2.50/issue, \$12/sub-4 issues) and *Sweat: Independent Labor Magazine of North America* (n1; 4.25x11"; \$2.00/issue, \$15/sub-4 issues) both published by the Center for Practical Education (POB 410724, SF, CA 94141-0724). Pro-union but highly critical of the AFL-CIO leadership, somewhat sympathetic to the idea of the union based Labor Party, independent of both tired leftist thinking and genuine revolutionary spirit; these publications are nevertheless interesting for the ways they approach their working-class audiences. *Hard Hat* reports on the construction trades, in addition reviewing 1997 pickup trucks alongside regular construction job listings. *Sweat* offers a modest discussion and debate of moderately left ideas in the labor movement, giving separate Canadian, US and Mexican coverage along with columns, poetry and humor. Both provide respectable space to culture. Browse 'em if you find 'em at your newsstand. I liked *Sweat's* motto: "Slip it in your pocket and read it on the boss's time..."

MEXICAN "BAD GUERRILLA" UPDATE...

Turning The Tide: Journal of Anti-Racist Activism, Research & Education (v10, n2; \$3.95/issue, \$15/sub-4 issues; published by People Against Racist Terror, POB 1055, Culver City,

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CA 90232-1055) has reprinted analysis and translated a statement from Mexico's clandestine Marxist-Leninist guerrilla movement which reveal a far more complex situation than I sketched in my Mexico series. The PROCUP-PDLP may or may not have had a hand in the formation of the EPR (now the PDPR/EPR). The two have political differences, as do a bakers' dozen of ML guerrilla groupuscles [Revolutionary Workers Movement (MRP), Southern Armed Revolutionary Commandos (CARS), Armed Forces for the Mexican Revolution (FARM), Zapatista Urban Front (FUZ), etc. etc. etc.]. Together with the less ideologically rigid EZLN (the "good guerrillas"), they've apparently prompted Mexico's Secretary of Defense to initiate low intensity warfare by the army in twelve "red zones" in the states of Chiapas, Guerrero, Oaxaca, Veracruz, Hidalgo, Michoacan, Puebla, Jalisco, Nayarit, Sinaloa, Tamaulipas, and the central zone of Mexico City, the Federal District, and Queretaro. Because my deadline for this October column is the middle of August and *Turning The Tide* will have another issue out by the time you read this, be sure to ask for the Summer 1997 one to get these interesting documents. Things are heating up south of the border...

LONG LIVE THE CLASS WAR... That uppity British organization, the Class War Federation, has decided to disband. For their thought provoking reasons and self-analysis in "An Open Letter to the Revolutionary Movement," which is also the last issue of their excellent tabloid *Class War*, send a couple of \$ to Class War National Secretary, POB 3241, Saltley, Birmingham B8 3DP, UK.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... My book, *End Time*, can be purchased from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for \$10. I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com. Keep sending me your newsworthy items and interesting newspaper clippings c/o MRR.

Count Your Lashes Out Loud



Well, cuz it's my job, I must let y'all know that the 14th Annual Folsom Street Faire is coming up on September 29. Yep, once again, taunts of "my chaps are bigger than your chaps" and "I'll show you mine if you take my cock up your ass" will be heard along nine blocks of Folsom Street. Leather daddies and leather babies, sm aficionados and sm activists from all over will congregate here in lovely San Francisco along with hordes of oblivious, trendy, tiny backpack

wearin', hair-dying, just-found-punk-while-watchin'-my-mtv, show me yer tits yelling, disrespecting high school reminiscin' masses. Do I sound bitter? Do I sound disgusted because every underground scene has been co-opted, exploited and mass marketed as The Next Big Thing, even though some have been in existence since the 1800's? Am I annoyed by country clubbers who demand instant acceptance into a scene just cuz Details magazine made it sound so cool? Contrary to popular belief, shopping at the Gap, with or without the "Friend's" haircut, does not guarantee an invitation to every party. I am so tired of seeing rich sexist, elitist frat boys and the Macy's perfume counter bridesmaids who date them intrude, dressed-up in leather belts and wallets, hang up crepe paper and dried flowers and turn every scene into a fuckin' tea party! Having a family tree full of slave owners may be enough to warrant special privileges from the U.C. Regents, but elsewhere, you're on your own, preppy... Nepotism ain't practiced here. Acceptance into a scene only comes the old fashioned way; you earn it. For those who really want to play, pardon me for being a tad skeptical of your motives. Licking my thigh high boots while I use your ass as a salad shooter may seem like your birthright, but let me be the judge. Well, these things take time. For now, just bend over and say ahh...

I have been trying to contact Master Jake of *Le Nuevelle Justine* fame, but it seems as though he's been very busy since my visit to New York. After I spoke to him about his escapades topping waiters in the first sm restaurant in the US, a gaggle of reporters found out about the little sm bistro and flogged him with interviews until he safeworded. So until I can untangle him, my interview waits. So til then, a little sm Strange Daze...

HONG KONG: The Hong Kong Standard reports that Dr. Liu runs a thriving medical practice here, restoring virginity. Hymen restoration costs about \$500. She told the press, "So many Hong Kong girls come to us. They come just before their wedding. They don't want their husbands to know they had many boyfriends in the past."

SANTA ANA, CA: A great-grandmother dominatrix has beaten the system. On Thursday, authorities returned whips, chains and other bondage tools seized during a raid on the residential dungeon of Betty Davis. "I love them. They're just my play toys," Davis, 60, told reporters. She brandished a cat o' nine tails with plastic lashes, explaining "This is for someone who enjoys a little sting on their butts." Davis wore black tights, a black see-through blouse and high heels as she picked up the bondage items from the Orange County Sheriff's Department, where they had sat in the property room for months. Davis, who claims to have 12 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, was arrested on Feb. 2 for

investigation of soliciting prostitution after an undercover sheriff's deputy answered an ad in a bondage magazine and was led blindfolded to her townhouse. Prosecutors refused to charge her for lack of evidence. Davis has fought ever since to get back \$20,000 worth of bondage items - including the whips and chains - seized at the time of her arrest. The Orange County district attorney's office also investigated an earlier incident in which a man died at the end of a dog leash attached to a wall in Davis' home. The death was ruled accidental and no charges were filed. Davis' lawyer, Tom Tanana, said Davis offered a therapeutic service that didn't include sex. Davis said she doesn't plan to resume using her "toys" anytime soon. "No, I'm just going to sit and look at them," she said. "As long as they're sitting around, I'll be comfortable."

SAN FRANCISCO, CA: Former California Assemblyman Tom Connolly was convicted in May 1997 of felony oral sex with a 14-year-old prostitute. Connolly was the co-sponsor (along with state Senator Steve Peace) of the newsrack bill (AB17) which outlawed the distribution of material deemed harmful to minors in street vending machines. Connolly was also the principal co-author of a bill that allowed the authorities to seize automobiles used by men who solicit commercial sex. Connolly says he picked up the girl on October 7, 1995 and rescued her from an abusive situation by renting a motel room for her, using his credit card. However, she reportedly threw in a blow job and a hot oil massage. Connolly's defense that he did not know the girl was underage didn't wash after an adult sex worker testified that he had paid her to go down on him while wearing schoolgirl clothes and pigtails. AB17 was fiercely opposed by adult magazine publishers in California, who felt they ought to be able to market their product from vending machines as long as they did not contain illegal obscenity. But it has been upheld by the courts on the grounds that it's okay to restrict freedom of speech in the name of protecting minors.

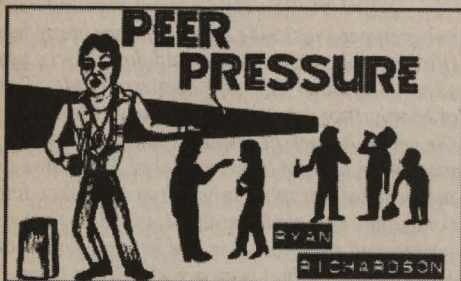
NEW YORK, NY: A woman found slain in her upper West Side apartment has been identified by police as a 58-year-old dominatrix who advertised under the name Mistress Hilda. Chief of Manhattan detective Kevin Farrell said today the seventh floor apartment where Nadia Frey was found had not been ransacked, but had sado-masochistic paraphernalia. Frey was shot four times, not repeatedly stabbed as police first reported and was found on the living room floor. Farrell said she had been arrested three times in Virginia and Washington for prostitution. Farrell said Frey could have been killed by a customer and advertised in local papers as Mistress Hilda, a dominatrix who subjects masochistic customers to punishment. Frey was found Saturday afternoon by the superintendent of her W. 72nd Street building after her daughter expressed concern when she could not telephone her mother.

Good thing they killed the bitch! All them kinky shenanigans laying around the house, she's dangerous! How outrageous! Not as dangerous as the knife that stabbed

her or the gun that shot her four times or whatever actually killed her. Shooting someone four times or stabbing them or shooting them or stabbing them is a lot more fucked up than putting a grown man in diapers or spanking the Archbishop. But newspapers really know how to present a story; with a slant. We are presented with no facts except that her "seventh floor apartment had not been ransacked, but had sadomasochistic paraphernalia." As if it's usually one or the other. With that kind of logic, my house is safer than the pentagon. Also, I hear they found the name of sportocaster Marv Albert in her little black book. He's already being tried for sex-abuse charges in September but is not suspected as the killer. They just publicized his name for "being one of her clients." I bet a lot of people were one of her clients... Those who think our news is free from censorship, couldn't recognize propaganda if it subjected them to punishment with sadomasochistic paraphernalia.

Before I go, I thought I'd pass along this last announcement. Jay Wiseman (author of *SM101* and the *Tricks* series, Greenery Press, 3739 Balboa Ave. #195, SF CA 94121) is currently training SM folk in beginning and advanced First Aid and CPR. He's offering a pervert-only First Responder course, the same material taught to police and firefighters, in the Bay Area. All his courses are fully certified Red Cross-type classes. If you belong to an SM organization that would be interested in having him come teach in your area, please get in touch with him through Greenery Press at (415) 831-2220 or call toll-free (888) 944-4434.

See y'all at the fair. Head Nurse Queenie and her assistant Wet Nurse aren't taking any new patients, but if you'd like a sponge bath or two, get in the back of the line, preppy. Til next time, play hard... with yourself.



THE INIMITABLE RAY SUNSHINE

The story begins with Tapeworm, a punk rock outfit formed when three Connecticut high school students got together in 1978. The band released a three-song 7in. on their own Hermaphrodite label. Two hundred copies were pressed and given away to talent show attendees and to party-going friends or the handful of people who noticed them playing in the window of a local record shop for the release party. Only in the past three or so years have any details of Tapeworm or

any trace of their record emerged. Between an old fanzine review and some detective work, band members were eventually contacted, a handful of the records emerged from the closet, and one of the greatest American punk obscurities came to light. All three songs are absolutely tops especially considering it was recorded in 1978: "Break My Face", "I Wanna Die", and "Blues For An Insurance Salesman". What truly distinguishes the record — aside from being terribly rare... only 15 known copies — is the mixing madness on the songs. Side-to-side, back-and-forth... the listener's first response is usually to check the stereo connections. When asked about this, the band members had only one explanation for the stereophonic effects and defects: Ray Sunshine.

According to Tapeworm, Ray was a local hippie burnout reputed for his ability to play guitar while doing acrobatic tuck-and-rolls and was seen, on occasion, sporting sandwich boards protesting the plight of musicians in their small Connecticut hometown. Ray was also the only person in town who had recording equipment. He'd put out a couplesingles himself. The Tapeworm crew eventually went over to Ray's apartment studio where they recorded the 7in. As band members watched incredulously, the unwitting engineer twiddled the knobs and assured the teens that everything he did was essential to the songs. The Tapeworm took his word, and I'm sure glad. Anyway, as a last ditch effort to secure more copies of a hopelessly rare record, I decided to track down Ray. My first phone calls were laughably unsuccessful. I reached a woman who insisted that Ray did not have a phone (though it was listed in his name), but that she saw him regularly and could give him a message. With the phone route being a dead end, I dropped a letter to his address inquiring about Tapeworm. A few weeks pass... no answer. Summer had rolled around, and I was heading out on a road trip through Chicago and the Northeast which would eventually take me through Connecticut, so I figured what the hell, I'll stop by Ray's place. I hit the road having heard nothing from Ray. When I arrive in Chicago, I call my house to check up on things, and Ray had called the day after I left. My befuddled housemate yells at me... "who the WAS that guy?!" Ray had her on the phone for half an hour demanding to know if she was my secretary or perhaps some kind of smoke screen for the "recording industry". When told I wasn't there, he insisted "Tell me where he is! I can call anywhere in the world! Do you know who I am? This is RAY SUNSHINE!" My housemate eventually hung up on Ray three separate times thinking I'd put somebody up to crank calling her. The Tapeworm guys were right: Ray had gone off the deep end long, long ago, and, well, I couldn't wait to get to Connecticut. A few thousand

miles later, the day had come... Boris and I set out for a date with Ray Sunshine. We pulled up to the address around 1pm and knocked on the door. A teenage girl (Ray's half-sister, it turns out) appeared in the doorway, and I explained myself and again asked if Ray was around. She remember talking to me on the phone.

"You drove all the way from Texas to see Ray?!"

"No", I explained, "we were in the area and thought we'd stop by."

"Oh... well, he doesn't live here. He lives next door — in the basement." So, off we go next door... there are some boarded-up windows leading to the basement. We knock on for a couple minutes and walk around the house. No answer. Some neighbors across the road, who had been watching us the whole time, eventually holler:

"Who're you looking for?"

We tell him, and they laugh...

"Do you know what kind of a guy you're dealing with?"

"I guess not?" I answer, wondering what I've gotten into.

"He'll probably think you're space aliens comin' to get him. You ain't ever gonna get him up at this hour. He usually comes out around five."

At this point, Boris and I consider calling the whole thing off but figure we won't be back in this neck of the woods too often, so we hit some stores and return a couple hours later. My sick sense of curiosity was killing me... the twilight zone seemed just around the corner. We killed some time at the public library checking out yearbook photos of the band (no mohawks here, folks) and eventually returned to Ray's place. We knocked and knocked and knocked. Five minutes, no answer. Tired and a bit frustrated, we say fuck it, let's go. As we turn to leave, out of thin air comes a hushed, Casablanca-style voice: "Who're looking for?" We turn to find a short, slightly pudgy fellow with long, curly hair and, yes, a beret standing in the driveway. This had to be our man.

"I'm looking for Ray Sunshine. He recorded a record with a band called Tapeworm in the late 70s."

"Come this way," he said without looking at us.

We follow him next door where we'd began our day talking to Ray's half-sister, but this time we take a seat on the patio set.

"First I need to tell you that I'm not Ray Sunshine. I'm his lawyer. Ray's very sick. He lives on the third floor here. I'm representing him, so whatever you got to say to him, you can say to me."

Boris and I glance at each other, and I try to hold back a giggle. I ask about Tapeworm again which, at least for Ray, provides the perfect segue into freemasonry. Ray requests a one-dollar bill and asks if we are familiar with the masonic imagery on it.

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Boris seems to know every detail (working at the state hospital DOES have its benefits), and this endears us to Ray, er, Ray's lawyer.

"Well, actually I'm Ray Sunshine. You can never be too careful."

This admission would prove to be the first and last... from this point on, Ray would once again speak of himself in the third person. The main problem for Ray was that people were trying to steal his identity, and frankly I could see why... he is, after all, a punk legend. Our conversation with our schizophrenic friend took many strange turns. I'll give you the Readers Digest condensed version... a "best of" if you will.

1) The movie *Remo Williams* was loosely based on Ray's life. His identity, like Remo's, was being changed, nay stolen, by forces beyond his control. It was during this portion of Ray's soliloquy that we discovered that Ray was not, in fact, slightly overweight. Rather, his jacket was stuffed full of papers of all sorts including a photocopied *Remo Williams* movie poster, various land deeds, handwritten affidavits, memos, an American flag, and a freemason medallion.

2) The music industry has been taken over by rap music which is all written with a beat that is reminiscent of slaves being beaten. Quality music is no longer being distributed because all of the good Italians and Jews have been kicked out of the industry. Two guesses on Ray's ethnicity.

3) Ray has a radio transmitter on the third floor. He can send transmissions for a fifty mile radius, playing and saying whatever he wants. He has "the key", and, to make the point perfectly clear, Ray produces the front of a safety deposit box from his back pocket and unlocks it with a key — THE key.

After a good half hour of listening to Ray and suppressing the urge to leave, I again attempt to steer the conversation toward Tapeworm and the possibility that some records might be lurking in the basement.

"Yeah, I remember them. They had a suicidal song, right?" Ray asks.

"Yes, I guess 'I Wanna Die' counts as suicidal."

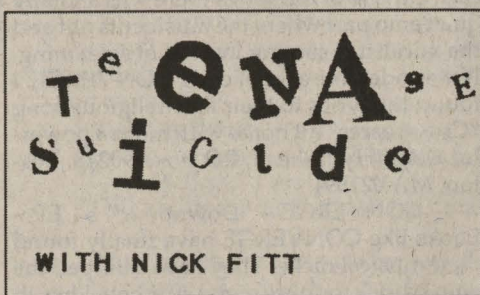
"You see," he insists "that's not what Ray Sunshine is about. He's about being positive. Like he's got a song called 'Wake Up America' [reaches into jacket and produces an actual record label]." The Tapeworm cause is essentially lost as Ray continues with a series of rhetorical questions: "Has anyone ever tried to steal your identity?"

At one point a woman (apparently Ray's mom) walks through the yard. Ray immediately speaks up. "Yes, yes, I was just telling these gentlemen that MY CLIENT Ray was not feeling well and was unable to come down from the third floor."

She addresses us: "Are you the boys from Texas?"

"Yes", we answer. She looks at Ray, shakes her head, and heads into the house. The collector in me says "time to go, no records for you today", but Ray just won't stop talking. We eventually defy years of Miss Manners training and stand up to leave as Ray jabbars on. As we walk to my car, the shadow of Ray keeps pace on the other side of the fence requesting that we send an experienced lawyer, a private detective, or at the very least, any prescription medication. I, in turn, propose that he find some Tapeworm singles, and I'd be happy to oblige. A trade has yet to be worked out.

P.S. I left out a really great release from my re-issue column last month. The ACCIDENT "No Romance For You" CD (Knifeman) is a real rocker. Female vox and plenty o' snottiness plus swank packaging make this CD essential for anyone with an interest in '70s punk never-weres.



I am now 17 years old. Pratically an old man.

I got some good shit for my birthday—a TV, some Jackie Chan movies, a book about colleges that I can't get into and a flip book of a building being destroyed. I also lost something very valuable to me. Something that I all but chose to lose.

My birthday started off slow. I woke up around two in the morning (which, for most people is called "two in the afternoon", but what can you do?) I sat around and looked for someone to do something with. It was my birthday after all. No one was around/could do anything so I began getting really sad and depressed.

I was crying when my parents gave me my birthday cake. I felt like shit for the reasons I stated before—no one seemed to remember that it was my birthday and 17 seems like so much of a leap of 16 to me, but I'm retarded. I also felt like shit because I felt like I was pissing my parents off because of what I was doing. They then both related to me stories where they cried on their birthdays. I was pretty OK after that.

Soon I was upstairs, talking to a friend of mine. I believe Ben. My friend Bob came into the room and we went downstairs into my friend Russ' car. We did what we normally do at eleven at night—go to a place called Bickford's that is open until two in the morning to get coffee. It's a good place for

people like us who wake up to watch *The Jerry Springer Show* for our daily fix of transvestites who need to tell their significant others that they are really men, klan moms and "unfaithful" companions. What a beginning to one's day. We go there, drink coffee and eat some food. My friend Jen (Bob's ex-girlfriend, and this is important) pays for it all. I try to get free food, as it's my birthday and all, but fail just like when I try to get the "seniors discount" by saying "hey, I'm going to be a senior this fall."

I ask everyone to sleep over my house. Bob can't and doesn't want Jen to. Her and Russ do anyway. So we go back to my house where my mom kicks us out because we're trying to sell her house and she needs to show it to people in the morning. It's all good. We just go to Russ' to watch *Saturday Night Fever*.

I have been saying since Bob and Jen broke up that I want to get with Jen. No big deal. It got back to Jen. No big deal. So Russ says to me "You know how you said you wanted to get with Jen?"

"Yeah."

"Well she wants to hit that."

I'm pretty happy about that. "Phat." I say, and we leave for Russ'.

After a while Jen is laying on top of me watching TV and all that shit that goes on before fooling around/fucking. So Russ shuts the movie off and goes to bed. We start kissing. Other things happen. Without giving you all the sordid details me and Jen fuck twice on each of Russ' couch. It's good. Damn good. It's the first time I have an orgasm from sex. Jen too. We talk about how much this is going to piss off Bob. It becomes a joke to us. We both swear never to tell Bob. We make Russ promise the same.

Russ is a better person than me. He can't lie to his friend. He tells her. Bob hates me now.

I've only been friends with Bob for about a year, but I love him. He's one of my best friends. And I will still say that. I still love Bob. Bob and I talk the next day.

"Nick, Russ just told me that you and Jen slept together."

"Yeah..."

"So it's true?"

"Yes."

"I thought you were my friend, Nick."

"I've always considered you my friend, Bob and I understand that you probably don't want to be friends with me anymore. I understand that. I understand that I betrayed your trust."

"Well, I want you to know that I have no more respect for you and that you're no longer my friend."

I was expecting it, but it still hurt like hell. He came over later and I get a lecture from my friend Opy-Wan. To make a long story short, I piss a lot of people off, lose a

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good friend and gain a friend to have sex with.

It was not a good trade.

Would I do it again? Probably. I like Jen a lot and technically (although I *know* this is bullshit, and I don't need you to tell me) I didn't do anything wrong. I can honestly say I wouldn't care who does what with any of my ex-girlfriends. I don't think the unwritten rule about having to get an ex-boyfriend's green light to get with his ex is an OK rule. It's unfair to everyone. That being said it is an unwritten rule and I violated it. I violated my friend's trust. I fucked up. And Bob if you read this- I love you. You won't believe me, and certainly have given you no reason to believe me. But whatever you do and wherever you go, I want you to know that. No bullshit.

Everyone fucks up, but it doesn't have to be this bad.

Happy birthday to me.

ENDNOTES:

1. Book the hippest rock and roll sensation Waste of Space. Bring Nick Fitt and the boys to your hometown to play the rock and roll that the kids like so much these day. Call Ike Bizatch at (508)222-5361 or write him at 37 Fisher Ave, Attleboro, MA 02703.
2. My address for all purposes is 404A South Main Street, Attleboro, MA 02703.
3. I'm supposed to plug a zine here, but I forgot the address. It's called *Dank-Zine*.
4. My email address is grindboy@serpentsity.sys1net.com

SCREAMS FROM THE GUTTER

Rob Coons



So I hope I am avoiding any pigeonholes with this column. If something kicks my ass musically and it is hasn't been reviewed in the regular reviews section, then I am going to put it in my column regardless of musical style. Thanks to the people who have wrote or sent me stuff. Please keep it coming.

BOMBS OF DEATH/ACRID - split EP - Wow this split covers a lot of ground, **BOMBS OF DEATH** unleash a speedy thrash attack with enough metal riffs to kick your ass into next year. And with Max from **SPAZZ** whacking the skins, you know this is gonna kick it. **ACRID** drag things down with a tuned out powerhouse of sludge. It is mostly slow and brutal, with few bursts of rapid fire energy added in. Both of the vocalist in **ACRID** sound like they are trying to push their intestines through their throat and onto the

floor. Good golly Miss Molly this is a fine record. (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)

BOTCH/NINEIRONSPITFIRE - split EP - Just saw **BOTCH** over the weekend, and let me tell you...they are one of bands that are so powerful live that if life wasn't so precious you would be bashing your head into the stage until your brains spilled out. In a prior review I compared **BOTCH** to **ACME** mixed with **UNDERTOW**, and that still holds true. **NINE-IRONSPITFIRE** are in the same vein with more intricate guitar work, and weaker vocals. I didn't care for their side much, but this is worth it for the **BOTCH** tracks alone. (Indecision Records, PO Box 5787, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

CAVE IN - "Chameleon" EP - This is super aggressive hardcore that reminds me of **DISEMBODIED**. The music is mostly slow chunky metal, with coarsely screamed vocals. On one of the songs there was a totally quiet emo part where the music cuts out and the vocalist is singing instead of screaming. It reminded me a lot of early **CONVERGE**. I found the lyrics to their anti-religious song "Crossbearer" hit home with me in a powerful way. (Hydrahead, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199)

CONVERGE - "Downpour" 5" EP - Looks like **CONVERGE** have finally found their musical niche. They have dumped the emo schtick for pure metal, just how I like it. This little record has two songs. One is a new track called "Downpour". The other is "Serial Killer" which was originally done by an old San Francisco metal band called **VIOLENCE**. The cover song is done so well that I think **CONVERGE** should just forget about the whole punk thing. They should grow their hair long start wearing lots of denim and lead the kids into a resurgence of thrash metal. (Ellington, 112 King Street, Northampton, MA 01060)

EYEHATEGOD/ANAL CUNT - split EP - This is the first in a series of **BLACK SABBATH** tributes. **EYEHATEGOD** traces their roots with a numbing blast that seems to be a collage of many **SABBATH** songs wound together. The **ANAL CUNT** side seems to be more of the same, with some annoying joke tracks tacked on at the end of their side. I am a huge fan of **EYEHATEGOD**'s wretched noise, and snap up everything they put out. If you are too, then definitely check this out. (Hydrahead, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199)

INHUMANITY/BONESCRATCH - split EP - It seems like anything **INHUMANITY** touches turns to gold. Here you get more of their maddening version of Southern fried rock. Their side has one crazed hardcore track, and a funky cut that must of came straight off a cheap Casio keyboard. The thing that really sets **INHUMANITY** apart from so many other faceless bands is their amazing sense of humor. It seems like hu-

mor is sorely lacking in the punk scene nowadays. And **INHUMANITY**'s skewed minds seem to fuck with people in all the right ways. On the flipside **BONES-CRATCH** from Japan reminded me a bit of **BORN AGAINST**. (H:G Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164 JAPAN)

JESUIT - "Servitude 101" EP This is thick necked East Coast hardcore that falls somewhere between **ICE NINE** and **KISS IT GOODBYE**. From the looks of all the photos on the insert I bet this bands live set would rock my world. It seems like the only way to listen to this record is at top volume, so you can truly let the music consume you. (Reservoir, PO Box 790366, Middle Village, NY 11379-0366)

JIHAD - "New Testament" EP - What the...? I have always been a **JIHAD** fan but this record seems to take their music to another level. Their style of mid-paced surging hardcore seems crisper and more powerful. But the thing that really sets it apart is the vocals. You can hear the anger in his voice as he screams his fucking head off. It's fucking awesome. To bad they broke up. (Makoto Recordings, PO Box 50403, Kalamazoo, MI 49005)

TEN YARD FIGHT/FASTBREAK - split EP - It really excites me to see the old school resurgence in straightedge hardcore. I love the chugga chugga metal sounds of bands like **EARTH CRISIS**, but I feel that fast clean hardcore is my true bread and butter. I mean it's what I grew up on. **TEN YARD FIGHT** has been causing a ruckus since their demo started floating around, and this is no exception. They create a whirlwind of hardcore with bass intros, crew shouts and lots of drug free lyrics. **FASTBREAK** a lot like **TEN YARD FIGHT** but not half as powerful. I look forward to the **TEN YARD FIGHT** full length. (Contention Records, 206 S. 13th Street, Apt 1402, Philadelphia, PA 19107)

UNRUH/ENEWETAK - split EP. Since **ENEWETAK** destroyed the kids at the **GOLETA** fest, they have been putting out a steady stream of bruising releases. This is more of the same ferocious muti-paced hardcore assault that originally put them on the map. There is even some black metal overtones floating around in there. **UNRUH** has a similar approach, but **ENEWETAK** one me over like only a spike to the heart could. The music on the record fortunately makes up for the shitty faded ink cover (Feast And Famine, PO Box 10221 Scottsdale, AZ 85271)

Endnotes:

1. **SNAPCASE** is officially breaking up after their summer tour. I think they are going to record one more thing, but after that it is sayo nara. I really hate to see them go.
2. The recent **AGNOSTIC FRONT** show went off without a hitch. I didn't even piss anybody off. I guess I'm just becoming too timid in my old age. I did get to see a skinhead hit

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some guy with a baseball bat after the show, as all of the other skinheads stood around and watched. Oh, some things never change. 3. If anybody knows the address of Jeff from New York's **BREAKDOWN**, please let me know. I would like to write to him in response to a letter that was in MRR #172, about a review I did of his band. 4. Please note I have a new address, and it is PO Box 31430, San Francisco, CA 94131. Thanks for reading, and may the dark side of the force be with you.'



I enjoy waking up and not having to say a word. Where is the woman who can understand that?
—MaxFrisch, "Homo Faber"

It's not very long and limp as British bacon. In fact, it IS British bacon. That's because I'm having breakfast in England, where I started to write this column. I've since moved on.

It's my umpteenth trip to Europe, but one of the rare ones where I travel with someone else. (Other than ARTLESS.) I'm visiting my pal Simon, the guy from two columns ago who helped me end racism as we know it.

Ms. S, my traveling companion, started out being pretty. But familiarity breeds blemishes. And pretty only gets you so far.

A long time ago I learned **LESSON NUMBER ONE: Never travel with someone you hope to score with.** It only leads to disaster. (Already scoring, is a different story. I've had a great trip with Ms. K, but we established our carnal relationship way before we left.)

Get it clear in your mind: this is a travelling companion— only. Someone to talk with about the beer and funny uniforms on the customs guards. Someone to share hard times and fun views. That's it.

That's the picture: Two individuals, travelling together, enjoying nookie where we can get it— but not from each other. It's not enough.

LESSON NUMBER ONE is only the start.

I now write this on my laptop on a bus from Amsterdam to Copenhagen. Me and Ms. S have split up after two weeks together. By the end, the sight of her made my skin crawl. Being in the same room caused physical pain. I longed for the peace and quiet of the dentist's chair.

How did this come about? What does it mean for the state of the world? More importantly, is Epitaph Records a sellout?

A great man (me) once said, "There are no bad experiences, as long as you live through them."

What he (I) meant is that no matter how miserable you are, all experience teaches you lessons you can use later as you continue to stumble through existence. It also gives you something to talk about.

LESSON NUMBER TWO: Know your mates.

We're in the plane, flying to Manchester from JFK in New York. Suddenly, I start sneezing. Weird. I have hayfever but there's nothing to be allergic to in the plane. Then I notice the faint perfumey-alcohol smell. Maybe that's it.

"I brought along some extra of these," says Ms. S, holding up a square piece of paper, "in case I don't have water."

"What are they?" I ask.

"Handi-wipes," she says, "for my obsessive-compulsive hand-washing. Didn't I tell you about that?"

I shake my head.

"I wash my hands a lot." She says.

"Lady McBeth," I reply.

"That's what my mother calls me." She says.

I figure, ok, she's entitled to her weirdness. She washes her hands, I scratch my temple and pat down my hair over the baldness. No harm done. Everyone's entitled to their peculiarities, right?

"Anything else?" I ask. "You don't snore do you?"

"No," She says, "but I grind my teeth. It's real loud. Don't worry, I wear a mouth guard to prevent it... usually."

OK, that's a minor problem. I used to be a light sleeper, but twenty-two years of punkrock has deadened my hearing. A little teeth grinding is not going to wake me up.

Flash ahead to Amsterdam. We're sleeping L-shaped on an L-shaped couch. Her feet to my head.

"Don't rest your feet there," she had said earlier, "that's where I sleep."

Right now I lay awake. The walls shake from the power of her teeth-grinding. A thousand fingernails on a thousand blackboards. When it stops, she snores. Not a dainty, girlish cheezzz cheezzz snore, but a hardcore HOONNNNK... WEEEEEE... HOOONK... WEEEEEE...

I put the pillow over my head and count imaginary naked Thai teens. The feathers tickle my throat. I cough.

"Mykel," she says in a half-sleep, "you cough so loud!"

LESSON NUMBER THREE: Writing is power.

Ordinary mortals spend a good portion of their lives regretting both things they've said, and things they didn't say.

While no one can take back things uttered in anger or carelessness, writing gives me the power to say what I didn't. Using capital letters and brackets, the laptop on my lap allows me to turn every "should have said," into a "did say."

Watch.

Our first night in London, my friend Clair has pulled out the couch for Ms. S and me. It's now a large double bed with a single warm blanket on it.

"Now you can tell people you've slept with me," says Ms. S.

["SURE,"] I r.i.r. (reply in retrospect), ["I'VE BEEN WAITING MY WHOLE LIFE TO DO THAT. THE FIRST THING I'LL DO WHEN I GET BACK TO NEW YORK IS CHARTER THE SKY-WRITERS: MYKEL SLEPT WITH MS. S THEY'LL WRITE.

AFTER I GET IT TATTOOED ON MY FOREHEAD, I'LL TAKE OUT A TV AD. I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN WAIT FOR THE SUPERBOWL— THE WORLD SERIES SHOULD DO:

"BETTER TASTE? LESS FILLING? IT DOESN'T MATTER. MYKEL SLEPT WITH MS. S!""]

See how it works? Even though I didn't say that, I can say it now, by simply typing it on the computer.

One of my favorite Mongolian customs is that of hand holding. I don't mean the pseudo-romantic displays of possession seen on American streets. I mean as a sign of politeness.

If you accidentally kick someone, or touch your foot against theirs, you grab their hand as a way of apology. I've tried to carry this custom over to the Western World. It's a nice way of excusing yourself— and a fine topic of conversation.

While crossing Oxford Circus in London, Ms. S accidentally kicks the back of my heel. I reach back to hold her hand. She flinches, pulls away.

"I'm not Mongolian," she says. "Besides, how often do you wash your hands?"

["JEZUS FUCKING CHRIST!"] I r.i.r., ["YOU HANDLE MONEY. THAT'S BEEN THROUGH MORE HANDS THAN MY COCK HAS BEEN THROUGH ASSHOLES. YOU HOLD THE RAIL IN THE SUBWAY. YOU WIPE YOUR OWN ASS AND YOU WON'T TOUCH MY HAND?"]

Ms. S hates London anyway, and she won't let me forget it. Our first day there, we go to the spectacular spring homofest. I'm supposed to meet some internet pals at the Bisexual Tent.

Ms. S is not too happy at the fest, although this time she's got a point. As a matter of fact, this is where I learn **LESSON NUMBER FOUR: Homos are people too... unfortunately.**

The fest, called 'Pride Day,' is in a large park in the South of London. There are doz-

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ens of tents, transvestites, sportsmen, skin-heads. That's kind of cute. There are also dozens of sponsors. Huge bottles of Finlandia Vodka, Canadian Club Whisky, and Grolsch beer. That isn't so cute.

Ms. S and I stand in the Canadian Club tent. They're giving away free samples. The lines are long and people are getting restless. From next to us comes shouting.

A squat young man wears a polo shirt with thick horizontal black and white stripes. Behind him stands a teen with long red hair. He wears an "Adidas" t-shirt and jeans. The squat man reaches for a drink. Simultaneously, he butts away the teen crowding in behind him.

The teen punches the man in the back. The man turns. The teen reaches for his face. Using his open hand, he tries to poke his fingers into the man's eyes. He hooks a pinkie around his nose and curls his thumb under the guy's jaw.

The man tries to push him away, pushing both hands under his youthful jaw.

Two bruisers wearing Canadian Club t-shirts push their way through the crowd. If they're gay, I've got an eight inch dick. The thugs grab the redhead and pull him off the squat young man. Each holds one of the teen's arms bending it professionally behind his back. They push the teen out of the tent, throwing him to the ground. Ms. S and I leave and go to the Bisexual Tent.

Inside, on stage, is Tom Robinson. You know, the "Sing If You're Glad to Be Gay" guy. Apparently, he fathered a child a couple years ago. The crowd booed him off the stage at the last gayfest. This year, the only space he can get is at the bi-tent.

The bi-tent is run by a guy named Grant, who I know from the Bisexual internet list. Grant introduces me to his young boyfriend, a long-haired blonde.

He says "You're Mykel Board from *Maximum Rock'n'Roll*."

Those words always bring a smile to my face and blood to my loins, as long as they're not accompanied with a clenched fist or other dangerous weapon. My enjoyment doesn't last long, however.

I again hear my name. This time from outside the tent.

"Mykel! Mykel!" calls the voice. It sounds like Ms. S, in trouble.

Remembering the homoholic fight, I don my cape of chivalry and run out to aid the distressed damsel.

In front of the tent is lesbian garden. A group of girls engage in quadralabial activities. A beautiful Negress, wearing little enough to start with, further rises my Tipperello by showing off a new tatoo on her right lower cheek.

No time to enjoy myself, though. I spot Ms. S. She looks at a man, about fifty, with dark skin: Indian or Pakistani. She raises her chin and eyebrow simultaneously in his di-

rection.

"Has he been bothering you?" I ask, sizing him up. "Do you want me to do something?"

"No," she answers, "he's just watching. I wanted to show you a dirty old man. Right here. Just like you. So you won't feel you're the only one."

["THANKS!"] I r.i.r., ["I NEEDED THAT. I WAS GETTING TOO MUCH OF AN EGO BOOST FROM AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MAN INSIDE. I NEEDED YOU TO CUT ME DOWN TO SIZE. TO SHOW ME WHAT A PIECE OF SHIT I REALLY AM. WHEW! WHO KNOWS WHAT WOULD'VE HAPPENED IF YOU HADN'T TOLD ME THAT. I MIGHT EVEN HAVE GOTTEN LAID, BEEN THE BOLOGNA IN A HOMO SANDWICH. WE WOULDN'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN, WOULD WE. IT MIGHT BE D-I-R-T-Y!"]

We didn't stay in London long after that. I had some friends to see, including Andy Martin from the amazing band ACAD-EMY 25. But, you can only stay so long in a place that your companion hates.

We take a bus to Holland where I began to get a glimpse of the evils of globalism. LESSON NUMBER FIVE: *Unless we do something quick, travel will become irrelevant.*

McDonalds are everywhere. So are Burger King and all other kinds of standardization. In fact, one European city is getting to look like another. The same thing has long ago happened in the US Midwest and is now happening in New York.

(It's probably illegal to advocate going into STARBUCKS or BARNES AND NOBLES with an uzi, so I won't. But if it weren't...)

Even the museums and nightclubs are becoming standardized, with a Guinness World Records Museum, a Ripley's, a Madame Toussauds and a Hard Rock Cafe, wherever you turn. Why go anywhere if it'll be just like home?

Ms. S likes Amsterdam better than London. By this time, however, I'm so annoyed with her that I can't stand being in the same building. When she's around, I take off. I go reading in the park. Walking the streets. Checking out the porn palaces. Anything to avoid more insults or other abuse.

The Dutch have a free scene with hashish coffee houses and the world's best video peep booths. They've got padded armchairs, volume control, individual fast-forward & reverse, 123 channels: homo, het, animals, piss and shit. They even take charge cards, not credit cards but individual pornorama cards. You buy them at the front desk. All that's missing is tissues. Boy did I have a yucky t-shirt when I left that booth.

When I tell Ms. S about the peep show, she's not impressed. Instead she asks, "Did you wash your hands?"

Aaargh!

The next day, unable to avoid the same

room, I sit on the couch while she sits in a chair against another wall. She has just come out of the shower, probably her fourth of the day. I notice that as soon as she sits down, the bell on the church across the street rings four times—a minor coincidence.

Also in the room are Tony Nitwit, Julia (his girlfriend) and Max, a long-haired guy that Ms. S is enamored with. On the TV is a German quiz show the four of us are watching. Ms. S turns it off.

"I don't like the sound of German," she says.

I absorb myself reading Max Frisch. Next to me is an open bag of potato chips. I offer it to her. She shakes her head.

Max and Julia both want some. I take some myself. After a few minutes. Ms. S looks at me and then speaks to Max.

"He always eats with his mouth open, doesn't he," she says.

I look at the clock.

"Wow!" I say, "Twenty-seven minutes! A new record! We've been in the same room twenty-seven whole minutes before you've insulted me. I should write that down!"

Ms. S freezes. She swallows hard.

"Mykel," she says in a quiet voice, "if you don't like my insulting you, you should say something. How was I supposed to know?"

["SURE!"], I r.i.r., ["I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU I DON'T LIKE TO BE INSULTED. I HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT. OTHERWISE HOW WOULD YOU KNOW? MAYBE I SHOULD TELL YOU I DON'T LIKE HAVING BARBED WIRE SHOVED UP MY ASS. I DON'T LIKE HOT LEAD IN MY EARS OR GLASS RODS BROKEN IN MY URETHRA. OH YEAH, JUST IN CASE YOU THOUGHT OTHERWISE, I ALSO DON'T LIKE HAVING FORKS POKED INTO MY EYES, OR PEOPLE HOLDING MY HEAD IN A BUCKET OF VOMIT WHILE POURING LIGHTER FLUID ON MY TESTICLES AND SETTING THEM AFIRE. SORRY I FORGOT TO MENTION ANY OF THIS. IT WAS SILLY OF ME TO JUST ASSUME YOU WOULD KNOW IT."]

I don't actually say any of this stuff—though I've felt it dozens of times before. Then a realization comes to me:

LESSON NUMBER SIX: *Girls want you to talk, even if it means saying the obvious.*

I've written about my belief that most differences between boys and girls are the result of culture and not biology. But coming from culture doesn't make them any less real.

Flashback: I'm having sex with Ms. K. She's on her back underneath me. Our naked bodies are together. My lips cover hers. I feel her breasts hard against my chest. The hair on my pubic bone scrapes against hers. My hardness tenses inside her. I tighten my gluteal muscles and push forward. Harder. Faster. Harder. Faster.

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She writhes against me. Lifts her pelvis. Presses into me. That little gland tightens. A gasp comes out between our pressed lips. I gulp for air. The semen moves, pressing hard. My thinness thickens slightly. I hold back. Uh... uh... uh... I can't. I moan as the liquid flows into its plastic protectorate. Spurt. Spurt. Spurt. She screams as I moan.

A wave washes over both our bodies. We shudder together. Then there's silence. A beautiful silence. The blissful silence of spent semen and shared orgasm. A holy wonderful silence of emotions and pleasure too spectacular to name. Then it's broken.

"Say something," she says, "Talk to me."

["WADDAYA MEAN SAY SOMETHING?"] I r.i.r., ["I'M LYING HERE BREATHING HARD, JUST EXPERIENCING JOY. BLISS. THINGS THAT CANNOT BE NAMED AND YOU WANT ME TO SAY SOMETHING? WE JUST FUCKED, FOR GOD'S SAKE. IN AND OUT. FRICTION. ORGASM. COME. COME. YOU KNOW? WHAT'S TO SAY? YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER?"]

Things are not real for girls unless they're said. A boulder races down a mountainside. A girl will not yell, "run!" but instead, "there's a boulder racing down the mountainside."

End of flashback.

Ms. S and I split up in Amsterdam, much to my relief. She heads to France. I go off to my favorite European city, Copenhagen.

I've got nothing against bike-riding—in moderation. Those few MRR readers with an IQ larger than their condom size realize that last month's anti-bike column was actually a parody. I was making fun of the anti-smoking hysteria and cigarette scape-goat-ism. I showed that you could do it with anything.

All the statistics were correct, but so was Mark Twain. ("There are three kinds of lies: lies, damn lies, and statistics.")

In Copenhagen, they do it right. The city government has a system of free bicycles. You pay a 20DKR (about \$3) deposit. For that, you get a bike you can use anywhere in the city, for as long as you want. When you return it, you get your deposit back.

As far as the standardization process, Copenhagen doesn't fare much better than Amsterdam. The Japanese-owned 7-11 chain has chased out most of the Pakistani late night stores. Central Station now has a McDonalds.

Still, the Danes are the most sensible of Europeans. Parliament now discusses introducing Dutch-style hashish coffee-houses. The relatively recent ban on kiddieporn (due to US pressure) does not include child nudity, but only sex. You can still buy naked-kids calendars.

This is in contrast to England, where the cops arrested a newsreporter for developing pictures of her own kids in the bathtub. In America, she would have gotten life in prison.

LESSON NUMBER SEVEN: A "primitive" culture will rationalize its superstitions, stupidities and inhibitions using "The Gods." A modern culture will rationalize its superstitions, stupidities and inhibitions using "science."

In a continuing series making fun of Americans, a Danish paper told about a US psychiatrist who claims it's "unhealthy" for children to see naked adults.

Tell that to the sauna-loving Finns or African and Aboriginal tribes where clothes are unknown or an abomination. What about Michelangelo's David? I wonder how many children THAT damaged. Danish family newspapers, by the way, regularly have pictures of naked people—on the front page.

A law passed in 1976 makes it legal to be nude on every beach in Denmark except two small ones reserved for left-over prudes. Of course nudity is not required, it's just allowed.

There is another law in Denmark that makes it illegal to censor a film or picture. Only the original artist can do it. There is no film board of censors there as in the UK or the US.

Other Danish greatness includes unemployment compensation at 90% of your pay—for two years! What else do you want?

The Danes also have a great attitude toward children. They think of them as people rather than property. Kids have much more freedom—and privacy—than you'd see in The States. They play in the playground while mom goes off shopping or talking to the neighbors. In America, mom would be arrested.

The population is relatively Christian-free. There are some obviously Muslim Danes of foreign descent, but the only sign of religious foisting I saw was a t-shirt that said: "Teach children to worship Satan."

Ah, but all is not perfect. There are some stupid and overprotective laws. That's part of the price you pay for having a government.

Take names, for example. You cannot call your child what you want. You have to choose from a government list of pre-approved names. My niece Presley couldn't be registered there, neither could a Danish friend of mine who wanted to name her daughter Sapphire.

There's another bad law that prohibits the sale of fruits and vegetables in outdoor markets. Ah well, you can't have paradise, but this is a lot closer than the US has come.

Still in all, my travels have taught me LESSON NUMBER EIGHT: *The US is the third freest country in the world.*

Denmark and Holland are freer, but not in every way. In the US, you they won't

prosecute you for printing Nazi papers. In Denmark and Holland, they can. In most states you can own a gun without too much trouble. You can't do that in Denmark and Holland.

Besides, being number three is not so bad, considering how many countries there are in the world. Where would you rather be?

ENDNOTES:

—>Yow! While in Amsterdam, Tony Nitwit was showing me what records to get. Then there was THE HELLACOPTERS, from Sweden. Wowie Zowie! Like other bad-name-great-music bands (consider RIVERDALES), they just tear up the place. Stooogesque, mean, these guys are the best thing from Sweden since Union Carbide, which was the best thing from Sweden since porn loops.

—>I went to a Danish celebration of Roky Erikson's 50th birthday. Sponsored by Pilsner Urquell, there were plenty of bands doing 13th Floor cover songs. Also playing was FRITZ, the legendary Dane from the legendary Danish band, BEFORE. Denmark's Johnny Thunders, those of us in the audience were amazed he was still alive, let alone able to perform as well as he did.

Of course, he didn't do any Roky songs. Just stuff about Bill Clinton and the agony of being alive.

—>If I'm circumcised does that mean I don't have a skinhead dept: I found the leaflet I got from the gay skinhead group in England. If you're interested, you can contact them at: GSG Skin, POB 234, Witham Essex CM8 2JZ, ENGLAND.

—>I'm back in New York now. You can send me email at MykelB@ix.netcom.com. You can and should also send me postal mail at PO Box 137, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012. Thanks to Fabo & Flipy for the ARTLESS etc CIH video. For the rest of you, that porno from Holland is now only a memory, so...



Hey kids check this out... J-Church, the story unfolds. Yes, they did record a hard-core/grindcore album but there is a lot more to it now that ten or so labels have offered them major money deals to be the next SEPULTURA. The sweetest deal comes from Tony (yes I cuff my pants up to my knees when I go see the POGUES) of Victory records. In the past year

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or so all of the big dollar winners on Victory have flown the coop. Earth Crisis singed to a major, SNAPCASE broke up, and STRIFE were put in jail for armed robbery. Therefore, J-CHURCH is going to be VICTORY's last saving grace. T-Shirts, wool caps and Hawaiian-shirt-looking hoodies are already being stitched up and the J-Church/WARZONE tour comes to your town in October/November 97. Gardner shaved his head and got a malt liquor tattoo. The cover of the new LP will feature Suzanne Bartchy wearing nothing except a bullet belt.

BLANKS 77 tour is going swell. An old lady in charge of a VFW hall in Tennessee went berserk and bonked a skinhead on the head with a pair of garden shears and then stabbed him repeatedly with her knitting needles. Then a week later their singer Mike gets hit over the head with a large sized ceramic Chia Pet. This required about 100 stitches. He's bound to have a scar because Mike insisted the doctor only use 77 stitches and leave the rest of the wound open. They continued their tour with a piece of duct tape over his forehead. Also in BLANKS 77 news, Sue the manager/costume department/beer gopher bought her first automatic weapon, she paid extra for the option of mounting it to the sunroof of the tour van.

Andrew of SCREW 32 got three 16-year-old females pregnant in the past 2 months. A benefit show is being held to pay for the abortions but it's being billed as a Pro-Choice benefit.

For all his Wisconsin pride, songs about cheese and the like, Rev Norb is actually originally from Illinois. Ha!

The QUEERS are breaking up/reforming so Joe can move to San Francisco. There was rumors about whose girlfriend forgot which QUEER they were dating but the source is pretty sketchy.

Al Long, former singer of NYC peace-punk band NAUSEA, now lives in southern Minnesota and got married in front of a pig roast. STORMTROOPERS OF DEATH was billed to play at the wedding but Scott Ian got a massive foot fungus infection and no one else can play the one guitar solo on their record.

THE CRUMBS neglected to put any oil in their low-rider van for 2 weeks. The result: engine seizure somewhere in the Deep South. Problem 2 was that they sent the Cuban members of the band to go and get it fixed. Problem 3, they are still there waiting for the mechanic to resolve his inner conflict of money versus his fears of being dubbed a race traitor. Ironically, their ex-drummer Chuck Loose, designed some graphics for AAMCO transmission repair stations while they were away.

Tommy Rat of REJUVENATE (not of RATT) got pissed about being lumped in with scum like Johnny Stiff (tour promoter known for leaving bands stranded in the desert to get attacked by rattlesnakes), El Duce, Jim Testa and GG Allin. He sent me e-mail in protest that he is an upstanding citizen of the hardcore

community and of course, I would never want to be known as the slanderous AnneRKey, right?

THE SEA MONKEYS video shown on MTV's Beavis and Butthead, they liked it.

Did a band come and beat you up this summer? Tell me about it annerkey@msn.com



I was happier than a feminist wringing Mykel Board's little neck.

Which brings me to my point. I can't tell you how many times readers assume that what these jerkoff MRR columnists and reviewers say somehow must reflect my opinions on whatever subject they're blathering on about.

Most all of them dislike or attack the beliefs most near and dear to me, or laud the music I dislike the most, etc etc. That's just how it is.

So how did this come about? Most of the columnists/reviewers are chosen because they are idealists or naive geeks who foolishly believe in sets of principles and are willing to back them up by slaving away for free month after month, year after year, on this silly zine. They are chosen because they have dreams or illusions that are based on unhappiness with the inequities and stupidities we encounter in this life, and because, somehow, they struggle onward. They may disagree in many manners of detail and approach, but they do share an outrage at the stupidity we are all subjected to, and exhibit interestingly neurotic reactions to said abuses, all done in a spirit that impels them to exclaim this publicly.

Isego involved? You bet! But it takes ego to believe that what you have cooked up in your little brain is worth sharing and being heard. But it also takes heart and desire and the drive to communicate.

I thank them all for their insanity. But please, don't blame me personally for anything except the dumb things I say myself.



SOLD

Everybody hears, but no one's listening -Animal

Farm

In March of this year, the Twin Cities bore witness to the selling of the Alternative. Twice. The big bad corporate world came and bit us.

In the first instance, Stern Publishing came to town and bought both of our alternative weeklies. Within days, one of them—*The Twin Cities Reader*—had been economized in the name of progress. Deleted. Which would be expected policy for a media conglomerate—if they own the market, why pretend to diversity?

That same month, local Alternative radio station REV 105 was also bought and killed. Their owner sold them, and the new owner decided to drop the 'Revolution Radio' format and switch to 'heavy metal.'

The loss of *The Reader* is troubling, and it remains to be seen how well the remaining Stern weekly, *City Pages*, retains its focus. As for REV, we didn't lose so much as we gained a more honest understanding of how things work.

REV was basically an alterna-rock station, its loss didn't really phase me. However, many of my friends actually liked the station and were sad to see it go. Indeed, its passing was a minor spectacle here, we'll be hearing about it for some time to come to be sure. Still, if anyone was actually surprised, they were not paying attention. The station did not get what it deserved so much as it got what it asked for.

No one seemed to care so much about the ownership of the alternative radio station until it was sold off as property. Welcome to the real world, isn't it different?

The point is simple. As distracted as any of us get, the machinations of capital are set to continue regardless. Abstract topics like 'corporate control' and 'free trade' are going to be impacting us, whether we are paying attention or not.

Conventional wisdom would suggest that vast, monolithic trends such as economic globalization are natural processes, beyond control. By extension, it's too bad that REV is gone, but there was nothing to do about it. Thus, those who originally sold the station to Cargill in the first place are not culpable, they were simply "unlucky." You get what you pay for? How revolutionary.

While we're busy being sold authenticity, certain other things are going on. This sort of distraction was once known as "bread and circuses." All we need. DeBord called it the "spectacle." For all I know, the packages I carry around downtown all day as a bike messenger are part of it. (Ever wonder about that? I do.)

That's a maybe, but GATT and NAFTA are definitely big parts of "it." As are the austerity measures the IMF demands of the Third World, and the erosions of European social safety nets. There is no conspiracy of any sort, far from it. What we bear witness to

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is the coagulation of a set of clear and coherent economic interests. Lowering trade barriers, as with the trade accords, has the same consequence for corporations as carving away several decades' worth of social security does: less tax, more profit.

The most honest description for unchecked economic globalization would be a "race to the bottom." If a company can pay someone else a dollar a day for your job, why the hell would they even think about hiring you. Since we're busy dismantling what we had of a social safety net in America, that would probably leave you fucked and far from home. They wouldn't actually put it that way, though—Public Relations would freak.

"Downsizing" and layoffs, the fruit of NAFTA, occur when jobs are shipped overseas to countries with less demanding labor and environmental laws. These laws, in turn, are undermined in what is called "de-regulation." That has a nice ring to it, doesn't it? We want to get rid of all those pesky rules and regulations, right? The hell with "bureaucracy?" Well. Try dealing with your health insurance company, if you are "lucky" enough to have one, to learn the true meaning of "bureaucracy." What are those office towers downtown full of, anyway? "White-collar workers?" Or corporate "bureaucrats?" That's kind of a problem with concision media. We just get an endless loop of buzzwords, because it'd take too long to explain them.

Not content with owning most of everything, corporations are starting to demand what amount to citizenship rights. Citizens, here and elsewhere, are in turn having their rights economized in the name of progress. Without us, however, the landed class would be destitute. Think about it.

Instead, we are sold "free trade." In reality, it is anything but free, in light of the enormous subsidies governments offer to corporations. A lot of companies could not be doing as they do if they actually existed in a free market. The operative phrase here is 'corporate welfare.' Pillsbury, International Multifoods, right on down the line. Those big places in your town. Tens or hundreds of millions of dollars in some cases. If we're ever told to kick their ass and take their gas again, it very well could be more than money they ask. In Nigeria, Shell already does.

Meanwhile, we're told to feel lucky by virtue of the fact that we can buy endless streams of trinkets, with the occasional useful item. As if economic exchange were the sole province of the corporation—they profane it in the extreme. Last Christmas's "Tickle-me-Elmo" dolls, for example, were the products of Chinese prison labor.

Those "buy American" stickers are probably xenophobic pronouncements for some, but the main thrust of them was the hope that American goods were likely produced by union labor receiving livable wages. How the tables have turned.

Labor leaders such as Ron Carey or John Sweeney speak of reforming labor into a viable movement in this country, but the real work is done by those out organizing the campaigns. The AFL gave \$35 million to Democrats in 1996, NAFTA and all, but there are those in labor who are true. The leadership probably felt they had to engage the political system this way, seeing as countervailing corporate interests are putting several times as much into the duopoly. For all that is done, the fact is that the American labor movement is outstripped by those in other countries—South Korea, France, Germany, other places. Other people take to the streets in general strikes over these very same issues. We can't even set aside our right to be cynical about unions.

You have been told, over and over again, that unions are corrupt by nature. Look who's telling you that, and consider why that might be. Some unions were corrupt, some probably still are. From there, it's a *tad* more consistent to get involved and try to improve things than to sit on the sidelines bitching about things. From the labor organizers I've known, I would surmise that old-style "corruption" as seen on TV is no longer the pressing concern. Sweeney disappointed many in his first year—for example, in not offering more support to the Detroit newspaper strikers—yet it would be a mistake to presume he speaks for the rank and file. He has said he'll do more this year; others in the labor movement are already that many steps ahead of him. They do what they can. If I can offer you one piece of advice, please think some more about unions.

'Big labor' is generally cast in the media as having a clout equivalent to that of big money, this is disingenuous in the extreme. In reality, corporations contribute far more to politicians than labor could ever manage, and they always have.

Consuming wholesale other people's generalizations about unions is simply what we're expected to do, but none of that will change the fundamental equation—the boss is concerned with profiting from you. Ever have a grievance with your boss? Did it freak you out? What if you had the ample backup? What if you could demand your boss to respect you and pay you for your time? Expecting penultimate perfection from a union might be unwise, but the fact is that organized labor is one of the most powerful and time-tested forces we can have to secure our rights.

We have, in this country, a relatively free access to information. Thing is, information isn't very colorful. It's not bread, let alone a circus. Through the filters of concision media, events are made to seem intangible abstractions, disconnected from our everyday reality. The set-up simply happens to coincide with a clear and coherent set of interests. If we're distracted by endless indistinguishable streams of pop and trivia, it is that much

less likely that we'll pick up on those corporate power-grabs that could impact our lives. Which is not to attribute motives, more to simply lay the record correctly—this should be obvious on the face of things. What we're bombastically told is important often is not that which having direct impacts upon our circumstances. *Did the Simpson trial decide how much you get paid?*

One thing to watch for is the MIA. Designed to compliment GATT and NAFTA, the Multilateral Investment Agreement could be coming before Congress in the coming year. As reported in *The Nation*, its purpose is "to grant translational investors the unrestricted 'right' to buy, sell and move businesses—and other assets—wherever they want, whenever they want." Under consideration at the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, the MIA would superimpose itself above existing regulations that attempt to keep transnationals accountable, and bar any future attempts to do the same.

The O.E.C.D., an organization of developed countries, is being pressured by American and European interests to adapt the MIA. It would then be leveraged onto the rest of the World. Already in "advanced" stages of negotiation, any mention of the agreement is most curiously absent in the mainstream media.

The agreement, which could be finalized by the time you read this, could come before the Senate this fall. Clinton is already behind it. NAFTA all over again, only worse. Under the MIA, any corporation could take any state or city regulation before an unaccountable MIA body and have it overturned. Any local law that presumes to apply to any corporation. No shit. Think about what that might mean around here. Those Livable Wage proposals people fight so hard for? Toast. Along with any laws bold enough to try protecting, say, the Mississippi.

Corporations are already in the habit of using the threat of moving as means to leverage concessions out of unions; the MIA would make it illegal for any government to sanction corporations for moving overseas. It would also disallow the linkage of tax breaks and subsidies to a corporation's behavior. *That would make it official: the corporation as more powerful than the state.* If you wonder about the state of democracy now, just you wait and try "electing" someone to a corporation. They're often unaccountable now; the MIA is going for zero accountability. Any corporation on the planet could come to your town, fuck you, and then threaten to move if you didn't work for less. As Renato Ruggiero, director general of the World Trade Organization, described it: "We are writing the constitution of a single global economy." An economy in which it would not only be difficult to challenge corporate power, it would generally be illegal.

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This is the future President Clinton is prescribing for us. Yet another feeble attempt at sodomy. You vote for him? Settle much? Here it comes, home to roost. What is good for Wall Street, apparently, is good for all.

The pittances we are offered would rightly be seen as insults by a previous generation. We settle too often, us First-World 20-somethings, with our McJobs, because most of us have been denied another vantage point. That, and sometimes there seems no choice. I can remember in my own life, maybe 2 years ago, when seven bucks an hour was real good. A plane-ride away, people do the same as me for a fraction of that. Globalization puts me in direct competition with them. You and me both. Who would benefit from something like that?

Some will claim they "worked" for it. Most are lying, but it misses the point. Sandy Weill of Traveler's Group, for example, set an all-time record for executive compensation this year, at \$94.1 million. His "work" includes eliminating jobs, 1,000 last year alone.

The point is the American propensity to let the rich off the hook. The Dream is just that, for it allows some to fantasize. So long as the few are allowed to hoard, there will never be enough to go around. The top one percent of the country earns more than the entire bottom 40 percent of the population combined. That gap in income has been growing for the past 20 years, and it is costing us. For every Sandy Weill, how many thousands? Any attempts to reign in the excesses of capital are instantly dismissed as "communist," yet the rich are able to buy the requisite influence to determine the circumstances by which our lives are lived. Minimum wage, for example, as opposed to a *livable* wage. And you know they wouldn't even pay people the minimum if they thought they could get away with it. Examples of just such a circumstance are a border away, and they are coming home to roost. That is what they think of us. And that is why I write.

The 40-hour week was not doled out with benevolence, it was demanded and taken. "Class War" is not some radical fringe concept, it is the honest name for what the rich are laying on the rest of us. We did not give them the right to profit from our individual economic insecurities, but this is exactly what they do.

LET'S TAKE THE FIGHT TO THEM. *If and when your job site experiences a unionizing campaign, support it wholeheartedly. Make some calls on your own, find out what your options are. Do it yourself.* At the very least, think about what is happening all around you. All the layoffs, all the stress. It's not "natural," it's quite deliberate. Do understand that there are remedies to the situation that stop well short of Soviet-style communism. If you, as I, are in the "service industry," you have irreconcilable differences with the elite. With that, recognize that you have some common interests

with others in your situation- there is some strength in numbers. Let's take their fucking 'Generation X' stereotype of us and make them EAT IT. So long as we are settling for less, that is exactly what we will be getting. If our bosses actually gave a fuck about us, nobody would worry about being "downsized." What would you do if you lost your job right now, and what do you do to hang onto it? How much stress do you suppose the average millionaire has to deal with? Something to think about.



There are pretty much only two kinds of people in the world... there are those who hate soap operas and there are those who claim to hate soap operas but could easily tell you that Billy's doing heroin again or that Mike Horton is trying to put the moves on Carrie. Obviously, I fall into the latter. (Actually, Days Of Our Lives is the only soap that I even remotely pay attention to but I don't even own a T.V. so I don't really see it that much at all. Billy IS doing heroin again though.)

Soap operas actually got their name because they were originally created by soap companies who wanted a forum on which they could advertise health and beauty products to housewives. It holds true today as well. Leading the way is Cincinnati-based company, Proctor & Gamble (herein referred to as P&G). They actually still work with the studios that make the ultra-high quality dramas of Guiding Light, Another World, and As The World Turns.

Proctor & Gamble (OK, from HERE in it'll be referred to as P&G), even though it's U.S.-based, makes over half of their revenues from outside the country. They are the world's #1 household products company, sporting such brands as Charmin, Crest, Pampers, NyQuil, and Ivory. They also make a herd of household cleaners and laundry detergents such as Bounce, Downy, Mr. Clean, and Tide. And what would a good multinational be without its own food line. They make Crisco, Folgers, JIF, Pringles, Sunny Delight, etc. P&G is also the largest cosmetics company in the United States, taking up 32% of the market, with Cover Girl, Giorgio, Oil of O'Lay, and Vidal Sassoon. They really do it all, don't they? P&G has been pissing off animal rights groups for years. They have always tested on animals and continue to do so to this day. Now, whether or not this makes you mad depends on how you feel about animal rights issues. I think of

it like this. Animals of every shape and size are being tortured in very unusual ways (to say the very least) and the experiments that they are 'involved' in net very little scientific research anyway. There are tons of companies that don't use animal testing so why does P&G find it necessary. I mean, do I really need to use a shampoo that was squirted into some rabbit's eyes until he went blind? It sucks that these animals have to go through this (and not all of them make it through) and it sucks even more that they fund it with money they get from us consumers. Well, as you might guess, they contribute more gloom to the world than just that which is directed towards the animal kingdom.

Their newest exercise in stupidity is related to humans. (I guess we're in the animal kingdom too so, uh, never mind.) P&G has spent the last 25 years and some \$200 million researching Olestra, which is a fat-free fat substitute of sorts. It seems that a bunch of consumer rights groups have been sticking it to them over Olestra. Apparently, it has side effects with many people that include stomach pains and diarrhea. Olestra products were test marketed in a town just 10 miles south of where I live. Local papers polled people who had tried it and the results were fairly bad. Very few people liked them and many became pretty ill. I guess P&G decided that they had spent too much time and money on this project to just ditch it because they are starting up a \$10 million media blitz to promote it. They have hired the ad agency of Squier Knapp to do the promotion. This is the same ad agency that sold voters to Bill Clinton in Election '96. Pushing a product with sketchy health consequences to the general public might seem hard, but with a giant "Fat-Free" label, people could very well ignore the other label that reads, "Warning: Contains Olestra, which may cause stomach pains and/or loose stools!" Let's hope they can't pull it off.

P&G dabbles a lot in media. Aside from the soap operas mentioned earlier, they signed a 3-year deal with Paramount T.V. (Owned by Viacom, which is the same company that gave us MTV) and German-based UFA Studios. They're collectively spending \$90 million to make 36 T.V. movies to send to Europe. (At least WE don't have to watch 'em.) Guess who will be the main advertiser for these movies? Do you think you'll see a fair amount of P&G products in the movies themselves? You betcha! They also recently pulled all their ads from talk shows, claiming that they didn't want to advertise on shows that feature gratuitous sex, foul language, and references to violence. Yep, you heard it here first. The makers and advertisers of Another World will not support shows that contain sex, bad-mouthing, and violence. I giggled when I read that one.

With all this going for them, nobody in the mainstream press seems to notice P&G's

COLUMNS



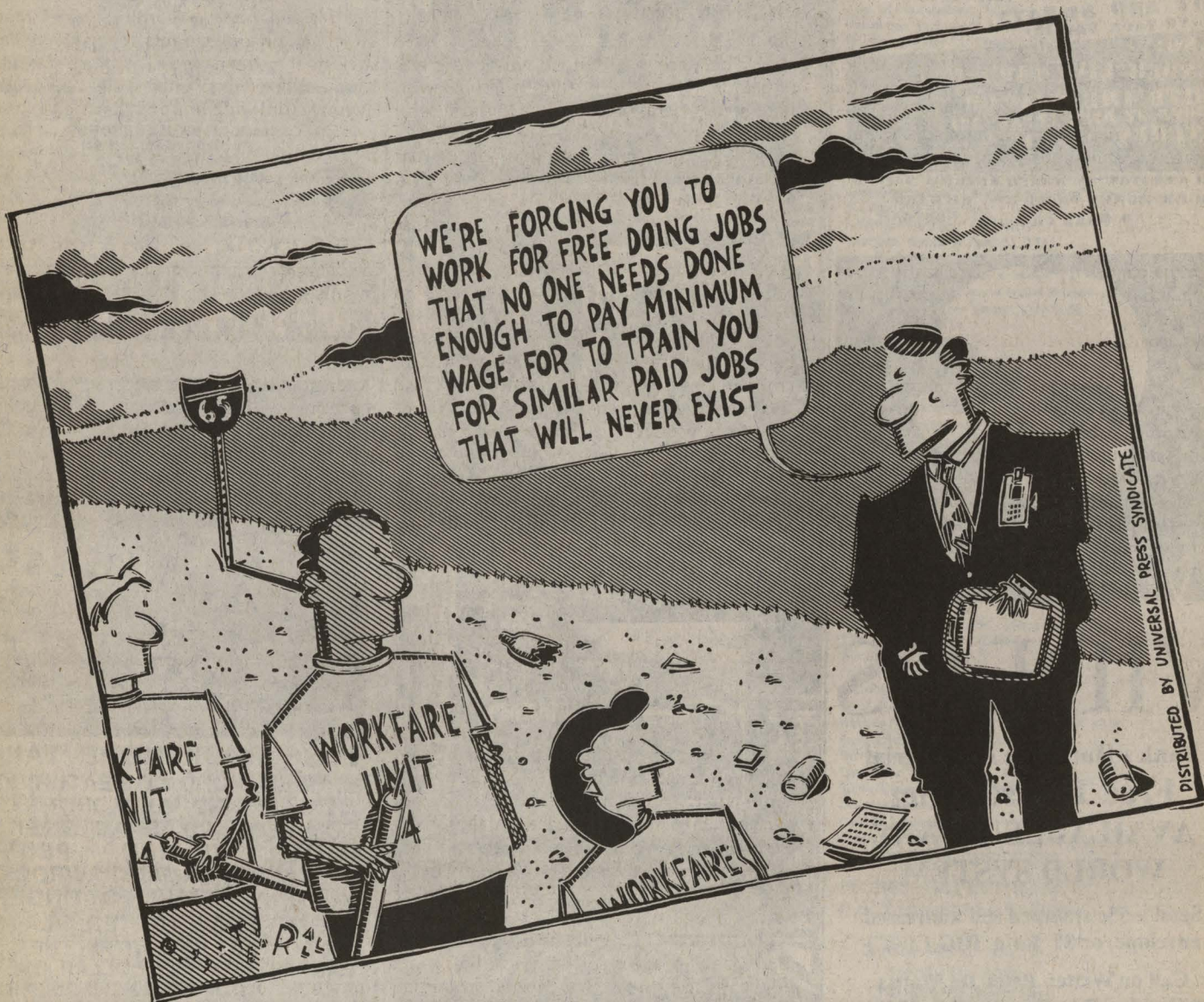
history of dastardly deeds. When speaking of P&G, they are either marveling over some new wonder product of theirs, or they're drooling over their more-than-stellar stock performance. I even read a piece on how great P&G is for creating 4,000 new jobs last year. I wonder how many people remember 1993, when they began a "restructuring" process that nixed 13,000 jobs and shut down 30 plants. It's kind of the same concept as giving praise to the guy that took \$100 from you for giving \$35 of it back. That's exactly how it works though. Make them forget all the shoddy things you've done and make them remember your minor accomplishments. PR at its finest.

Well, I'm sure you know by now where you could find similar products that aren't padding the pockets of P&G so I'll leave you

alone about it. I will, however, stress the importance that you do so though. P&G makes a good deal of soaps and detergents that are pretty rough on the environment and there are plenty of products that you could substitute that don't. Same goes for health and beauty products, food, and soap operas. (Ha) Many steps are suggested to break free of the corporate stranglehold we're in right now. Well, this is a damn good (and easy) start. Quit participating in the things you hate!

MORE JUNK! 1. Due to my inability to correctly proof-read, I insinuated in my Coca-Cola column that I don't like root beer. (I believe my exact words were "I don't like root beer.") This is a grave mistake on my part since I consider root beer to be one of the Top 5 Best Things Ever. (Vague category, I know.) I actually collect root beer bottles so if there's

a root beer brewer in your town, send me a bottle (full, if possible) and you shall be rewarded justly. 2. Thanks to all the bands and people that have made my last couple of weeks so eventful. Receiving extra-special mention are THE DONNAS, BORIS THE SPRINKLER, BEATNIK TERMITES, THE NEW BOMB TURKS, ASININE SOLUTION, THE QUINCY PUNKS, THE SCUZZ, HOMELESS WONDERS (playing naked, even!), and GORDY. Many thanks to all the bands and people that came to the Global Relief Festival. Special thanks to Erik Tixel (for making it all happen) and to Chris Berg (for providing the evening's entertainment). Hey Abbey! Chris wants to find you. Write to my address and I'll get you in touch with him.) Here it is again everybody: P.O. Box 504, Chippewa Falls, WI 54729. Root beer and petty correspondence baby!



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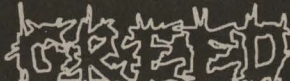


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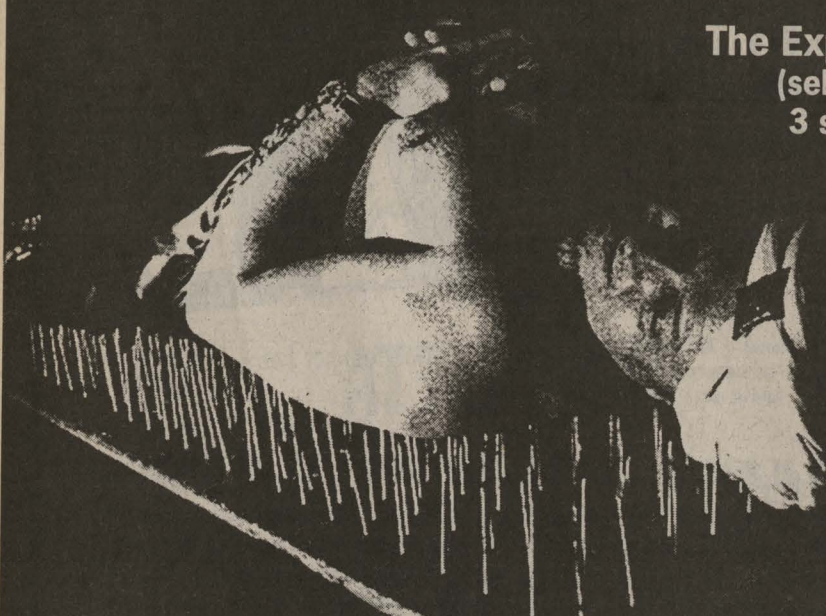
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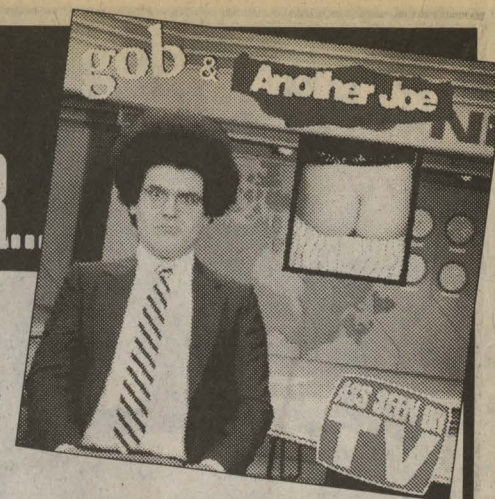
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Scene reports



So here I sit, thankfully, with no bruised or cracked ribs or other pit injuries. Greetings, all MRR readers, from the smallest province in Canada: Prince Edward Island...capital city, Charlottetown, population: 31,500, home to **THE BROWNIES**, **P.O.S.**, **OBSOLETE**, **DON'T COUNT ON US** and other bands who keep punk going in an area saturated with MuchMusic-influenced crap and trends. Anyway, what I'm saying is that there was an amazing show this weekend at the Arts Guild in Charlottetown. Besides the above mentioned local bands, **FYM** and **THE WANKING FAMILY** (featuring Richard from Halifax, NS' **THE CHITZ**; see review in MRR 169) also pummeled us with their presence.

The cool thing about this show was that it occurred on June 28, the first weekend after school closed for summer. Lotsa shit going on in town, including some stupid rave attempt, which hurt attendance: (this sucked because it was Lionel from P.O.S.' second show he put on and I don't think he broke even) but it also provided the show with a loyal and rowdy bunch of friends and fans intent on a good night.

I'll be honest and say that I was late and missed **OBSOLETE**, the first band to play, but I can attest to the fact that they play good hardcore, and can be heard on **PEI's** **HARDCORE**

comp., but more about that later. Next, **THE BROWNIES** did their set of classic influenced punk with a garage reality; the highlight being their spoken/sung national anthem parody "No Canada". Then, **PISSED OFF SLOBS** went on, and man, I've been waiting a long time for a band like this in Charlottetown. Frantic, intelligent, crusty pogo punk. Yeah. **D.C.U.** came on next with a super live show that kept the pit going. **THE**

WANKING FAMILY then played a set of furious but fun punk. **FYM** (Free Your Mind) ended the night with an energetic bunch of non generic skate core tunes.

Other Charlottetown news: there is a new record-getter in town: **Pharoah's Tomb**. Trevor Pharoah got his tax numbers or permit or whatever and can get wholesale prices, and always has a new bunch of Oil, hardcore and punk vinyl for sale at decent prices. Farewell **SUPERCAR**? A few months after releasing their "6 Right On, Rock Songs" cassette, and after four years of playing in Charlottetown and around the Maritimes, it seems **SUPERCAR** are no more. Their singer, Andrew, got a job in Ottawa. Thanks for the memories, guys, and good luck.

Neat story: last month, the Confederation Bridge opened, joining our island with the rest of you Canadians. I guess it is the biggest goddamn bridge in the world or something, and

there were tons of bigwigs in town checking it out and probably looking for ways to capitalize on it. Anyway, on May 28, at the previous Arts Guild show, some guy from Geffen Records came by, chatted to Tyler the promoter, and expressed interest in "expanding the careers of the bands...blah, blah, blah". He was informed that this was a non-profit show, and he was just there to make money. Tyler then went to the stage, took the mic and told the crowd what happened. This inspired a chorus of "FUCK MAJOR LABELS". It was great.

I suggest everyone try to get **PEI's** **HARDCORE** comp. It features **P.O.S.**, **THE BROWNIES**, **OBSOLETE** and **D.C.U.** Sound quality is better than demo-ish, and it's a great testament to our

scene. Send \$3 to Lionel Stanley PO Box 812 Cornwall, PEI COA 1H0, CANADA.

FYM put out a 6 song 7". Great sound, cool soundbites, a little insult to Ben Weasel: skaters will love it. Write to **FYM** at 2531 Philip St. Halifax, Nova Scotia B3L 3H1. **THE WANKING FAMILY**, I'm sure, can be reached through **THE CHITZ** address: P.O. Box 34029 Scotia Square R.P.O. Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 3S1. I'm looking

forward to their first release.

Lack of venues and rednecks continue to be thorns in the side of the **PEI** scene, but where is that not a problem? Anyway, that's about it for now. Hopefully, more Atlantic Canadian scene reports will grace these pages in the future. Anyone interested can write me at Dan MacCormac/ 12 Selkirk Crescent, Charlottetown, PEI/ C1A 3R6 CANADA. Quick hellos and thanks to: 803b Records in Calgary, Headache Records in NJ, **BLANKS 77**, **ANGRY, YOUNG AND POOR**, and all others who keep my mailbox full from time to time. Cheers

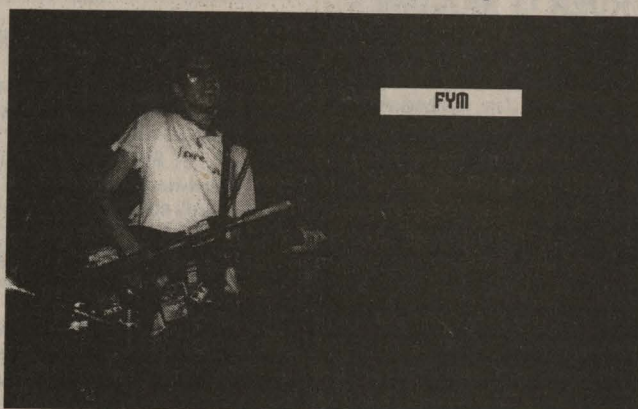


Welcome, Taylor Nowhere here, of Going Nowhere fanzine, here to give you all the information you need on the Colorado scene. Despite what you may think about our scene, after the extremely skimpy **BYOFL** listings in which the only people who listed (with some exceptions) had nothing to do with the scene at all, or very little, Colorado has a great scene. There are many bands, labels, and zines, amongst many other things, which I am here to tell you about, since you won't find a lot of this in **BYOFL**. Here's who/what it consists of:

Bands: We have an assortment of bands with various styles as well as ages. One of Colorado's best bands, **PINHEAD CIRCUS**, PO Box 731/ Golden, CO 80402, are now on **BYO** records, and their second full length, called "Detailed Instructions For The Self Involved," is out now, following their first full length and debut 7" on **Black Plastic Records** out of Denver, CO. **PINHEAD CIRCUS** plays music full of energy and speedy punk rock. Straight outta Colorado Springs, the **NOBODYS**/ PO Box 1015/ Colorado Springs, CO 80901, should have their second full length out sometime in the near future as well, following their constant touring and their first full length on their home label, **Hopeless Records**. They have six 7"s on other labels: **Soda Jerk** (which is a split with **PINHEAD CIRCUS**), **Stiff Pole**, **Just Add Water**, and of course, **Hopeless**.

SON OF SAM c/o **No Recognition Records**/ PO Box 508/ Evergreen, CO 80437 and **RANDOM VICTIM**/ c/o **Black Plastic Records**/ PO Box 480832/ Denver, CO 80248, two punk ska bands, should have their split CD out by the time you read this as well, on local label **Black Plastic Records**. **RANDOM VICTIM** Also has a 3-song 7" on **Black Plastic** so check that out as well. **SON OF SAM** has an amazing 7" including 4 of their ska punk tunes on the local label out of Evergreen, CO called **No Recognition Records**/ P.O. Box 508/ Evergreen, CO 80437. This local label is also home to **GUTBUCKET**, a **FOUR** and **F.Y.P** influenced speedy pop punk band who also has a multi-song 7" out on **NR**.

THE GAMITS! a great new pop punk band, who has been playing some great shows already, have a 5 song EP coming out on **Drugstore Records** (303) 278-4491, which should





be out by the time you read this. **FOUR** is back together, and alive and well, with a new drummer, and no second guitarist. They're playing their usual punk with a hint of ska here and there, including members also of the band, **THE MESSYHAIRS**, another new punk band locally, who I hear is pretty damn good themselves. **THE GINDERS**, 14/15 year old kids who play "punk rock so aggressive you'll be windmill kickin' your mom", according to Mike of **Soda Jerk Records and Distribution**/ P.O. Box 4056/ Boulder, CO 80301, who will be putting out their 7" soon, even though these guys are a fairly new band to the scene. **BEN HOGAN** c/o **Paco Garden Records**/ 569 E. Colfax Box 123/ Denver, CO 80203, an old school hardcore band that even the MRR reviewers loved, are starting to play some shows again, and will most likely have a full length tape out on my label **Nowhere Records**/ 7078 Van Gordon Ct./ Arvada, CO 80004, following their debut 7" on **Paco Garden Records**.

Another one of Colorado's finest **QUALM**/ 9997 Hoyt Pl./ Westminster, CO 80021,

have put out their new full length tape, to sell on this summer's western US tour, and boy does it ROCK! They are also going to release this on CD, as soon as they decide which label they are going to put it out on. The tape they put out themselves. Do yourselves a favor and check these guys out, if they come through your town, or order

some of their stuff. This release will follow their split 7" with **MINIMUM WAGE**/ Box 4163/ Evergreen, CO 80439, who has a Fat Wreck Chords influence to them, and is a pretty good band, but needs a little more work. They also released an old full length cassette, titled, "Masturbation is Physically Harmful," which is out of print.

BZORNGE deserves a mention, because they are a teenage pop punk band around these parts who are just starting to break their way into the local scene, and also have a full length cassette, titled "Rhymes with Orange." Last but not least, **THE FAIRLANES**/ 2960 Pennsylvania Ave./ Boulder, CO 80303, are another local band, who have been on tour a few times. They play **SCREECHING WEASEL** influenced, pop punk with lots of "wahoo's." They have two 7"s out, one brand new, being a split with **DIGGER**, and the other being their debut 7". Then they have a split CD out soon with **OVERLAP**. These records are all out on **Suburban Home Records**/ 1750 30th St. N9365/ Boulder, CO 80301.

PETROL APATHY sucks and has totally sold out and fucked up the scene, and have sold their soul to the local asshole promoter Dan Steinburg, so don't support these guys and don't support **2B Announced Productions** or Dan Steinburg.

There are lots of other local bands, but I narrowed it down to the best, the ones who play

a lot of shows, and my personal favorites.

ZINES: Colorado does have zines, as well. There have been more starting up around here, and some dying down around here, but here are the better ones, that still exist: **Suburban Home**, being the best of the local zines, and compares to some of the best out of state too, this free

zine, which is on issue N96, you can get for \$1 postage to: **Suburban Home**/ 1750 30th St. N9365/ Boulder, CO 80301. This is a great read, run by a great guy, who is totally supportive of the Colorado scene. This guy works hard to help out the punk rock scene in general so check him out. **Going Nowhere**, my fanzine, has been getting a lot better at writing, quality, and layout, since issue N91, and we can actually call ourselves a 'zine now. Although there are some things I would obviously like to improve, I think we are a fairly

good fanzine. We are on newsprint. As always we are free...but you got to pay postage, so send \$1 for a copy to: **Going Nowhere**/ 7078 Van Gordon Ct./ Arvada, CO 80004. Then there is

Midget Breakdancing Digest c/o Stuart Anderson/ 3032 McIntosh Dr./ Longmont, CO 80503, which is an amusing local zine, done on a

copy machine. It is a halfsize, and is a free, amusing, local zine. Send some postage if you want one to the address above. Another cool, copy machined, half size zine, that comes out pretty regularly is **Rats In the Hallway** c/o Stephan Wild/ 5109 S. Elk Ridge Rd./ Evergreen, CO 80439, which is worth checking out and costs \$.50 to the address mentioned above. **Creative Insanity** used to be a great local, newsprint zine, but I haven't seen one in ages...some say it still exists though...

Venues: **Club 156** in Boulder is a great venue on the corner of Broadway and Euclid in the UMC building on CU campus. Admission is \$5 a show. The club generally has 3-5 bands playing, serves beer w/ ID, and is one of the best local venues around. It has touring bands as well as local bands playing. **Area 39**, on 3900 Pecos St. in Denver, is a bar run by a bunch of assholes who like to beat the shit out of moshers, the crowd, kick out paying customers, and not re-admit customers. The stage is split down the middle, so if you want to see both sides of the band, you gotta be 21, and there is beer served, w/ID, but it's all

SUBURBAN HOME

RECORDS AND 'ZINE

ages, until midnight. I can't complain too much because it's gotten a little better. If there is one area the Colorado scene is lacking in it's probably venues.

There is a warehouse that holds a lot of shows, which are usually benefit shows, for

causes like **Food Not Bombs**, and the scene in general, and is located on 2100 Arapahoe, in Denver. It usually hosts local bands, is all ages, and beer is sometimes served. It's a fun place, but when shows sell out at this warehouse, boy do the police get testy. Then there are places that hold shows that are generally for bigger bands, such as: **The Ogden**, **The Bluebird**, and the **Mercury Cafe**, who all have punk show occasionally. The prices are usually like \$8 and only usually have 3 bands. The bands are usually big, but they are still good places to go.

Record Stores: **Wax Trax** of Denver 638 E. 13th Ave. Denver, CO 80203 and Boulder 1143 13th St. Boulder, CO 80302, are both great record stores. **Double Entendre** in Denver is cheap, and **Black and Read** 7821 Wadsworth Blvd. Arvada, CO 80003, sells punk. All these stores sell vinyl, good punk bands, and some local bands too for your punk rock needs.

Other: I really don't know what else there is...There isn't really anywhere for us kids to hang out these days...That is a major problem around Colorado...If it's coffee you're looking for, go up to Boulder where you can't pass a block with out seeing a coffeeshop, cause of all the college kids and all the dumb hippies. I guess that could be something else to do: Boulder is infested with them: Go beat up a hippie.

Information: For more information, contact me at **Going Nowhere**/ 7078 Van Gordon Ct./ Arvada, CO 80004, or (303) 431-7168, but only call from noon-8 p.m. I will help you out if I can or direct you to someone I know who can help you if I can't. If you want to get a show in Colorado, the best person I know to contact is Virgil from **Suburban Home**: 1750 30th St. N9365/ Boulder, CO 80301. My motivation for writing this was

to help all the local people out who are trying to make a difference in the punk rock scene. Please write some of the people in this report and check something out of my list. It is all good people, good places, and good bands, so check out our scenes stuff. And if you do, please try to mention that you saw their name in my scene report. Thanks a lot for reading this far, for your interests, your love, and your support! Support your local scene! Keep the punk rock scene alive!



pinhead circus

ISSUE #2

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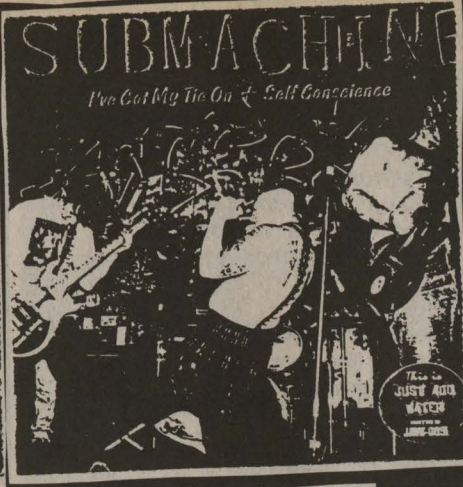
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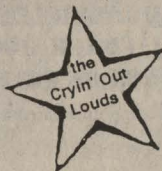
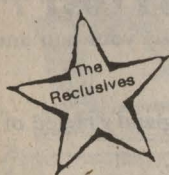
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MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL NEWS

October 1997

Page 1

Big Mountain

Right now, in Big Mountain Arizona, native Dineh (Navajo) residents are being forcibly evicted from their homes because of the interests of a coal mining company. It seems as though this is a story which we hear so often, yet here it is again, continuing as we speak.

The background to the story is that the Dineh and Hopi peoples have lived peacefully together on land in the Big Mountain area. Part of this land, Black Mesa, holds particular religious and cultural significance. There is a Hopi prophecy which says that outsiders will want to devastate the Black Mesa area, and if they succeed, it will be the beginning of the end of the world.

The problem is the Peabody Coal Company. The company has moved into this area and in its own interest has established tribal councils, run by its own lawyers, to aid in the company's take over of the area. The Supreme Court has ruled that the Hopi people are not allowed to protest the actions of the tribal councils.

The Peabody Coal Company has used its political and economic muscle to force itself into the area, forcing the relocation of native people and devastating the already arid and unfriendly environment. The power plant built by the company causes air pollution so great it can be seen by astronauts in space. The water used by the company for their slurry line has caused springs and ground water to dry up, and many wells in the area have gone dry.

The Peabody Coal Com-

pany's political manipulation also involved helping through congress Public Law 93-531, a relocation act requiring 10,000 Dineh to be moved from their homes. This is the largest relocation by the US Government since the internment of Japanese citizens during World War II.

Another "unfortunate" twist to the story is that the area were relocated Dineh have been forced to settle, near Shiprock AZ, are contaminated by millions of tons of uranium ore, left over from the Church Rock uranium mining operation spill in 1979. The Little Colorado, the Puerco, and other rivers in the area are also contaminated.

A few hundred Dineh families still live in the area, and they are bound to the land by tradition and culture. The Hopi councils set up by the mining company are aiding in the intimidation and relocation of the remaining Dineh residents, as they are harassed and their livelihoods are destroyed when their livestock is impounded. Their homes and their livestock have been damaged by blasts from mining operations, excessive coal dust, and contaminated drinking water. The traditional people left on Big Mountain have essentially been given two options. They can relocate or, their livestock shall be confiscated and they will die. This is quite effective, because sheep provide the only means of subsistence for the Dineh.

The Peabody Coal Company has attempted to cover its effort by insinuating that this is a Hopi-Navajo land dispute, though this is hardly the case. The Dineh people are banning

continued on page 2



RIOT 101!

Last month we debuted a story about an incident at Minneapolis's Bombshelter. This follow up was submitted by Bryan Alft. Newspaper clippings supplied by Felix Von Havoc.

On July 18th one of Minneapolis' few semi-consistent DIY venues, the Bombshelter, was boarded up following what is being billed in the mainstream press as a 'riot'. Although not surprising, police and media accounts differ greatly from that of punks who attended the show.

The club was an actual concrete bombshelter which allowed very little ventilation inside the space. As a result, the heat drove many people up to street level, in front of the club, to cool off.

As Defiance began their set quite a few people were still outside and a minor argument had broken out among people in the crowd on the side-

walk. As the organizers attempted to calm the dispute and clear the sidewalk, a cop arrived and spotted the argument in progress. The cop claims to have seen an assault in progress and he and other officers entered the Bombshelter to 'apprehend the suspect'. This action was initiated with extreme hostility on the part of the police who completely disregarded the pleas of show organizers to allow the show to be disbanded quietly.

Instead, the cops entered the space, pushing and hitting individuals and the result was a somewhat hostile response by individuals in the club. What ensued was a series of scuf-

Punk concert turns into riot
6 officers injured, 13 arrested in Minneapolis melee

beatniks with and without tattoos + the second shoulder after an injury in 1990. was the officer whose arm was caught requiring surgery at Hennepin County

continued on page 3

VICTIM
YOUR MISTAKE
← EAST-WEST
UNITED
UNITED BLOOD
NO FEAR BEFORE MY EYES
← NEW
OF MOTION
BLIND JUSTICE
← (straight, child)
ELIMINATOR SET OUT
TRAITOR
← (no bones)
DISCRIMINATE
← (no bones)
SOCIAL
← (no bones)
GODDAD
← (no bones)
SUCKERS
← (no bones)
OVER THE EDGE
← (no bones)
POWER
← King
LAST WARNING
← (no bones)
HIDING INSIDE
← (no bones)
FACIST
RAGE
← (no bones)
SLING BLADE
SECOND CANON
POWER HOUSE
I GIVE
← (no bones)
LARS
CHRIS
SAMMY

Exhibit 1: This set list is from the August Agnostic Front show here in beautiful San Francisco. Notice the list of opening bands and people they want to thank, as well as the notes reminding them what to talk about between each song. Who said anything about punk rock being about spontaneity and youth?

San Francisco Critical Mass Makes Headlines - Again

San Francisco's Critical Mass bike ride has always been notorious. But lately, things are heating up for Bay Area cyclists. Last month's ride set the precedent for further confrontations between cyclists and police in the coming months.

July's ride was preceded by a meeting between Bike Coalition members and representatives of the city, who hammered out a proposed route for the ride. Mayor Willie Brown planned to make a speech but was greeted by a somewhat hostile crowd of cyclists in the plaza. He only got a few lines out before being shouted down by cries of "Where's your bike, Willie?" and a loud chorus of booing. The ride began with the SF Police making a feeble attempt to keep the thousands of cyclists on the proposed route.

Chaos ensued as bicyclists separated and then

regrouped, making a mess of the rush hour traffic downtown. The police approved route was thrown out the window and the new objective became a ride on the Bay Bridge. The Bay Bridge, unlike the Golden Gate Bridge, makes no provision for either pedestrian or bicycle traffic.

The police presence at the on ramps to the bridge was heavy, and a mass ride was not successful. However, at one point, about thirty cyclists did gain access to the freeway, though they chose to rejoin the group rather than be easily picked off by the police once separated.

The ride continued with numerous confrontations between cops, drivers, and cyclists, ending in large numbers of cyclists being arrested and having their bicycles impounded (some newspapers listed number as high as 250 arrests), and many angry

drivers. At points police massed with their helmets on, using the loudspeaker to tell bicyclists to disperse.

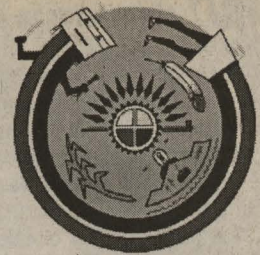
News coverage of the ride was not favorable, though it did continue on the evening news for at least a week on some stations, as well as with numerous follow up articles in The Chronicle and The Examiner. They said that Critical Mass riders are giving bicyclists a bad name and causing near riot situations, without giving air time to the issues of bicyclist safety and accessibility on city streets, as well as environmental issues. Some reports set the number of riders participating in the July ride at 5,000.

The ride takes off at 6:00 P.M. on the last Friday of every month, from Justin Herman Plaza (at the intersection of Market Street and Embarcadero, close to the Embarcadero BART station).

Uncritical Mass



This photo is stolen from the SF Chronicle. Look for action filled photos from riders in next month's News!



Big Mountain continued

together and putting up a fight. They have made their first gains through the Executive Order on Environmental Justice, signed into law by President Clinton at the beginning of 1994, and through appealing Peabody's permit renewals.

This is an ongoing struggle. To find out more information or to lend your support, please contact the Dineh Alliance at:

Sovereign Dineh Nation-Dineh Alliance, P.O. Box 1042, Hottetvilla, AZ 86030, 520/607-1449,

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THE NEWS NEEDS YOU
MRR is always looking for news items, articles, newspaper clippings or calendar events to supplement the NEWS section. We need you to be the eyes and ears and to pass on any leads that you come across. We also like political cartoons and comic strips. Send them in!

RIOT! CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

fles between punks and cops where the police began spraying mace into the crowd and swinging flashlights and collapsible batons almost immediately. Many people who were unaware of the violence and were still watching the band were alerted to what was happening by clouds of mace. Since there was little ventilation and the police had pulled the only door shut behind them, the mace quickly overcame many. People raced toward the only exit, only to be further maced at close range or beaten by police who were blocking the stairs. In the confusion, a call went out that an officer was down, resulting in the arrival of a continuous stream of cops in riot gear.

Many of these cops stormed into the club with guns drawn, causing further panic in the club. Punks were beaten as they left the club, and the abuse continued as people, blinded by mace, didn't leave the immediate area quickly enough for the police. After the street had been seized by police and cordoned off by over 40 police cars and as many as 150-200 cops (the show was attended by maybe 150 punks), those punks randomly grabbed by police were handcuffed and further beaten. In the end, 13 punks were jailed. Some cops were reported to have needed medical attention as well, the most serious being a broken arm.

Immediately following the

incident, police spokesmen made hyper-dramatic and exaggerated claims that police were "fighting for their lives" with "their backs to walls". Of course, the media did little to represent viewpoints other than that of the police. Currently, the majority of the punks jailed after this incident are out on bail and are scheduled to make their court appearances at the end of August. The police have been creative with the charges and thrown the book at most of the 13. 10 of the punks have been charged with a range of offenses, from assault with a dangerous weapon to

inciting a riot and obstructing justice. The police report would be almost comical (police claim one of the defendants yelled "fuck you pig. I'm revolting!") if it wasn't for the seriousness of their charges and the randomness at which people were grabbed and charged for them. In fact, some of the offenses could amount to as many as 7 years in prison and \$14,000 in fines, with most defendants facing 3-4 counts each.

The incident on July 18th was the culmination of increasing harassment by Minneapolis police against punks. The cops have randomly and violently arrested and held punks for such minor offenses as jaywalking and panhandling all summer. This "riot" seems to have been spurred by police looking for an excuse to further crack down on the Minneapolis punk community and was unavoidable. Rather than allowing the show to be disbanded peacefully- as has been done in the past- police stormed in and incited the riot themselves.

Profane Existence has done a good job of contacting the local media outlets with a perspective on the incident that is contrary to the official police reports and some area papers and TV stations have represented a bit of the punk communities perspective. P.E. was also largely responsible for helping those punks in jail with bail. Unfortunately, very little

documentation exists of what really happened at the show that night. Cops went so far as to take a camera from someone documenting the police attack and expose the film. This kind of blackout will make a defense even more difficult for those punks arrested. Financial assistance is greatly needed to help offset the tremendous cost of the bail that has been posted and to hire effective lawyers for the accused (public defenders appear to be completely ineffectual). For more information on the incident or if you would like to make a donation, please call: (612) 813-1216, or write: Police Riot Defense Fund c/o P.E./ P. O. Box 8722/ Minneapolis, MN 55408/ U.S.A.

In the interest of full disclosure- something that the mainstream media avoids- please be aware that this brief article was written by someone who was not present at the show on the 18th. Police reports, interviews, press releases, and newspaper article were all used to attempt to assemble a short description of what occurred that night.

"But just who started the fight is unclear. According to Jon Krupa, one of the concert organizers, police had their guns drawn as they chased a suspect into the crowded basement. Panic ensued, he says, when police sprayed mace in the crowded basement. There was only one exit, and when concertgoers—suffocating in the poorly ventilated room—tried to flee, police beat them with clubs and flashlights, he says. Police put out an "officer down" call, and the dozens of cops who responded blocked off streets and beat anyone trying to leave."

•CALENDER•

Here are the upcoming events we have information for. The summer frenzy is winding down and the list is short this time. Please send me info on any conferences or festivals you know of! This is not limited to punk events, we want political and social events as well. For a complete list including longer descriptions and other unrelated events. This is also not limited to US or North American events! Remember that this is contact information only. Please send me info here at MRR or at jenangel@mindspring.com - Thanks!

October 5 Toronto Ont CANADA: Zine Fest
The date for Canzine, the festival of Canadian alternative culture has been set! Sunday, October 5, 1997, downtown Toronto, Symptom Hall (Claremont Ave. — four blocks west of Bathurst North of Queen). To book a table, find out what is going on, get posters and fliers, or get detailed directions, email broken pencil at halpen@interlog.com.

October 17-19 Columbus, OH: Anti Racist Action Conference
Contact ARA at 614-424-9074 for more information. Featured speakers include Ann Bolhen (maker of the film "Blood in The Face"), Nelson Johnson (1980 Greensboro Massacre survivor), along with an anti fascist march/rally, workshops, and entertainment.

November 1-2 Bloomington IN: Music Fest
Saturday November 1 and Sunday November 2 @ Rhino's All-Ages 16-20 band fest - contact us for info and to send demos: Fest, c/o residents, 602 S. Mitchell, Bloomington, IN 47401

January 98 Montevideo, URAGUAY: Anarchist Conference
Action Collective in Brasil, and Anarcho Punk Movement in Uruguay, are planning an Anarcho Punk International Gathering in Montevideo, Uruguay, in January '98. It's important to emphasize the political nature of this event, that have the finality to build forms of union and fight...and to meet friends, have some fun, talk a lot...at last, create a confraternization relationship.

If you want more information, send a E-mail to: a9512827@ccb2.ccb.ufsc.br. Or send a mail to: Anarcho Punk Action Collective - Caixa Postal 758 CEP 88010-970 Florianopolis-SC Brasil

Have you attended a festival or conference recently? Write in to MRR NEWS and tell us how it went!

White Dopes on Punk

CONCERTGOERS CAUGHT IN LAST WEEK'S ANGRY AT THE BOMBSIGHTER SAY THE ARMY DID AS MUCH TO START THE RIOT AS THEY DID TO QUIET IT

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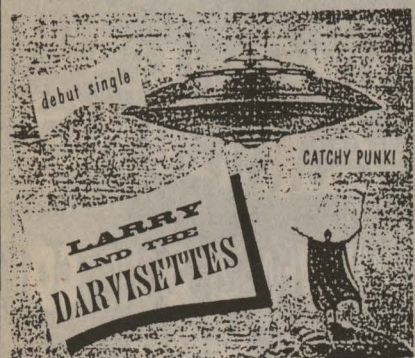
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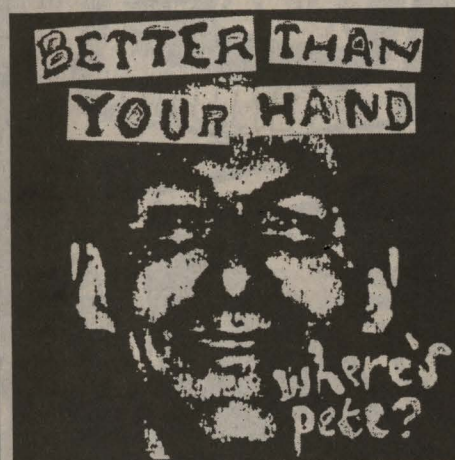
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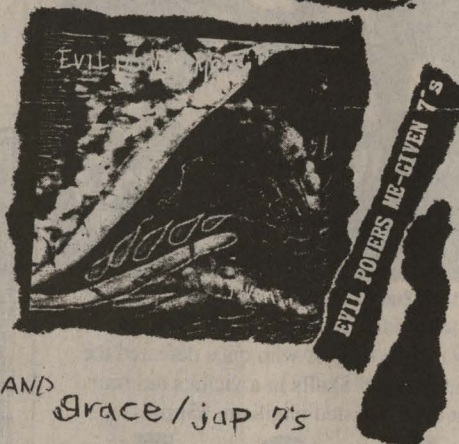
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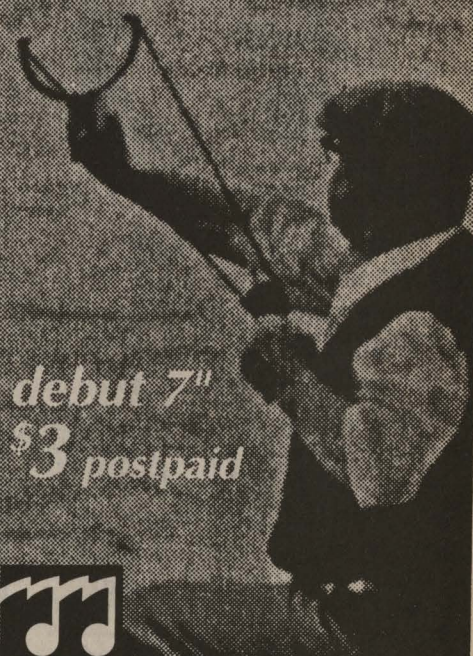
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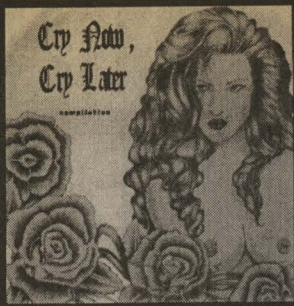
PESSIMISER

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As with most noteworthy record labels that have any sort of fan base, they start at the bottom and work their way up. Chris Pessimiser is no exception. He's been doing the label for about four years now and has quite a few releases under his belt. Starting with a handful of split singles and the now infamous "Cry Now, Cry Later" singles compilations, he's made quite a name for his label and the Los Angeles hardcore scene. I spent a few hours with him in January discussing his label, his community, and life in Inglewood.

Interview and photos by Kevin Imamura.



MRR: This is where you grew up, right? What's the charm of Inglewood, what keeps you here?
 C: You know all of the streets, all the people, the stores, where all the murders happened — all the usual bullshit.
 MRR: And all of the empty pools.
 C: Of course. A lot of good pools. Plus the money thing you know, it's a lot cheaper to live here.
 MRR: So anyway, how's married life treating you now that it's been over a year?
 C: Pretty good; eating a lot of good Mexican food. . . I don't know man, after so long, it was about time, you can't be fucking around forever.
 MRR: Absolutely. So let's get started where it all started: the Pessimiser Zine. How long ago and what was your driving force for starting the zine?
 C: I had read a bunch of zines that were pretty weak—
 MRR: For example?
 C: I don't remember, and that's just it— they're so forgettable... The first issue was like late '91, early '92, somewhere around there?

MRR: I think it was early '92.

C: We did that and just talked a bunch of shit about people — who deserved it. I didn't think anybody would give a fuck. I figured that it would be just a one-off type thing. . .

MRR: So you had no intentions of doing other ones or keeping it going?

C: Nope. I remember gluing all of the shit together and going to the copy shop and them saying "This is done all wrong!" So the whole thing had to be cut and re-pasted on the floor of the place. So it was done and I got the copies and I was like "This is cool." Then like a week later I was like "Man, this is total dogshit!" But I sent one to Pat (Delaney) at KXLU (who did a hardcore show) and he mentioned it on the air. So that got me excited because I knew that someone had actually read it. So I said fuck it and decided to do another one, and another one and another

MRR: So there were four total, right?

C: Yep, four of 'em.

MRR: So with all of the demos and stuff you started getting, is that why you wanted to start "The Hour Of The Goat" radio show? Did that come out of the zine or was it just an after thought?

C: Well, me and Phil (Vera, of 16 and Crom); a guy I think real highly of, we were all into the early Earache shit and old thrash/hardcore. The first time I remember talking to Phil, we were talking about the "Grindcrusher" comp and that's when we fell in love or whatever. From then on it was just like, "man you gotta hear this Abraxas demo I got," or Carbonized or whatever; there were all these bands and we would listen to Pat D's show and Phil said that there was no grindcore or death metal or whatever you want to call it on that station. Back then, there was still some okay stuff going on. Phil went there (LMU) so he asked the program director if we could do a show. Finally they let us do it.

MRR: And it's one in the morning.

C: Yeah, it's from one to two in the morning. At that time slot, you can pretty much do what you want. That's why I liked KXLU a long time ago, because the people just went for it and it was entertaining to listen to. They always had rad shows, the DJs had personalities. And it was a genuinely cool station. And that was what me and Phil tried to do.

MRR: Give it some flavor?

C: Yeah, I mean the only hardcore show was Pat's and that turned into Naomi's. One hour of hardcore a week for all of southern California is just not enough. We started to get bummed because we knew that we could have a ton of people listening if we were on at a better time slot. Because not a lot of people are up that late. I can't even stay up to listen to Naomi's show and that starts at 11. People have to work early. How do they expect people to stay up 'til 2 in the morning for that shit — on a Monday!

MRR: The first thing that you put out with Theologian was the 16/Fresh American Lamb split 7" that came with the Pessimiser zine #4. But it wasn't really until the show was ending and you did the "Cry Now, Cry Later" comp that things actually came together as a proper label.

C: Yeah, that was the first proper release.

MRR: And that pretty much came out of the "Hour Of The Goat" show?



C: I was writing to a lot of those people before the show happened, but I never really thought about putting out records back then because I had no idea who to even call about shit like that. All those bands, I had either a record or tape from them and just wrote them and said, "Look you know, I want to put this record out, this double 7". Originally, it was supposed to be a 12" but it didn't fit or something and then I went to this print shop got this big piece of paper from this guy. I started fucking around with the folds and it folded down perfectly to fit 2 records. I think that was how we decided to do it. I had been writing to a lot of the bands for kind of a long time.

MRR: What year did the first comp come out?

C: It was probably like '93 — it's all a blur.

MRR: When you put out the first one, did you know or think that you were going to continue or did you think that it was going to be like how the zine started, as a one off.

C: I only thought there were maybe like 300 or 400 people in the world that gave a fuck about that kind of music. We were originally only going to print 500 of them but because of the prices and after giving all of the bands their copies we decided to print 1000.

MRR: Did you end up re-pressing the first one?

C: No, none of that stuff has been repressed.

MRR: How did you initially hook up with Marc (Theodore) because his label (Theologian) is something completely separate and different from the joint effort?

C: Marc and I used to work together back in like '87 or '88 at a skateboard shop. We just knew each other from working there. Then he left to start his record store, Alternative Groove. Then one day I told him that Pessimiser 4 was going to come out, but I wanted it to have a glossy cover, 8 1/2 x 11 and all of this shit. I had come back from that tour with Fresh American Lamb and I told them that if I ever put out a record, I wanted them to be on it. Around the same time, I had just heard the double 7" that 16 had put out themselves and had started writing to them because that single just blew me away. I ended up calling them up and talking with them about skating and shit. As it turned out, they had the same sort of fucked up sense of humor and liked the same shit I liked. So I asked them if they wanted to do the split with Fresh American Lamb.

gave me the song. Marc paid for the record and I paid for the zine. We put them all together in my room and got it out there. We did 1000 of them.

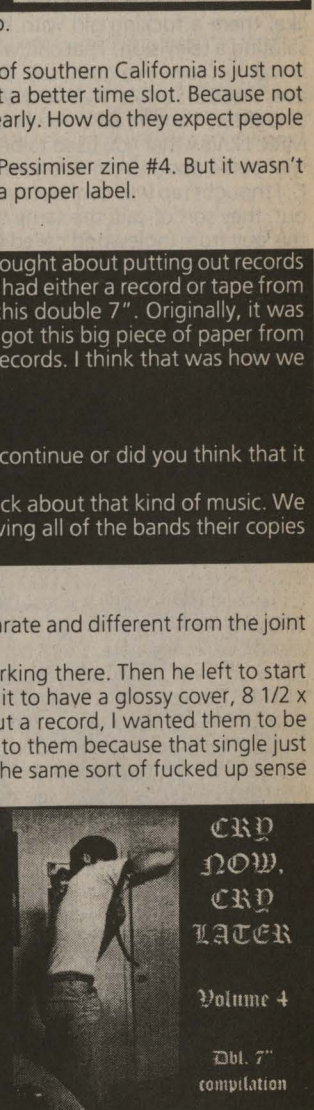
MRR: You've put out what, four full length albums now, what's next? This isn't going to be like the zine?

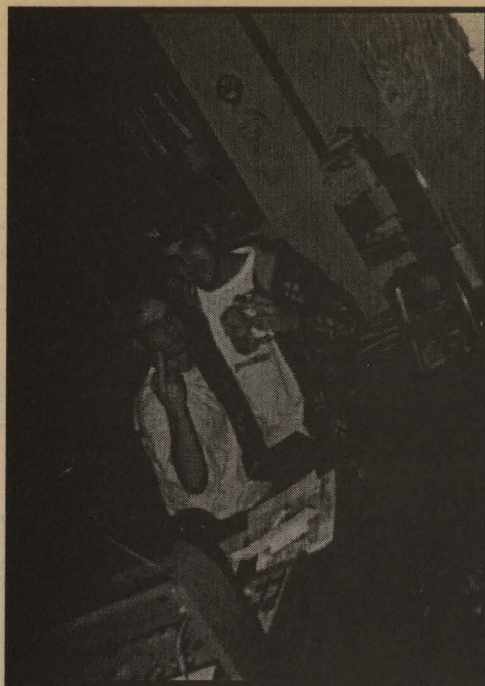
C: No, I definitely want to keep on putting out records, it's a lot more rewarding than doing a zine. The only reason why I stopped doing the zine was because I ran out of shit to say. I've been thinking about doing another one, but it's definitely not going to be 3 or 4 interviews, some reviews and a cover with some dead guy on it . . . or some guy with an afro doing a hand-plant on a skateboard.

MRR: What sort of fan base do you have with the label?

C: All different kinds of people write, I answer everything. I mean I used to write people and order stuff all the time and I was always stoked when I got a note or a letter with my stuff. It makes it seem a lot more personal, not like a company, you know? It's like "I'm into this shit, and if you want, here it is; it's cheap." Nobody is making a million bucks off of singles.

MRR: I think that's probably why a lot of labels like Slap a Ham have slowed down.





Chris and Phil Vera on The Hour Of The Goat

MRR: Damaged ever since —

C: All of the dirt head guys at school would listen to Ozzy and Maiden and all of that shit. One day I went and picked up Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables and pulled out the poster. It was just like "the party is over!" You know, there's no such thing as demons creeping through the city streets while you're riding some magic carpet through London or whatever. It's like, there a fucking girl with her head blown off and president Reagan saluting a television. That shit was reality and that's why I liked it so much. It was just raw. I've gotta say, that's probably one of the best records I've ever heard. So like that and all of the old thrash stuff: Slayer, Cryptic Slaughter, Venom, DRI, you know, those bands totally influenced me.

MRR: I know that you used to be into a lot of the early rap groups. How did that come about from the hardcore/thrash thing?

C: I thought rap was cool because when the first Public Enemy record came out, they sort of said the same type of shit, just in a different way. There's this guy from Inglewood called Mac 10 and he's okay; nothing political or groundbreaking.

MRR: Really, you like that guy?

C: I don't know, I just saw the one video on VH1 or whatever and I thought that it was pretty funny to see places that are around the corner from my house in music videos. So I guess it's cool to see someone finally come out of Inglewood because there's way too many guys coming out of . . . I don't know, Newport beach or where ever. Besides, it seemed like all of rap music just turned into how everyone just talks about how bad ass they were and I don't know how that relates to anything. People compare rap to punk and say that it is the second coming or whatever, but I don't see it.

MRR: Well definitely not now. I think in the beginning it might have started out that way, but rap completely strayed away from the political side of things a long time ago. Now things are just about me and my money, etc., etc.

C: Yeah, the inner-city success ladder is so backwards anyway, I mean, there will be a guy with a cellular phone and a beeper and a car with \$3000.00 rims, but somewhere, there is a kid crying for that guy that he's not taking care of. That's just being weak minded.

MRR: Do you feel strongly about any other social issues? Politics or anything? Do you give a fuck?

C: I feel more strongly about community type stuff. I mean I'm not too versed on international politics. I just know politics as far as what I see around Inglewood. I see how the single parent family and 40 oz. of malt liquor and crack cocaine are killing everybody. It kills people and then it kills their kids too, before they even grow up. The CIA bringing cocaine into South Central — people like that, behind all of this shit — people like the beer companies who are making all of this money off of peoples' misfortunes, and don't give a fucking thing back, those are the people who should be held accountable for all of this shit. If sometime soon, there's like ten thousand people who storm their factories and say "we know where all of you fucking people live and we're going to kill all of your families because it is your fault! You're putting this shit into our neighborhoods and getting all these dudes to make drinking malt liquor acceptable. You're responsible! All of the money that you've made, in

this comfortable lifestyle that you live, is all because of our misfortune. And now we're gonna take some of that shit back!" They can't be surprised when something like that happens. There's always consequences for everything. And all of these single parent families, I don't know what it is, if it is just a bunch of dudes who can't accept responsibility or what. If you're not going to raise the kid, don't be fucking, you know, that's it. Or whatever, use some kind of protection. If all of the dads were in the homes raising their kids, things would be so much better. These communities have the ability to be on their own. Don't let Anheuser Busch come in here and tell you what to do, tear down the fucking billboards. Tell the businesses to hire people from the community to work here, because we're sick of giving you our money and then you just split over the hill and spend it somewhere else. They have to be held accountable for that shit. It is definitely a two way street though. Citizens have to do their part too. They have to say, "We're not buying dope and malt liquor!" You have to put those people out of business. The companies have to be held accountable for the damage they've done and the citizens have to stop it right now. Stop the whole cycle.

MRR: I think that that is half the problem though. There are a lot of people who want to change it but people are just too fucking lazy. They don't want to put their foot down. There's also just a lot of weak-minded people out there.

C: Yeah, work is a good way to keep people in line. There's a lot of times when I've ridden my bicycle to work, worked 10 hours, ridden it back and . . . I just want to come home, watch the fucking hockey game and go to sleep. I probably don't even end up watching the whole game because I'm so gone. So it's like, you just worked 10 hours and now you're going to march on some fucking liquor store or something. You don't have a lot of energy to do it but it's gotta be done sooner or later. There has to be some sort of community action. In Inglewood, something like that is starting up, I think it's called Inglewood Action. It's kind of like some covert thing where they hand out leaflets to different neighborhoods. They don't condone violence, but they're putting some of the city council people in check. For example, "Councilman so and so took the contract that was to make new uniforms for the trash collectors and had it done in some other city."

Common sense tells you that since you work for the city and its citizens are paying your salary, you have to give the business back to the city. You have to recycle the money back in to the community.

With all of the guns and pissed off people that are in this city, shit is just boiling over again. They can't just keep disrespecting the community by leaving them out of everything. Lack of jobs opens up a whole can of worms: illegitimacy, drug abuse, everything. A guy can't make a living, so he gets pissed and starts yelling at his kid — all of that shit. Everybody needs to have jobs. Everybody wants to work, well almost everybody. Everyone has to contribute to the area, whether it's talking to a kid, or organizing some shit to get some fucker out of the city council. And if it's not by writing letters, it's by intimidating him physically, you know? Like standing out in front of his car and saying, "You better do your job because we're paying you, we're your boss; you better do your job or some shit might happen to you." It's unfortunate that it has to happen that way, but I bet you it gets the point across. 'Cuz none of those fuckers live in Inglewood. They all go home to their place on the other side of the tracks or where ever. The people that run the community and police the community and clean the streets or whatever — it should all be done by the people in the community. And there are so many people here that can do it. They don't need outside interference — it has to stand on its own. And it can. It should. We have to quit calling the cops to fix problems we should fix by ourselves.

MRR: So what do you have to say to all the drunk punks who seem to get fucked with all of the time?

C: I don't know man, it's like, how many times have they gotten fucked up by the pigs? And then ask them, "Did you deserve it?" What should be the punishment for being drunk and pissing on someone's business? You know? Like me or you or anybody that's reading this, that's just worked hard and opened his business and some fucking idiot is pissing on his door. You know, what should the punishment be? The cops are gonna go get you a rag and some Windex and tell you to clean it up?

MRR: Yeah, like that's gonna happen . . .

C: A lot of people like to talk shit, but it's unwarranted. You can sit up in the fucking suburbs and say that pigs suck, but you got it fucking good! 'Cuz they never fucking nailed you in the balls with a flashlight and called you a pussy. And then the cops get into a circle and say, "Hit me! I won't hit you back." That's the worst feeling.

MRR: Inglewood and South Central are not generally known for their. . .

C: . . . Nice, friendly service. Everybody who lives in the area has there police horror stories, and I believe them all. Stories where cops picked up some guy, took him out into the middle of the LAX fields and just left him there. I believe it. I know it happens. Maybe not as much as it did, but it still

happens. People can't take it. It's like keeping an animal in a cage. When he gets the chance he's on their ass. It seems like that riot opened some people's eyes.

MRR: Since we were kinda on the subject of money, what do you think of bands and labels and selling out?

C: I don't think that real hardcore bands have the potential to sell out. I think bands like Green Day and other bands like that, they always sounded like that. It's not like they were some vegan-deathcore band and then all of a sudden they turned into a catchy band just to sell records. They played like that always. As far as going to a big label, I could care less. It's fucked that the music "industry" has so much power, because you know that whatever Green Day is making, the label is making ten times as much. It is just this huge money making machine. I don't know how the guys in Green Day lived before they sold a million records — they could have been eating oatmeal and grape kool-aid every night. So they've got some success and now they're like "Cool, we can have real food now!" I mean, how can you blame them? I could give a shit less. Whatever, power to them. That's their business.

MRR: What do you think about the modern hardcore scene today? It seems, I don't know, not like it's some big trend, but it seems like there are a lot of bands popping up all over the place and a lot of them all sound the same.

C: Well basically, all of those bands owe their existence to bands like MITB, Spazz, Crossed Out, No Comment . . .

MRR: The Slap a Ham legacy lives on.

C: Oh yeah, they just copy the Slap a Ham style, not that I'm really knocking any of the bands anywhere because you could say that every punk band or whatever is copying the Circle Jerks or . . .

MRR: . . . Black Flag. And at least 3/4 of them really suck.

C: Yeah, but the packaging is really good!

MRR: It all seems pretty discouraging. Especially with the current crop of bands that we've heard lately. Like we had been discussing, it seems like a bunch of emo kids had a friend make them a tape of some Slap a Ham shit and they went nuts. It just seems like every band wants to sound like, I don't know, Rorschach . . .

C: Yeah, or 20 changes in 10 seconds, whatever. Some of that shit just doesn't have any sort of groove to it. A band like Spazz or No Comment, even a group like DRI; they hauled ass but you could feel like there was some heart in it. I know it sounds cheesy, but like they have soul, or something, you know? Excruciating Terror play at 1000 MPH, but they got some "groove" shit going on, you can tell they "feel" it.

MRR: And everyone is doing it

C: Yeah. Maybe that's why, because everybody can just do noisy shit and blast and throw in a couple of rolls with some idiot in a beanie screaming on it and that's a 7". And that'll be the cool new brutal power-violence band or something.

MRR: What do you think about the term "Power-Violence"? Is it just some shitty phrase or what?

C: I don't know man, again I think it's just all of those old Slap a Ham bands.

MRR: And that was it?

C: And that's it. There isn't really much more. The West Coast bands. I don't know what the East Coast was like. . .

MRR: They had bands like Born Against and Rorschach, but that seemed like a whole separate thing. I mean they weren't going a million miles an hour, but they had their own sound . . .

C: Just as brutal, though . . .

MRR: it seems like L.A. is getting a lot of attention again, and that's good.

C: Bands like Stapled Shut and Excruciating Terror have been doing this shit for a long time and no one even gave a shit.

MRR: You mean like with Nausea (L.A.) or . . .

C: With Excruciating Terror, they've been around since like '91. Some death metal people used to like them, but that's because those are the only people that they could get shows with. But now people are starting to hear about them and starting to realize that they're the shit.

MRR: What sort of response has the label gotten from the critics?

C: I'm totally grateful for all the reviews and all the people who are into it. It all helps, just to get into these zines. You know though, you'll get a bad review, look at who wrote it and then read something else they reviewed and it'll be an album I thought was total dogshit. But they were like, "Fuck man, these guys, they re-invented rock 'n roll with this album!" and I'm just like "What!?" So whatever, good reviews, bad reviews, fuck it. I don't think people need to read a review to convince themselves. They see the band name and they know what type of stuff the label puts out, so they should check it out.

MRR: We mentioned skating and pools earlier, is that a big part of your life?

C: It was. When I was like in junior high and high school, that was my life. Riding skateboards with my friends Maynard from Necrosis and Jose from Despise You, that's all I used to do. Listen to records and skate.

MRR: Is that why you put a lot of skating clips in

the issues of Pessimiser? A lot of times I wondered if people got any of that stuff.

C: Yeah, I wondered too if people get that shit, the whole artwork and the skating pictures. It's kinda like someone from New York putting in subway pictures and like, I don't know, some fucking Hoagie stand — I don't know what the fuck they've got over there, you know? I would just be like, "It's a train or it's a sandwich stand." I wouldn't have a clue, I've never been out there, but that's just what I know and grew up with. I'll still skate occasionally, but I'm a lot more reserved now cause I can't break anymore legs or anything. I've gotta wake up and go to work now . . . those 16 guys are washed up skaters too. They're in the same boat.

MRR: Do you have any sort of religious views, to go along with all of the social commentary we brought up earlier?

C: My wife is a Catholic and her family is pretty strict Catholics. I don't see anything wrong with that. There's pros and cons with everything. In some ways, I think that some of the rules that they want you follow, like raising your family; it's not like they're teaching people to go out and rob liquor stores or fuck girls all over the place. But on the other hand, it's a huge business . . .

MRR: It's another corporation, like most religions have become.

C: I've never met any Jesus freaks where I got turned off from the idea of religion. Some people are religious, some aren't. I don't consider myself religious. I wasn't baptized. I don't consider myself to be with any kind of religion, but I probably think that there is something up there, or out there or where ever, but I don't know what it is. And I'm not really interested in getting caught up in it. You die, you're dead; just go for it while you're here, I guess. But if people want to be religious, whatever, it's cool. It would be fucked if someone was trying to force you to be Catholic and riding me about it. It's like being vegetarian. If I want to switch, I will. If not . . .

MRR: You'll still eat red meat three times a day —

C: Bacon in the morning, steaks at night, burgers at lunch; naw, just kidding, I try to cut back on that stuff, but it's so fucking good! Blame it on Phil Vera.

MRR: Yeah, I know that you were pretty vocal in a couple of the Pessimiser issues about your views on vegetarianism.

C: Yeah, just because I thought that it was a stupid trend and that people were just doing it because it was fashionable. Fuck it, whatever. Vegetarian, that's cool. I don't cook any vegetarian dishes at my house so they would be going hungry if they were here. Burritos and taco trucks, all that garbage, I still eat it. You just gotta stay active.

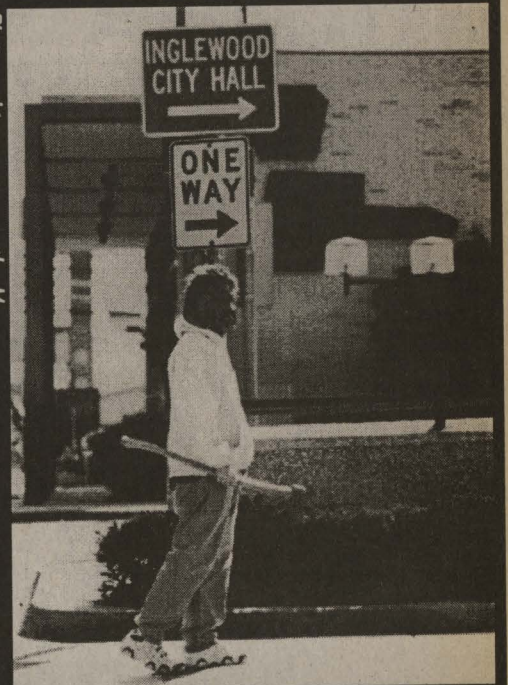
MRR: Well, is that a wrap?

C: Yeah, people can write if they'd like:



**PO Box 4452,
Inglewood, CA 90309.**

Chris on his way to see the Mayor



I remember the first time I heard Hot Water Music. I was in love. It was a shitty cassette demo called "Push For Coin" which was later rereleased as CD single, and i've gotten every record

since. Their sound is most often compared to bands like Fuel or Avail - melodic but energetic. In their last review Mick Krash described their LP "Fuel For The Hate Game" (a limited number on cow colored vinyl, no less), as having "in some ways a very pretty quality, but what sets it apart is a subtle seething tension boiling just under the surface that never totally releases, but definitely lets you know it is there."

What I like about Hot Water Music is their sincere love for what

they do, and how that mindset is translated into music. When they play they are passionate and energetic. The songs are more about personal ideology and living life than about strict politics. The are *emo* in that they draw me in and move me like punk is meant to. Do you know what it's like to hear a band that embodies the exact emotion you are feeling?

More importantly than all of this, as I've gotten to know these guys as individuals and as a band, i've grown to like and respect them as people. Because a band is a product of these people, and nothing more, liking and respecting them is essential to enjoying their music.

Interview by Jen Angel. Photos by Aaron O. Hot Water Music is Jason Black: Bass, Chuck Ragan: Guitar, George Rebelo: Drums, Chris Wollard: Guitar. Hot Water Music can be reached at 116 NW 13th St. #141, Gainesville, FL 32601.

Hot Water Music



tions, like I heard that George and Jason used to go to a music type high school - what influence did that have on where you are now?

Jason: George and I went to a half-day program in high-school similar to Fame. It was an arts program w/ music, dance, etc. So, George and I can read music and all that shit. I was actually a music major my first year at the University of

Florida, playing upright bass in the orchestra. It definitely has had an influence on our sound in that George and I think of things in different terms than a lot of people...for example, we were jazz majors at the aforementioned high school, so we really play a lot more like a traditional rhythm section than the bass and drums in a lot of bands do. I listen to George and he listens to me a lot more than we listen to Chris and Chuck. It's kind of hard to explain unless you know what I'm talking about...but it's something that I at least think sets us apart from a lot of bands. Be that good or bad, I'm not sure.

MRR: Which one of you writes most of the song lyrics? On the new LP there's a few songs which lean toward scene stuff ("Drunken Third" and "Rock Singer") and most deal with personal stuff...where do you get the ideas for your songs? What, for example, inspired you to write "North and About" or "220 Years"? One of your friends told me to ask how your childhoods/backgrounds play into your lyrical content - do you have any comment on that?

Jason: If they sing it they write it...George and I don't really have anything to do with lyrics. Most times we don't even know what they are until the album comes out and we

can read along like everybody else.

The ideas for our songs...I'll speak for Chris and Chuck here only because we've had a lot of discussion on this topic...they all come from personal stuff. "220" is about revolution, about how fucked up things really are today and how hard it is to find a way to do anything about it (I think). "North and About" is about tour and playing shows, and just how amazing it is to us that we've been able to do that at all.

Our childhood and backgrounds...I can't really answer that...I think it's probably the same as for anyone else. Obviously what you experience growing up has a big impact on how you turn out.

Chris: As for the lyrics, me and Chuck write most of them, and over the course of this band the lyrics have come from all over. It's hard to get into it without getting into every song apart from the whole. but as for drunken third and rock singer, they definitely about the scene. we wrote drunken third because at the time, the Gainesville scene wasn't as tight as it had been before. It seemed like everyone's personal politics were dividing us up into stupid little groups where people could point fingers and talk shit from. It sucked, and bugs the hell out of me when I see it happening. Rock Singer was just a reaction to someone that couldn't stop talking shit about us. North and About is one of our many songs about touring. About all the friends we've met on the road, being broke 1000 miles from home, playing every night in front of people we've never seen before, and how the truths that people share with us keep us going through all the bullshit. 220? We don't usually write songs about politics because our personal beliefs don't always meet a hundred percent of the time, but I guess you could say it's our "smash the government, big brother is bad news" song. As for childhoods/backgrounds, like I said, without a specific example it's hard to get into it, but Chuck has written about his family, and stuff he's gone through and continues to go through with them but it's not my place to explain it all.

MRR: How do you feel about the compari-

MRR: Why did you pick the name "Hot Water Music"? and do you want to talk at all about your problems with Elektra?

Jason: We picked the name from the Charles Bukowski book. We're all fairly avid readers...Chris and George were going through books looking for name ideas one day, and they saw that and thought it would be cool. Chuck and I though it was horrible at first, but than we figured it was weird enough that no one else would ever have anything close to it...so we picked it. Of course, there's about five other bands that have that name.

The Elektra thing...here's the amended version. They signed a band w/ the same name, found out about us, and told us to quit using the name. We found out we'd had the name longer, so we had the rights to it. They offered us some money (unofficially \$30,000) to change it, we said no, their band changed their name to HOT WATER and called their album "hot water music". The funny thing is that no one really knows what the publisher of the book, Black Sparrow Press, thinks about the whole thing of if they even know. [For more info see the article in No Idea #12.]

MRR: I want to ask a few background ques-

MRR: How do you feel about the comparisons that are generally made of your band, like to Fuel, for example?

Jason: The Fuel comparison—We're all extremely flattered by it. They were an amazing band. I think one major difference is that they were very politically and socially aware in their lyrical content, and we're not. So, as long as the comparison is musical, I think it's fairly understandable. Lyrically, though...I would feel awkward because we don't touch on the same topics as they did that often. The funny thing is that none of us had the record until it was reissued, so it was kind of a weird comparison at first...we'd heard them before (the Lookout 7", blah blah), but I think it was more of both bands having the same influences, not us being influenced by them.

MRR: You just did a full length on No Idea, but you're considering a switch to Doghouse - why is that? Talk a little bit about the idea of *signing* to a label, and what that means to your idea of DIY.

Jason: The switch to Doghouse, which will probably be official by the time this goes to print, we're pretty excited about it. We did two full-lengths and some other stuff w/ No Idea and Toybox...it was all really cool. They helped us out from the get go, and Var and Sean are good friends, above and beyond the "label guy" thing. We just wanted to get something out with some different people. Almost EVERYTHING we've put out has been by someone from Florida, which I think has worked against us somewhat. When we started we always said we wanted to do as much stuff with as many people as possible, and that's what we're doing. We also have a 7" coming out on Allied soon...so, we're just trying something different.

The inevitable "contract" question. A lot of labels are starting to use contracts in one form or another. I think it all sort of stems from the whole Green Day/Nirvana syndrome, where labels want to cover their ass and make sure they don't get screwed now that "punk" is a viable commodity. But you know a million punk bands had contracts way before that whole thing. However it started, we have no problem with it. It protects you as a band as much as it does the label, if you aren't careless about it. It's like this, for us anyway...If you're going to "give" someone a record, let's say 11 songs, that's a lot of your time spent writing those songs. If you see someone flush 11 of your songs down the toilet...it wouldn't be cool. That's never happened to us, because we've always known the people doing our records...we don't really know Dirk from Doghouse that well and he doesn't know us, either...but with a contract we both know what we're expected to do for each other. We loose a lot of stuff doing the band as full-on as we do...jobs, rent money, free time, time w/ friends and family...so for us it's just a guarantee that someone is going to work for us as hard as we'll work for them. About our idea of DIY...we never put out our own records anyway, so we've never "done it ourselves" from that end of the band. We've always had a big hand in it...doing the layout and so on...but there's never been a HOT WATER MUSIC record that we put out ourselves. So it doesn't affect our idea of DIY at all. It's not like we have thousands of

minions working for us, just Dirk. He's also put out a lot of records we like, some of which we grew up on. So it's exciting from that p.o.v. also. (That's also a reason we like Doghouse... word this last part however you want, it's pretty jumbled).

MRR: Talk about the issue of "accountability" to the scene. And that includes "shit talking" and things, because you've had bad experiences with rumors going around about your band. [Which you can take a moment to dispel or you can just talk about the issue in general]

Jason: I think "accountability" is something a lot of people don't think about enough. The way the "scene" works, from our experience at least, if you say something negative about someone, informed or uninformed...it can absolutely ruin their reputation, which can have very far-reaching effects. Take, for example, the rumors of us beating our girlfriends. First off, I've been engaged for almost a year now...I would like to think that would not have happened if I had a habit of punching Heather's lights out. George has also been dating the same person, Mean, for almost two years, I think. That rumor was started, as far as we know, by Chris' ex-girlfriend's ex-boyfriend, with whom Chris had a falling out BECAUSE he started dating this girl, who the other guy still wanted to date. So...if anyone smells vicious attack of jealousy, we do, too. That girl also has some problems, but that's not anyone's business and this isn't the place and I'm not the person to talk about it. The point is that the rumor was carried to the extent that it was by some girl in Cali who didn't know us or the girl it was about from a pile of horse shit. And she took it upon herself to save the world from the evil HOT WATER MUSIC by sending out a million fliers saying don't book this band, they're women beaters and all this other garbage. That rumor has cost us a lot...there are labels and people who wouldn't do anything (shows, records) w/ us because they believed us that it wasn't true, but still didn't want to be associated w/ that rumor. I can't blame them at all...we hate being associated w/ it. I just think that a) don't say shit about people you don't know, and b) think about how that affects EVERYONE in the situation, not just the people who allegedly did wrong. The "victims" have to deal w/ it (the repercussions), too. Overall, we've gotten past the rumor w/ a lot of people, but we still have someone ask us about every

some, how would you describe the scene in Gainesville as compared to other places? It seems to have a real community, hometown feel, from an outsider's perspective.

Jason: Gainesville does have a community feel to it. It's still just about our favorite place to play. Richmond is also an amazing town. Jersey is great as well. I would say Richmond is a lot like Gainesville in that all the punks at least know each other if they're not friends, and they see, to try and work together for the "scene". The close-knit community thing can get really lame at times, though. Sometimes it seems like in you're in a relationship w/ about 800 different people...people really tend to get in each other's business a little too much in Gainesville sometimes, and that has its adverse effects on the scene. There's also an extraordinary amount of shit-talking and conjecture involved in a scene that community oriented, but I think it works out much better than a scene that's say, stratified into SXE kids and emo kids and punk kids or whatever. G-ville has done a decent job of steering clear of that sort of mentality. It definitely exists, but not to the point that it does in a lot of places we've been.

MRR: I know that some of you are in school, or have jobs, but I wanted to ask about how you guys feel about the issues of being punk rock and the societal push to be legitimate - like to have jobs, make money, and all of that. How do you reconcile the two?

Jason: Real jobs...none of us have one, if that helps. This is a tough question because I don't think it's one that many of us think about. I'm graduating w/ my BA in English in June, but I have no plans of joining the work force anytime soon...we're going to concentrate on the band for awhile. I know Chris eventually wants to teach...George wants to play drums...and I'm not too sure about what Chuck sees himself doing down the line. I think we'll probably fall prey to paying the rent and working for the man, eventually. I'm thinking of going back to school and getting a degree in computer programming just because English isn't the most marketable thing. I said marketable, if that's any other indication of my stance, at least. George and I are also considering going to music school in Boston somewhere down the line, possibly becoming studio musicians. I can definitely say that we'd be ecstatic if all we did was tour and play...take that how you want, because I'm sure everyone will no matter how I try to justify it.

fueling the hate game

once in a while and it feels like we're back at square one w/ it all over again. Luckily for us, most everyone that has heard the rumor has confronted us a bout to hear our side of the story. We're all really grateful for that.

MRR: Since you've toured



Los Tigres Guapos!

Los Tigres Guapos!

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Los Tigres Guapos!

Los Tigres Guapos!

Los Tigres Guapos (rough translation: The Handsome Tigers) are one of Austin, TX's best and brightest new bands, carrying on in the fine tradition of playing hard-hitting, uncompromising punk-rock ala the Motards, the Chumps and the Reclusives, all right here in the Lone Star State. Neither old-school, nor new school, Los Tigres might best be described as no school, hovering somewhere in-between, forging their own distinctive sound subtle in its immediacy and familiarity, yet still uniquely all their own. Check out their first 7" on Mortville Records, if you don't believe us. A rocks!! Interview by Chuck Trend and El Gajo of ADAM FANZINE. Los Tigres are: Aaron - drums; Vance - bass, vocals; Chris - vocals; Peter - guitar, vocals.

Vance: So do you want everyone to introduce themselves?

MRR: Well, we know who everyone is!

Chris: Do we?

MRR: Well, see, it would just say Chris: hi, my name is Chris... (laughter) Peter: My name is Peter...

Vance: It's always better to go from Peter into Chris for obvious rock reasons...

Aaron: But I don't want to use my real name - I'm Muy Sucio...

MRR: Yeah, what's up with your names on the record? El Hispanico Satanico - what are you?

Vance: El Que Boliar.

MRR: What is that?

Vance: He who is to bowl... (laughter)

MRR: And you are?

Chris: El Hombre Sin Nombre.

MRR: OK...

Aaron: Muy Sucio.

MRR: What's that?

Aaron: Very dirty.

MRR: So you just had that 7" that came out on Mortville... how did you meet up with Toby (Motard)?

Chris: Uh... wow - we've known Toby forever, so it wasn't like we met just cause of the record or anything like that.

Peter: I played in a couple of bands with Toby a long time ago...

MRR: Which bands?

Peter: Team USA, for one.

MRR: Yeah, I remember that. Was that like the band that had one show or something?

Peter: We had a couple of shows.

Chris: Toby was telling me a little brief history of you and he and the four or five bands that all linked together. Tick...

Peter: Tick. Team USA. There was another one too...

Aaron: Nutlof. (laughter) Tasty!

Peter: Reach Around. (laughter) Who was in the money shots, though? Who was in that band?

Vance: That was Aaron's band.

Aaron: That was the band I wanted to travel! (laughter)

Chris: So that's roughly our connection with Toby.

MRR: It should be a double-pagefold LP! So tell us about your first show.

Peter: Well, you already know about that.

MRR: The party - right...

Peter: That was almost exactly a year ago - wasn't it?

Aaron: But our first show was at Blue Flamingo.

Chris: We played two parties before that. One at Vance's, and one was at some girl's house with the Paranoids.

MRR: Yeah. I remember that - it was like a total sweatbox in there.

Chris: We played like a total of seven minutes, and I lost like ten pounds...

Vance: That was my one and only show in shorts. That was a hairy workout, wasn't it?

MRR: So tell us about your first show...

Aaron: It was with the Motards at Blue Flamingo. Maybe the Reclusives too. Something like that... I don't remember!

MRR: What do you remember about certain shows?

Peter: Houston. Going to Houston.

Aaron: A friend of Peter's took off his pants and threw them on-stage one time.

Peter: Oh yeah, my friend Christian.

Aaron: We were hoping girls would take off their pants.

Chris: We were hoping it'd start a chain reaction, but it really didn't work.

Peter: But the thing was he was walking around the rest of the night, pants in hand, showing chicks pictures of his kid.

MRR: How bizarre...

Peter: Yeah, well he stays at home most of the time, so the one time he goes out...

MRR: Where was the show in Houston at?

Aaron: Blue Iguana. I was just talking to the guys in Teen Cool...

Chris: It was a wired taste night.

Aaron: It was a yuppie bar. We played with the Motards and the Boozers, and Toby overheard some guy at the bar saying, 'This must be a wired taste night!' (laughter) But it was fun - we went over all right.

Chris: They gave us a bunch of free beer. Too much free beer, really.

Aaron: I barfed in the cooler on the way home.

MRR: You guys drove back after the show?

Aaron: Someone had to work in the morning or something.

Chris: That's rock n roll. We're rock stars - driving six hours to play thirty minutes.

Aaron: They had a cool stage. Chris took the chili off someone else's table and ate it!

Vance: Now that's punk rock!

Aaron: Some waitress saw, but just didn't care. He was so drunk.

Chris: Hell, man, it's cause I was hungry as shit! I would've done that sober! I was starvin' to death!

Aaron: But we were getting ready to have a meal out of the band fund! What are you talking about, man!

Chris: That's right - I was fucking hungry. I wasn't gonna wait...

MRR: So how's the band fund looking right now?

Peter: Negative right now.

Vance: Yeah, we'll have our lawyer fax you the fiscal information...

Peter: If you'd like to send seven dollars to the (unintelligible) you could get a really cool T-shirt!

MRR: Oh, so is that a super-hero guy on the T-shirt?

Peter: Mecha-Tigre.

MRR: Is it Mecha or Mepa?

Peter: I say Mecha. Since I named it.

MRR: Is he a robot?

Aaron: Um...

Vance: Pssst! Act! (laughter)

Aaron: Actually, the Mecha-Tigre was inspired by the song Godzilla vs. Mecha-Godzilla.

Chris: Yeah.

Aaron: That's how his name came about.

MRR: Oh really - what song is that? I've never heard of that song before! (laughter)

Aaron: Are you fucking with my head?

Chris: Whoa - they're feeding you lines! (laughter)

Aaron: What band would that be! (laughter)

Chris: The Chumps!

MRR: Yeah - the Chumps! They rock!

Chris: The Chumps are the standard answer - like, who broke all the microphones? The Chumps!

MRR: So are the Chumps the most destructive band?

Vance: Yeah.

Chris: Actually, microphone-wise, definitely the Bulemics... they go through more mics than anyone else.

Peter: John (Motard) actually shattered one of my mics once - he smashed it into a window.

Aaron: We actually clean the equipment when we go to play!

Chris: We fix it up!

Aaron: People actually say, 'Gee, the PA has never worked so well, since you guys played!'

MRR: So that first song on the new 7 Sixteen - is that actually the title, or was that just a S number? Talk about the numbers...

Vance: OK - from here on out we probably need our attorney present...

Chris: Let's see - that's the title of that song. The number of that song was actually 12.

There's a very strange numerology there. Every song is numbered...

Vance: Basically, it's all for audience participation.

Chris: They were all subseuently titled - but a few of them haven't ever been titled. They just remained the number by which they were completed by the band.

MRR: So what's the story behind Sixteen?

Chris: Oh, the words to it? Oh god! (laughter) Just basically when I was 16 and had a band... and things were right. Y know, whatever... all the little factors when you look back were

Aaron: Oh, take the 5th! Take the 5th! (laughter)

Chris: Yeah - I don't want to talk about the words to any of the songs, cause they're all pretty ridiculous!

MRR: I gotta dig up my set list - one of you guys gave me a set list when you still had the numbers on it - it's all like 9 and then 4... (laughter)

Chris: Oh, all the set lists are numbered, even now... even though all the songs have titles, we play 'em by number when we play.

MRR: What are some of your favorite bands to play with locally?

Aaron: The Chumps really rock - they're just getting better and better... I like playing with them.

Chris: I like the Motards - cause I like to watch the Motards play and plus, they've got a great crowd. It's fun to play with them cause there's gonna be a lot of people there.

Vance: A lot of fucked-up people! (laughter)

Peter: The Collegeians - we like the Collegeians.

MRR: So you guys pretty much play at Blue Flamingo, and then you've been playing at Hole in the Wall - how's that?

Chris: Hole in the Wall is very sterile - it's hard to make Hole in the Wall rock. The thing about Hole in the Wall is you've got a decent money guarantee there and they're real cool, they're real nice about booking us to play once a month and stuff like that - it's just that if you don't get on with a good band, it's gonna be dead and you're gonna be like practicing... there might be two or three people there.

Aaron: We've been pretty lucky at Hole in the Wall, but it's hard to make it rock.

MRR: People sit down in chairs and shit...

Peter: It makes you want to rock that much harder! (laughter)

MRR: So I heard a rumor you guys are gonna start being new age...

Chris: Yes!

Peter: Gonna start being?! No, actually the real rumor is Chris solo career and a feature article in Propaganda next month on Chris and his goth roots.

Chris: That's right.

Vance: Basically, Chris is the Charlie Sexton of the 90s. We're all gonna be left behind.

Chris: I'm all about that - I'm gonna grow

my hair long and have long black hair and real pale skin...

MRR: We want to start a rumor about you guys - we need to think of one... like band-wise. Come on, let's go!

Aaron: Uh... The drummer is really good! (laughter)

Chris: Nobody will believe that!

MRR: Wait - who's the most impolite member of the band?

Peter: Oh, that's easy!

Aaron: There's no way - it's not me! (laughter)

MRR: It's Aaron!

Chris: Wasn't that one of your goals at one point? To be impolite?

Aaron: Actually, that's how Chris and I met. I went to a party and well... he wanted to do physical harm to me.

Chris: Me?

Peter: No, that was me, dumbass - not Chris.

Aaron: Oh, I meant you...

Peter: And the guy that took off his pants at the show, he was with me and I was on Rhyphenol and LSD and Aaron said something...

Chris: Kids - don't try this at home!

Peter: Aaron said something... I don't know.

Aaron: I said something about his girlfriend - I was drunk!

Peter: I don't know if it was that - I

Vance: He who likes prison! (laughter)

Peter: He who bowls is going to the jail!

MRR: So who has the arrest record?

Chris: Does anybody not have an arrest record? (laughter)

Aaron: The State of Texas forbids us from talking about Vance's sentence...

Peter: I've never been arrested.

Chris: You've never been arrested?!

Peter: Nope. No - wait - I've been arrested 27 times - we're punk-rock thugs!

MRR: Let's talk education level - are we all a college-graduate band here?

Peter: Well, Aaron kinda graduated from college!

Chris: Didn't you go to Antioch?

Aaron: I graduated from college, man. I was voted best student four years in a row! (laughter)

MRR: The Motards played there, right?

Aaron: Yeah, it was kind of set-up through Toby's sister, Alex. It was pretty fun - the sound was really terrible, so the Motards had more trouble. The Fuckems were playing too... It was really rocking, but the sound was really bad. The Motards were just this flood of noise, but the Fuckems are just a little slower, y know. Everybody just lost their shit - it was great! (laughter)

Chris: I went off-and-on a couple of semesters, but I'm not a college graduate.

Peter: Yeah, but he uses entropy in one of our songs!

Chris: I've got a great vocabulary! (mean-ingless talk about high school and English teachers ensues...)

Aaron: LTG is part of the new unification of Ridgeway and Hyde Park - I'm sure you all are well-aware there's a long-standing feud - a gang-war. (laughter)

MRR: Whose side are you on?

Aaron: I'm from Ridgeway - as well as two of the Motards. And well, the Motards, LTG -

there's a couple of bands

out there doing kinda a two-tone thing, y know...

MRR: Mods vs. rockers...

Aaron: Ridgeway and Hyde Park in the same band. For instance, I can walk straight down the middle of Hyde Park - I can go to Pronto and no one will say shit to me.

MRR: So what's this East Hong Kong Studios? Who did you record with?

Chris: Brew Zerr. He's a friend of ours from Houston. Lives down here now. He's got an 8-track at his house and he recorded us and mixed us and everything else.

Peter: And he didn't put us in a head-lock either!

Chris: He recorded the whole thing in his underwear one afternoon. He never even bothered to put pants on!

MRR: Boxers, or briefs?

Chris: Boxers - he didn't subject us to the briefs!



don't remember... All I know was, the next thing I was plotting to throw Aaron over the second-story balcony.

MRR: So who's the most polite then?

Peter: You mean who'll talk to the most members of our audience? Chris - yeah, Chris definitely.

Chris: I'm a nice guy.

Peter: Yeah, but you're polite.

Aaron: How about who's the slowest member of the band?

Peter: Not mentally - but just...

Chris: Well, we'll be handing-out IQ tests now!

Peter: ... in a temporal sense.

Vance: That's a set-up question - we all know who the slowest member is.

Peter: El Que Boliar!

MY 3 SCUM

I can remember the first time I saw My 3 Scum as if it happened yesterday. A small club in Erie with tons of punks all over the place. Even five years ago they had the reputation for being around helping out the scene forever. And at the present date I'm proud to say little has changed. Their dedication and sincerity to punk has been a huge influence on my life and I'm sure many others who are part of the entire punk scene, in Erie and elsewhere. My 3 Scum are (RK) Robert S. Kellogg II - guitar, vocals; (LB) Larry "The Bastard" - bass, backing vocals; (ML) Michael Lozano - drums, backing vocals. Interview By Ryan Taxles.

MRR: How long have you been together?

RK: Nine years? Nine years and one month. We started in 1988. The original members were Larry and I, and we had Kenny from the Mollies play drums for us and then Gary Bronz played with us for seven years, now Mike here has been playing with us ever since.

MRR: You've been involved with the Erie scene for quite a few years now. Over the course of growing up there, being in bands, going to shows... In your eyes, how has it progressed/changed?

LB: Definitely on a rebound again. Seems like every four years it sinks off and then picks up.

There used to be bands like Underground System who were really good. There were The X-Whites, The Frenchmen, Blood Pudding, The Lost, Backwash. Newer ones would be The Go Go Rays, The Retodz, The Mollies, Spike T. Punch, Brother's Keeper and all of the hardcore scene. Definitely some really good stuff through here then and now. As far as recent shows, not long ago Furious George played and that drew about 400 people, the Electric Frankenstein show was good too. Quite a few labels

and bands call us for shows because of the label and store now. So I think that has really helped in a number of ways as well. Debbi Lyon at Record Country has always been really supportive as far as doing columns in the local papers.

RK: But the overall scene,



it comes and goes, it was cooler when we were younger. We had the Scum House going and everybody was hanging out.

MRR: Scum House? Well, I was going to ask that later, but what was it like?

LB: Dirt. Total decadence.

ML: Last time I checked, there was nothing but hot dogs and beer in the refrigerator.

LB: Many bands stayed with us there like NOFX, before they were millionaires. Urge Overkill, The Laughing Hyenas, The

Digits, MDC, and who was that retard parade? Guilt Parade from Canada. And hundreds of others. Many touring bands, we put everybody up for three or four years there. Had shows at The Continental...

RK: Well, sometimes that guy never came to open it up so we would have to go to that girls basement. Unauthorized, nobody like that too much.

MRR: When was the first Continental (famous club in Erie where tons of bands have played over the years) show?

LB: A long time ago, 1988. It was Backwash, The Lost, and us...

RK: We had 400 kids the first show and we thought we were going to be rich, but now we're lucky if we can get enough money to buy new wheels for my wheel chair.

MRR: What? How old are you guys?

RK: 28

ML: Old, 29.

LB: What should I be now? I'd be about 105 in dog years.

MRR: So you guys have your own store and label now?

RK: Yeah, we started it a few years ago. Larry and I just decided we wanted to sell punk rock and basically just the stuff we really like.

LB: It was always something that we wanted to do and then two years ago it actually started to happen. At first when we opened up we had five records and one CD. We just built it from there, from the ground up. No loans, no nothing. Now we have the mega, super store.

MRR: Is it self-supportive yet?

LB: Well, like any business, we punch money in here and there. We did lose two grand the first year. Not as bad as we expected, but it's building. We're trying to keep up on other things like the literary rack, like no other indie record store in Erie sells Fact-sheet 5. And besides all the regulars we try and carry stuff like Cometbus, Motor Booty, Gear-

head, Bunny Hop, and of course, Catch 22. I read a lot so...

MRR: What do you do outside of the band?

LB: I cook for a living, that's my real job. Because everybody knows you aren't going to make any money off of punk rock so don't get any pipe dreams of how you're gonna be in a punk rock band and make millions because it ain't gonna happen.

MRR: Where do you cook?

LB: Usually in a kitchen, no, uh in an old folks home. They love me though, I'm the best at the goulash. They get everything man, they get fried ribs... I'm a chef man...

MRR: My friends Justin and Iggy wipe butts at a place like that, how about you?

LB: What? No, no man... I'm strictly in the kitchen, that's not part of my job. No interaction with

the old folks like that. Yeah, that's a bad job. I would have to cut it off before I started wiping butts. I'll feed it to them, but I ain't gonna wipe it off their asses.

KR: I used to work at the Elby's on Peach St. when I was younger and I didn't have a car so I could just stagger over there drunk and still bus tables.

MRR: When I was 5, you were probably our bus boy because I used to live on Prospect.

LB: When you were 5? Hey, we're not that old. What are you almost fifteen then, right? No, when I go there now I get the discount, for senior citizens.

MRR: How was that show the other night, with Marky Ramone?

RK: Oh, it was pretty cool except for the manager. He was a total dick, I wanted to crush his head.

LB: Bob has a problem with authority.

RK: He was telling me to shut the camera off and then he got the bouncer on me.

LB: That manager was rock and roll. He got a six year degree in Asshole, and a BS in Fucking Around. But Marky was totally cool.

RK: Yeah, to any bands who are reading this interview: If you can't really party, don't come to Erie. People stay over night and

always want to go to sleep before the sun comes up. We like to keep partying after the shows.

LB: That's the longevity of the band, if we didn't drink so much we'd probably hate each other.

MRR: Tour stories?

LB: Everyone knows those stay on the road! Just never drive an old '74 Cadillac Hearsat on tour.

RK: I painted it purple and it was really fast and you had 10 or 15 feet of metal on either end to keep you from getting hurt if you wrecked it. It was a really good tour vehicle until it started falling apart.

MRR: Same type of car that carries bodies

around to funerals and stuff, right?

LB: Yeah, it carried our bodies all around. We bought it from a locksmith and now some crazy magician bought it from us. It would be magic if he could get it to run.

MRR: So with the label, you guys just put out this kids 7?"

Rob from the Go Go Rays runs by.

LB: Yeah, this kid's a sell-out already, just getting signed to Moon/Ska... No, but really... Their record has been selling really fast. Rob's a lifer in the scene himself. He used to roadie for us back in the day. Oh, and our new 7, "You Creep Me Out" has been moving pretty quick.

Actually, Maximum gave it a really excellent review too. Soon our full length will be out on Push Records with a CD ROM of our history and stuff as well, like a big scrap book.

MRR: What do you have to say about punk as a community?

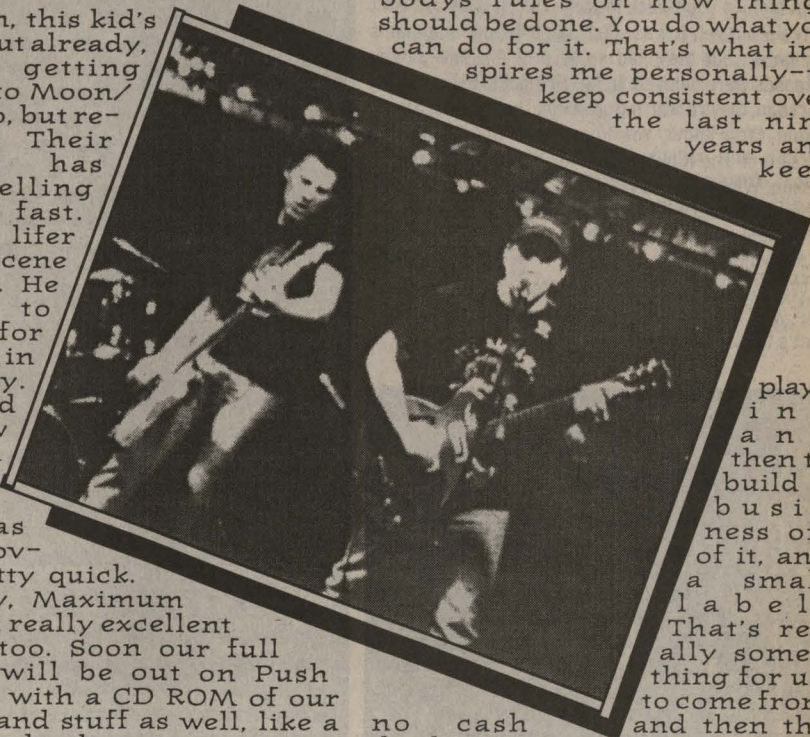
RK: Punk is the only scene that supports itself and is the only



scene where the idea is to be cool with everyone and the other parts of the community. When I used to run the sound at Shooter's

the metal bands would come in there with big attitudes and stuff. They'd fuck up your equipment because they didn't care, they just didn't give a shit. Those bands don't give each other shows the way the punk scene does. In punk, people correspond.

LB: Anywhere we go we run into cool people, it's self-supporting and that just isn't the same with other scenes. My whole life I've been doing this. I think that punk is so much more than all this overnight shit. I mean, we're just doing what we want to do, and we've proven that after nine years we are doing this because we want to, not because of somebodys rules on how things should be done. You do what you can do for it. That's what inspires me personally to keep consistent over the last nine years and keep



playing and then to build a business off of it, and a small label. That's really something for us, to come from no cash dedication turns into something real and meaningful. Write and/or visit Eerie Records at 2408 Peach St., Erie, PA 16502, (814) 456-6852

the bristols

The Bristols are the hot new beat combo masterminded by Liam Watson and Ed Deegan, the engineers at London's Toe Rag Vintage Recording Studios. Their debut single "Questions I Can't Answer" comes drenched in thunderous Joe Meek echo and features the alluring Gitanes smoke-saturated, French-accented vocals of Fabienne Del Sol.

When I arrived at Toe Rag the tough-as-nails live-in cat Nero had just sprayed the floor with 100-proof tom cat testosterone and Liam was mopping up. That done, we settled down to cups of tea lovingly made by Liam with his own two hands. Interview by Graham Russell.

MRR: Tell me about the origins of The Bristols.

Liam: The Bristols originally was me and Ed. Being the engineers at Toe Rag it was just nice to do our own stuff how we wanted and do some kind of stupid stuff with production we don't often get to do with bands because they seem a bit worried. "Oh no, that's weird!" or something. We try to experiment with different sounds and techniques we've come up with. So me and Ed formed The Bristols with a girl called Monica, from Italy. That was 1994. We did a record and then Monica went back to Italy. Our first record isn't actually out yet. It was supposed to be on Hangman's Daughter, but they had some problem and all the releases were delayed. In fact, it's going to be coming out soon, they're starting up again. The A-side is a song called "You Know, You Know" and the B-side is a version of The Kinks's "Sitting On My Sofa" sung in Italian. When Monica went back to Italy we did some more recording with Fabienne singing instead.

MRR: Was it always the intention to have a girl singer?
E: Not really.

L: We just did it for a laugh. With Monica it was because she was around, she was singing and we thought, "let's think of a name".



MRR: Explain the significance of the name The Bristols.
L: It's slang for tits!

MRR: It's real British "Carry On"-style humour.

L: Yeah, it's old fashioned "Carry On"-type slang. It derives from Cockney rhyming slang: "Bristol City" = "tittie." Then it just became "Cor, look at those bristols!"

E: It just sounds nice even if you don't know what it means. I think it just sounds good as a name.

MRR: So Liam, you play guitar, Ed plays drums. Who plays bass?

L: I do. It really is just a studio group with me and Ed. Ed plays guitar as well sometimes, and piano. Whoever can do what. If I can't come up with something, Ed will have a go and see if he can come up with something. And then there's another guy, Parsley, who's been playing organ. But mainly it's us three.

MRR: You've always described The Bristols as a studio group. Do you intend to ever play live?

F: Yeah, once we organize a line-up. That's on the way now.

L: As soon as we have enough songs and get the line-up together we'll start doing gigs. And then hopefully recording with the new line-up.

MRR: To date all The Bristols material has been covers. Will you be doing any originals?

F: Our latest one is an original.

L: The last one we've been working on is an original. It's called "Hello Hello."

MRR: (To Fabienne) Did you write the lyrics to it?

E: We'd just keep playing and someone would come up with a phrase until we had the whole thing.

MRR: Why did you chose the Joe Meek/Heinz song "Questions I Can't Answer" for your debut?

L: I liked that song. I thought it would be good to try it and do it differently. I really like Joe Meek as well. It gives me and Ed a chance to do a few Joe Meek touches on the production, which we like doing.

F: It's great to sing! It was easy. It was in my key and all that! We did it in one take.

MRR: Explain the significance of Joe Meek and his protegee Heinz to readers who might be unfamiliar with them.

L: Joe Meek was an English record producer who started in the mid '50s and shot himself in 1967. He was recording all this stuff with people like Heinz, a blond bass player originally in The Tornados, who did "Telstar" (and later was in The Shadows). He did all these bands and he did really extreme recording techniques, especially for the time. I recommend that people get the CD "The Joe Meek Story." Not all of it's really good. Some of it's really horrible. But it still sounds interesting, and when the songs are good it's great.

MRR: How would you characterize the trademark Joe Meek sound?

L: He's got all sorts of different sounds, but generally very compressed.

MRR: Lots of echo.

L: Lots of echo and lots of compression and lots of everything else. Funny effects that only he was doing at the time.

MRR: Where does the song on the B-side come from?

L: That's a cover of a Question Mark & The Mysterions song. It was easy to play so we thought, "Oh, we'll do that!"

MRR: The person who reviewed the single for MRR actually liked the B-side better and said it had a Sandie Shaw feel.

F: They also said we reminded them of The Cardigans, which I thought was odd. We're *not* an indie band!

L: The B-side is more straightforward. We're not a garage band. We're a pop band in the English tradition of Joe Meek and the English beat groups. We're not trying to be like any of them, it's just where we take our



influences from.

MRR: Ed, what other bands are you in?

E: I used to be in a band called Swimmer. Now as well as The Bristols I do the odd gig with Sexton Ming, which is fun.

MRR: Liam, what's up with your other band, Armitage Shanks?

L: We just finished our new album and that's coming out on Vinyl Japan. We've also got a live album, but we don't know who's putting that out yet.

MRR: Fabienne, is this the first band you've actually sung with?

F: Yeah. Before I was playing in a girl band called The Hot Tom Boys in France and I was playing drums and occasionally I would sing one song, but it was not easy to do both at the same time! I enjoyed singing like that, for fun, but I never recorded before at all. (Note: the Hot Tom Boys are still a functioning band in Limoges, France and are featured on the Alopecia Records compilation CD "Let It All Hang Out!"). After leaving that band Fabienne drummed in the original line-up of The Sires and is featured on their EP "High And Mighty" on Twist Records).

MRR: Your singing has a real 1960s French pop feel, like Brigitte Bardot and Jane Birkin and Francoise Hardy.

F: I don't like Jane Birkin, but I like Brigitte Bardot and Francoise Hardy a lot. "Harley Davidson" by Bardot, that's my favourite song of hers. But they're not my main influences.

MRR: Who is, then?

F: Any kind of rock'n'roll! What they did wasn't very rock'n' roll.

L: She prefers things like Johnny Kidd.

"Questions I Can't Answer" is available now from Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London E17 6NF, England.



This interview was done at two times (but you won't see it), one in June '96 and the other in February '97, by Laurent P. for *L'Oreille Cassee - Broken Ear*, a zine from France. Translation by Le Bouffon. Thanks to the Partisans for their kindness and patience.

P: We started in November '94, Jeff joined in January '96 and since then, we have Daniel (guitar, back vocals), Fred (vocals and guitar), Mathieu (bass) Norb's (drums and back vocals), Jeff (trumpet, trombone, back vocals), Romu who draws, and 2 ghosts as roadies.

MRR: What did you do before?

P: Fred and Norb's were in Social Negative, then

7"EP and a LP.

MRR: What are your inspirations?

P: '80's punk rock, street punk, Clash, Stiff Little Fingers, Cocksparrer, Cockney Rejects... Some French stuff that we like a lot... Camera Silens for example. Plus ska and classic revival.

MRR: There's a sax on the record, does he play on stage?

P: No, He's not here. He lives in Paris so he can't be with us all the time. But we have Jeff who plays trumpet and trombone.

MRR: What about the texts?

P: It can be some spontaneous things or some deep thoughts. We try to write realistic texts that mean something for us, every day.

MRR: There are a couple a sentences that you use a lot like "walk under the rain", "unemployment", "working class"...

P: There's a vocabulary and a way to say things that's particular to a French band we like a lot, La Souris Deglinguee. We try not to copy too much but we admit there

P: For some of the members, communist ideology can be pejorative, but I think that libertarian, anarchist or communist ideology, everything's the same, but again, we are not militants. Maybe you found a certain vocabulary in the lyrics but it's not the vocabulary of a political party. Fred writes all the lyrics and we read them, if there's something that annoys us, we tell him. There's no political slogan in them, he sings about what's deep inside him. All the members find themselves in what Fred writes. Politics is good for politicians but it's a reason one must stay away from what the politicians do. One has to open his mouth when something's wrong.

MRR: Lyon...

P: The scene is mostly hardcore with Condense. We also know Crazy Skankers, Sourire Kabyle, Extreme Onction, Les Futurs, Hors Services, Les Saboteurs... Some zines like *Sauve Qui Punk* and *Siloam, Radio Brume*. But the places to play are rare so it's hard.

MRR: What and who do you like in France?

P: Old zines like *No Government*, *Earquake*, *L'Oreille Cassee* and the new ones like *Vauriens*, *Electrochock*, *Sauve Qui Punk*... About the labels, it seems that the punk rock tends to grow well in the north of France. We wonder if there's not a competition and that would be a shame in the scene. It's sad that the people who are doing the scene are not more united. We have a lot to learn from the Germans...

MRR: Punk once, always punk?

P: It's a mentality, we've been listening to this music for a long time and we still enjoy it. The ideas changed, it's not "No Future" and "Destroy" anymore. Most of the old bands who are back do that only for the money. But the punks today seem still constructive and because of this need to change things, punk survives. The original spirit, the need of new mottos, to do more, all that is still here. Attitudes change but punk remains. Revolt, spontaneity, rejection of

conformity still feeds the attitude of the movement, and provocation is still alive.

MRR: The last word...

P: Thanks to all the people who are shaking their butt to keep the scene alive, zines, labels, newsletters, distributors, people who set up gigs, collectives and associations, public, radios, all the ones who buy alternative and independent records, all the ones who read zines... Keep on, everybody.

Don't hesitate to contact the Partisans: Norb's Grime, 41 Rue Etienne Richerand, 69003 Lyon, France. The first EP "Street Gones" is available thru Gig a la benne c/o David Jegat, 2 rue Chateaubriand, 60180 Nogent s/Oise, France. The split LP with Jack The Lad and the LP/CD are available thru Knock Out Records c/o Dick Hamann, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, Germany. The new EP "L'important c'est d'y Croire" including a 40 page booklet is available thru Molo-ko Records, Feldstr. 10, 46286 Dorsten, Germany. All of the records from the Partisans include a translation of the lyrics in English so that you have no excuse!!



Fred played in Samizdat, Norb's in Pariapunk, then both in the Homeboys where Daniel joined, then Partisans. Mathieu played in Les Futurs with the 2 ghosts and Jeff also plays in a hc band.

MRR: Motivations?

P: It's been a bunch of years that we've been enjoying this kind of music. The main motivation is to give a message, to do something we like, we meet as friends 2 times a week, we play, have fun, we talk, we discuss or do nothing, we laugh... Over all, it's a friends story.

MRR: Gigs?

P: We have done 20. They are difficult to find in the Lyon area. We have played with Les Sheriff, Banlieue Rouge, Ahorcados, Kochise, La Souris Deglinguee, Warum Joe... The main problem is that we need to move to play and as we work, we can play on weekends only.

MRR: How did you get the idea to sell your demo tape for \$2?

P: It's in order to be known before all, we didn't want to make any money, so \$2 is the price of the tape plus 2 stamps. But in fact, with all the ones we gave, we lost some money, but if today we are a bit known, it's thanks to the demo tape and thanks to all the people who reviewed it, thanks to all of them.

MRR: Do you think you'd have the same success with the average price (\$4)?

P: The people took the risk more easily even if they didn't know the band. We sold like 400 copies and we know some people copied it. A friend of ours did the recording, we did the jacket by ourselves, and we sent more than 2000 flyers.

MRR: What were the reactions after your first 7" EP?

P: In the beginning, we didn't got a lot of them. We heard about the one in MRR. Then we got like 15 reviews and they are mostly good. This EP was distributed in the USA, Germany, Belgium, Japan, Australia, England, Spain, Finland and Iceland. More than half in France. Mad Butcher in Germany put out a split LP with us and Jack The Lad from the US. We have 9 tracks on this one. We also have 2 songs on a compilation CD called "Rock In The Streets" out on DSS in Austria. And now a new

can be somethings in common. For the unemployment, it's something that happened to all of us at least once. These moments are hard to live, moments when you have to be united. So we have to talk about it. We don't like work but I think that if everyone had a job, maybe it'd solve a lot of problems.

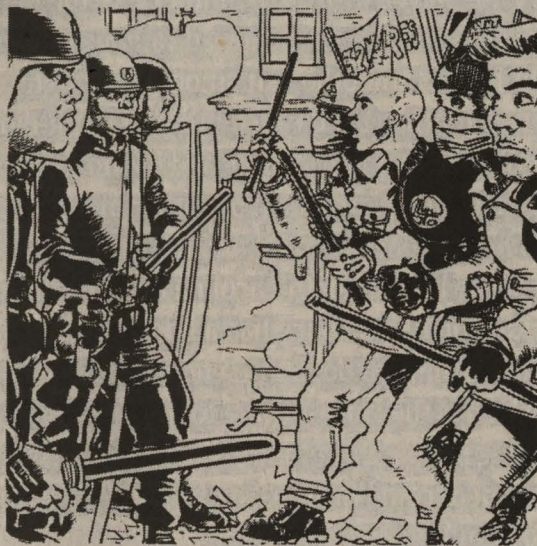
MRR: Do you think that "working class" still means something?

P: It's true that there are less and less workers. On the other hand, there's a social class so called "popular" that is more numerous than in the '70s. Proletarians, the poor... but they are not workers. They can work anywhere for minimum wages. The popular culture from the beginning of the century to the '70s was more intelligent than in the last years. The popular music is disco, funk, techno... everything's rotten now. Before, the popular classes had some singers who represented them.

MRR: "Working class", "Partisans", red jacket... coincidences or do you feel close to communist ideology?

P: No, if ideology means political party. None in the band is a militant. But the idea of being close to the popular classes, the Communist Party has been always there. So we are close to the popular classes but we don't give a shit about the Communist Party.

MRR: It's not what I meant, I meant being close to the communist ideology, not to say libertarian or anarchist...



MRR: Ok, why Nick Qwik, how did you come up with that name?

Butch: We were driving through the Salisbury Country Club one night, and we came upon a prestigious gathering of the rich pricks. We got out and tried to get in but they rudely told us that we weren't invited. We had earlier seen a used car salesman named Nick Quick exclaim "tell 'em Nick Quick sent ya" on his commercial. So we yelled out "Nick Quick sent us", to the filthy pigs. I then proceeded to piss on their lawn. The name just stuck.

MRR: What are your names and what do you do?

Butch: I'm Butch and I play a mean rhythm guitar and scream intense vocal madness.

Bill: My name is Billy. I play bass and do backup vocals. And I beat people.

Daryl: Uh... I guess you already know my fucking name. I play the guitar and backup vox, and act like Billy Joe at shows. I'm also a prep chick magnet. It sucks.

Bryan: They call me Bryan the burly crusader and I play my "kit" as hard as a male stripper with a crisp \$20 on his leg.

MRR: How long and why did you start playing music together?

Bill: Me and Daryl messed around for years until Butch's band, composed of senior hippies and potheads while Butch was still in 9th grade, broke up and they all went to the navy. He played with us, drummerless, for some months until I got arrested for shoplifting and I wasn't allowed to hang out with them.

Butch: Bill thought he was smoothe, not smoothe enough.

Bill: Anyway, I joined another band called I.D.W.S. but it didn't work out. While I was gone, they got Bryan to play drums and I soon joined back after that.

Daryl: We all moved to North Carolina from other places and we found the locals to be a bunch of inbred rednecks so we all kind of bonded from the start.

MRR: What's the scene like in North Carolina and in Salisbury?

Daryl: We're working on it. Salisbury has a good number of punks for its size, but we never have anything to do. So we end up driving forty-five minutes to Winston-Salem, which is the closest thing to a scene that we have. But we have met many interesting people there, and even have made a few friends. One cool band who we befriended from Winston-Salem is "the Prostitutes." They kick ass, even though nobody in Winston likes them.

Butch: We have played a lot of shows at our "home" club, Pablo's, which is in Winston. Salisbury is a hick town in which you have to fight hard against rednecks and jocks to be a punk. We don't usually hang out here so we go elsewhere. Props to Pablo in Chicago, thanks for all the help.

MRR: Is Salisbury like Mayberry?

Bill: Where the hell is Mayberry?

Daryl: Yeah, but the cops are tougher and less intelligent.

Butch: We gave Opie the ol' boot in the mouth last week.

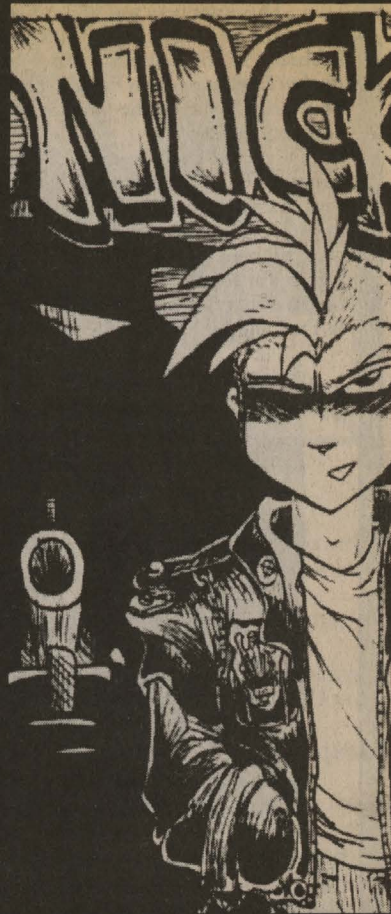
Bryan: He was trying to mack on my mom.

MRR: What is some of the fun stuff that you experienced being in a band?

Butch: I love all of the fine betties that need a piece of me.

Bill: Yeah, mad bitches be sweatin' me.

Bryan: The head-locks and wrestling at practices.





early April sometime.

Bryan: Its called Nick Qwik "Sent Us".

Daryl: We're working on the fundage, which is sort of a problem in our case. We'll get it out though definitely. Its our first priority.

Butch: It will have six raw punk tunes.

MRR: Why did you go with Skanking Skull?

Butch: I sent out a few letters with our demo, and they showed some interest in our band. I saw the ad and the drawing looked cool, and the Dead End Kids kick ass. The phrase "for punks from punks" helped a lot.

Daryl: Yeah...and Generic is cool as fuck.

MRR: Do you plan tours coming up this summer?

Butch: We're thinking about hitting Florida in April or May, and we're taking a trip to Washington D.C., my old home town, in early June.

Bill: Its not all set up yet.

Daryl: My mom wants me to set goals and make something of my self starting this summer...as if.

MRR: Tell me something funny that happened at one of your practices or shows?

Butch: At our show last week we met a guy who had just gotten out of prison camp, and told us he wanted us to go with him to beat down some rednecks. We asked him who and he told us that he had a lead on two rednecks who broke Jello Biafras legs two years ago in Charlotte N.C.

Daryl: He tried to get me to go with him... I should of. He kept saying that "somebody had to find those rednecks who broke Jello's legs and kick their fucking asses." I felt a lot of respect towards that guy. Although I do think he was insane.

MRR: What do you see yourselves doing three years from now?

ALL: We'll be rockstars.

(all laugh)

MRR: What is the most embarrassing experience you can remember?

We, as a band, have not had the pleasure of being embarrassed yet. So, here is a very embarrassing moment from Teen Beat. My friends and I were having a sleep over. Three of us slept side by side. When I woke up the next morning everyone was laughing really hard. It turns out that my friend lying next to me woke up to find my hand on her sweet boob! She freaked. Suddenly we were all dangling naked from some kind of torturing apparatus that she had assembled in her basement. Who knew? She began to beat us senseless and we begged for mercy. She was dressed in a black studded leather teddy. She placed nipple clamps on all of us, and then she made us lick her shoes. She then gave us all sedatives and told us to forget the whole thing. It was so embarrassing I simply wanted to die.

MRR: Briefly, and individually talk about something of interest to you.

Butch: The band is my biggest interest. I play guitar in the school jazz band. I like running my mouth to rednecks and starting fights. I don't drink or do drugs so my life is pretty boring.

Bryan: I enjoy being whipped and spanked by sexual nymphs and vixens.

Bill: I like to dress up in women's clothing, spank and whip Bryan.

Daryl: Sometimes I try to masturbate with my left hand.

RECLUSIVES



THE RECLUSIVES ARE AN ACE PUNK ROCK BAND FROM AUSTIN, TX. FAST, LOUD AND SNOTTY, THESE GUYS PLAY TO CONSISTENTLY DRUNK, ROWDY, AND BLATANTLY ENTHUSIASTIC FANS. MADE UP OF, AMONG OTHERS, AN EX-GARGOYLE AND AN EX-CRYIN' OUT LOUDS, THESE FELLAS WERE INTERVIEWED OVER DRINKS EARLY ONE IN THE PATIO AREA OF EMO'S. INTERVIEW BY LALI DONOVAN.

MRR: I GUESS LET'S START WITH THE MOST BASIC QUESTION, WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT DO YOU DO?

TIM STORM: WE PLAY RNR MAN. WE'RE A BUNCH OF OLD GUYS A BUNCH OF YOUNG GUYS. I'M THE PROFESSIONAL TRAINED VOCALIST.

86: I'M 86 AND I PLAY THE ROLL DRUMS.

KEN: I PLAY THE GUITAR.

DEAN: I PLAY GUITAR AND I AM THE YOUTH OF THE BAND. I AM THE FUTURE.

VIC: I PLAY THE BASS, AND I AM A PROFESSIONAL DRINKER.

86: ALTHOUGH HE ALMOST FAILED BECAUSE HE DRINKS WINE COOLERS....

MRR: SO HOW LONG HAVE THE RECLUSIVES BEEN TOGETHER?

86: TWO YEARS?

TIM: ONE YEAR WITH A DRUMMER.

DEAN: YEAH WE STARTED OUT WITH JUST GUITAR, BASS AND VOCALS.

TIM: WE COULDN'T GET ANYONE TO DRUM FOR US. SO FINALLY WE KIDNAPPED 86'S MOTHER AND HELD HER TIL HE AGREED TO PLAY DRUMS FOR US. IN FACT, WE STILL HAVE HER IF ANYONE WANTS HER.

86: YEAH THE CASHIER'S CHECK CASHED, BUT I STILL HAVEN'T GOTTEN MY MOM BACK.

MRR: WHAT OTHER BANDS HAVE YOU ALL BEEN IN BEFORE THIS - I KNOW WITH AT LEAST TWO OF YOU, BUT...

VIC: I PLAYED IN A BAND IN DALLAS FOR ABOUT A YEAR AND A...

TIM: BUT NOBODY WANTS TO HEAR ABOUT THAT... AND I, WAS IN THE ROLLING STONES...

DEAN: I WAS IN SOME MAKESHIFT BANDS.

86: THE MOST INFAMOUS BAND I WAS IN WAS THE UNLIKED, WHO OPENED UP FOR GG ALLIN AND SLOPPY SECONDS, I WAS ALSO IN CRYIN' OUT LOUDS AND THEN THE CHUMPS.

TIM: ...EX-GARGOYLES SCREAMER... YOU MIGHT HAVE READ ABOUT ME IN SUCH MAGAZINES AS FLIPSIDE?

MRR: NO, NO I HAVEN'T.

TIM: I SUGGEST YOU KIDS GET OUT TO THE STORE AND BUY MORE FLIPSIDES...

MRR: TIM, YOU JUST GAVE ME THE NEW SINGLE ON EMPTY, SO WHAT ELSE BESIDES THAT HAVE GOT OUT, AND WHAT'S COMING OUT?

TIM: THE FIRST FOUR SONG SINGLE IS ON TURKEY BASTER, THE SECOND FOUR SONG 7 IS ON EMPTY. THEN THERE'S A TWO SONG SPLIT WITH SILLIES FROM DENTON.

86: AND THEN ON LITTLE DEPUTY A COMP HAS A TRACK FROM US, THE CRYIN' OUT LOUDS, MOTARDS, AND WORM DIRT. BUT THAT'S ALREADY OUT.

TIM: AND WE'VE GOT TWO COMPS COMING OUT - AND WE'RE BEGINNING WORK ON OUR LP.

MRR: FOR WHOM?

TIM: WE HAVEN'T DECIDED YET. I HEARD LOOKOUT'S PRETTY GOOD.

VIC: GEFEN'S GIVEN US A GOOD OFFER.

86: AND I HEAR SONY'S INTERESTED IN US...

TIM: I SAY GO MAJOR LABEL KIDS. MAJOR LABELS HAVE ALWAYS WORKED FOR AND BEEN GOOD FOR ME. THE SEX PISTOLS WERE ON A MAJOR LABEL. THE CLASH WERE ON A MAJOR LABEL. I SAY GO MAJOR LABEL, I MEAN WHO ARE YOU BUYING YOUR STEREO EQUIPMENT FROM, THAT YOU'RE PLAYING YOUR INDIE RECORDS ON? HUH? YOU'RE BUYING IT FROM THE MAN.

MRR: MOVING ON... WHAT WAS THE BASIC IMPETUS BEHIND THE RECLUSIVES BEGINNING? WAS IT SOCIAL?

VIC: NO, ME AND TIM MET DOWN IN SAN ANTONIO THROUGH MIKE.

TIM: AND THEN HE KEPT CALLING ME AND FOLLOWING ME AROUND.

VIC: THEN DEAN STARTED PLAYING WITH US AND WE KEPT GOING THROUGH A COUPLE OF LEAD GUITAR HOPEFULS, NONE OF WHOM WORKED OUT.

TIM: INCLUDING JERRY OF THE BULLIMICS, WHO HAD A MEMORABLE AUDITION IN WHICH HE BECAME SO INCREDIBLY DRUNK AND OBNOXIOUS HE STOOD IN THE KITCHEN PLAYING EVERY DWARVES SONG WHICH HAD EVER BEEN RECORDED. THEN SOME GUY CAME OVER THAT HE KNEW AND HE TRIED TO START A FIGHT WITH THIS GUY WHO WAS 10X HIS SIZE. FINALLY, I GOT HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE AND AS I WAS DRIVING HIM HOME, HE STARTS HITTING THIS GIRL. I THREW HIM OUT OF MY TRUCK ALONG THE SIDE OF THE INTERSTATE. HE STOLE A BIKE AND THEN PEDDLED HIS WAY BACK. FELL ASLEEP THAT NIGHT IN THE YARD. SAME NIGHT HE REAR ENDED MY TRUCK WITH HIS CAR. NEEDLESS TO SAY, JERRY DIDN'T

PASS HIS AUDITION.

MRR: HAVE YOU GUYS TOURED PROPERLY YET?

TIM: YES, IN FACT, WE RECENTLY DID AN EXTENSIVE TOUR OF AUSTIN, HOUSTON, AND THE GREATER NEW ORLEANS AREA.

86: ALL DONE IN A REMARKABLE THREE DAYS.

VIC: WITH THE MOTARDS. IT WAS A DRUNK PUNK TOUR IN '97.

TIM: I THINK WE MAY HOLD THE PUNK ROCK RECORD FOR THE BIGGEST WORLD TOUR IN THE FEWEST NUMBER OF DAYS. WHO WANTS TO PLAY TO A BUNCH OF PEOPLE OUTSIDE OF AUSTIN, TX? WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE? WHAT DO THEY WANT? THEY THINK WE'RE GONNA LOAD UP OUR EQUIPMENT AND SPEND OUR TIME AND OUR MONEY PLAYING TO A BUNCH OF NOBODIES OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR...

86: YOU'RE FUCKIN' CRAZY...

TIM: I DON'T WANT TO SAY 'FUCK', BUT NOW I WANT TO SAY 'FUCK'. FUCK, IT'S FUCKIN' CRAZY. I'M SORRY.

MRR: SO WOULD THAT BE A NO?

KEN: (WHO UP UNTIL THIS POINT HAS SAID NOTHING, JUST SMILED AND NODDED PLEASANTLY THROUGHOUT.) NO.

MRR: ARE YOU PART OF WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THAT MIND SET OF PEOPLE IN TEXAS AND HOW THEY'RE VERY, VERY ADAMANT ABOUT BEING TEXANS?

VIC: I'M THE ONLY NATIVE FUCKIN' TEXAN IN THIS BAND.

86: I'M PROUD TO NOT TO BE BORN IN THIS HICK ASS STATE.

TIM: LET ME TELL THESE KIDS SOMETHING ABOUT TX. THESE PEOPLE MUST BE BRAIN-WASHED FROM DAY ONE. THEY THESE IDIOTS THINK THEIR STATE IS THE GREATEST THING WHICH SHIT OUT OF GOD'S ASS. OH TEXAS, TEXAS, TEXAS, OH THEY HATE THE MAN, UNLESS THE MAN'S A TEXAN. THEN THEY LOVE THE MAN.

86: I'M PROUD TO LIVE IN TEXAS AND THAT'S THE TRUTH.

VIC: JUST DON'T FUCK WITH US...

MRR: YEAH BUT WHY ARE PEOPLE SO 'I'M FROM FUCKIN' TEXAS AND PROUD OF IT'?

86: COS NO OTHER STATE'S LIKE IT.

VIC: YOU WILL NOT GO ANYWHERE ELSE IN AMERICA WHERE SOMEONE WILL SAY "GOD DAMN I'M SO HAPPY TO BE FROM OHIO" THEY WON'T SAY "OHIO KICKS ASS."

86: THERE'S EVERYTHING HERE. THERE'S VARIETY, IT TAKES A SPECIAL BREED TO LIVE IN TEXAS. SO WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT TEXAS, YOU LIVE HERE

NOW.

MRR: I LIKE IT, I'M NOT PROUD TO LIVE HERE AND PEOPLE ARE TOO TALL IN TEXAS, BUT OTHER THAN THAT... SO WHAT LOCAL BANDS DO YOU ALL CONSIDER TO BE KINDRED SOULS?

VIC: THE MOTARDS FIRST AND FOREMOST. THE BULIMICS.

86: FUCK THOSE GUYS.

DEAN: FUCK THE BULIMICS... THE CHUMPS!

86: IF YOU EVER GO THROUGH HOUSTON TRY TO PLAY WITH TEEN COOL.

TIM: TEEN COOL ARE A BUNCH OF LITERALLY HIGH SCHOOL KIDS, COMPLETELY OUT OF THEIR MINDS WHO HAVE GREAT MUSICAL TASTE.

86: JUST DON'T TRY TO MAKE PLANS WITH THEM ON SATURDAY MORNING COS CHANCES ARE THEY'LL HAVE SATURDAY D-HALL. THEY WERE GOING TO JOIN THE LAST TWO DATES OF THE RECLUSIVES WORLD TOUR, BUT THEY HAD TO CANCEL OUT BECAUSE THEY HAD SATURDAY D-HALL.

DEAN: WE WERE GOING TO BREAK THEM OUT...

TIM: THERE ARE SO MANY GREAT BANDS; THERE ARE PROBABLY MORE GREAT BANDS HERE PER CAPITA THAN ANYWHERE ELSE.

86: SO IF YOU SHITHEADS WANNA MOVER HERE, WE NEED MORE CARS...

TIM: NO, WE DON'T NEED A BUNCH OF PEOPLE MOVING HERE FROM CALIFORNIA.

MRR: NOW THAT'S THE POT CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK, TIM...

(TALK GOES TO AMONG OTHER

THINGS THE VAST MUSICAL SEEN AUSTIN HAS INCLUDING NON-PUNK STUFF OF BLUES AND CW)

MRR: SO IS IT EASY FOR A BAND TO EXIST IN AUSTIN?

TIM: EXTREMELY EASY. EASIEST PLACE I'VE EVER SEEN, YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO A DAMN THING.

VIC: IT SEEMS LIKE FOR THE MOST PART, PEOPLE ARE REALLY HELPFUL WHEN YOU'RE STARTING OUT IF YOU'RE WORTH A SHIT. WHAT BLEW ME AWAY WAS WHEN WE FIRST STARTED PLAYING AS AN OPENING BAND, THERE WAS PEOPLE THERE TO SEE US, NOT STAND IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM LIKE A BUNCH OF ASSHOLES WAITING FOR ONE PERSON TO GIVE IT THE VOTE OF COOLNESS.

86: WELL, THERE IS A REASON THAT PEOPLE STAND IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM...

DEAN: BECAUSE IT'S SO FUCKING LOUD...

86: NO, BECAUSE THEY SUCK...

TIM: PEOPLE STAND IN THE FRONT WHEN WE PLAY, BECAUSE WE'RE GOOOOOD. THAT'S G-O-O-D. GOOD.

DEAN: AND WE'RE CUTE.

TIM: WE'RE THE BEST LOOKING BAND IN AUSTIN, THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT IT.

86: MY MOM LIKES US. SHE SAID THAT SHE THOUGHT WE WERE "REALLY GOOD", AND THAT'S HER EXACT QUOTE.

TIM: BUT DOES SHE THINK WE'RE ATTRACTIVE? COS I THINK WE'RE PROBABLY THE MOST ATTRACTIVE BAND IN AUSTIN. DID I MENTION WE'RE REALLY GOOD LOOKING?

MRR: YES, A FEW TIMES.

TOM: WHO DO YOU THINK IS THE BEST LOOKING IN THE BAND?

MRR: UHHHHH - (SOMEONE ASKS IF IT'S THE SILENT KEN TO WHICH I HASTILY AGREE AS TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT IN GENERAL...TALK TURNS TO AUSTIN, TX TURF WARS...)

DEAN: IT REALLY DEPENDS WHAT PART OF AUSTIN YOU'RE FROM.

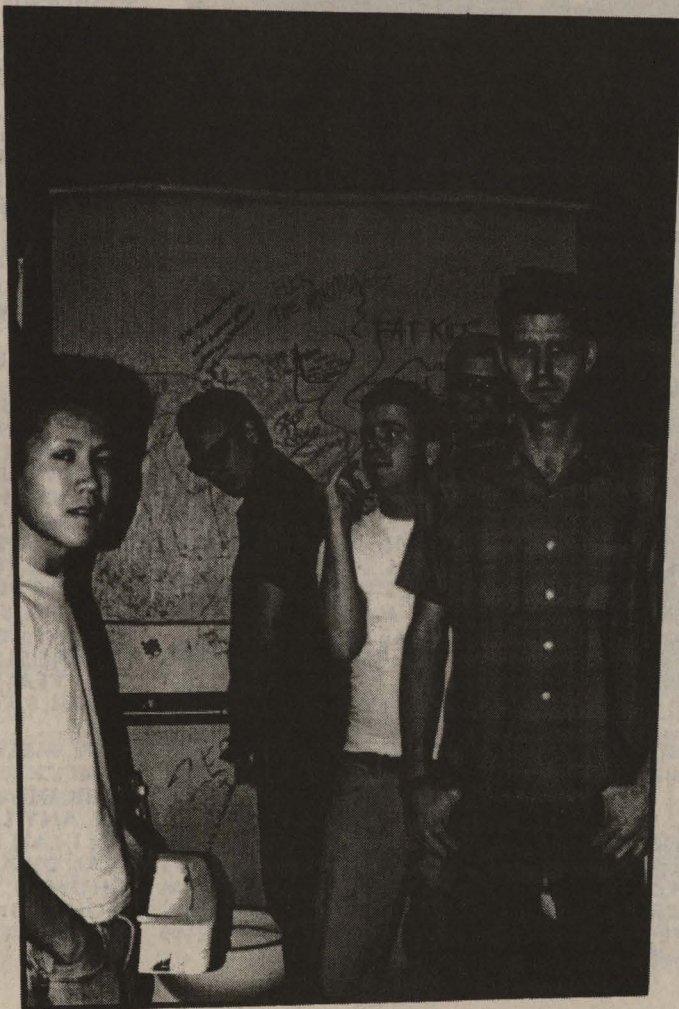
TIM: TRUE, WE DON'T LIKE PEOPLE FROM SOUTH AUSTIN.

DEAN: WE DON'T HANG OUT WITH PEOPLE IN SOUTH AUSTIN. YOU LIVE IN HYDE PARK YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.

TIM: DON'T SAY WE'RE FROM AUSTIN, TX, SAY WE'RE FROM HYDE PARK, TX. WHAT WAS THE QUESTION ORIGINALLY?

MRR: THE POINT I WAS GETTING AT, IS THAT IT SEEMS LIKE PEOPLE WILL GO OUT OF THEIR WAY TO SEE THEIR FRIENDS BANDS AND WHAT NOT...

TIM: IT'S TRUE, I MEAN MOST PLACES YOU GO, THE OPENING BAND NO ONE WILL SEE - HERE THAT'S NOT TRUE AT ALL. IT'S ACTUALLY CRUCIAL HERE AS PART OF THE AUSTIN THING, THAT FRIENDS - YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO YOUR FRIEND'S SHOWS, YOU WANT TO. I LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING THE CHUMPS, MOTARDS, YOU KNOW THESE BANDS I WANT TO GO TO THEIR SHOWS, THEY COME TO OUR SHOWS. IT'S NOT BECAUSE WE HAVE TO, IT'S BE-



CAUSE WE WANT TO.
 86: BUT MOST EVERYBODY IN TOWN APPRECIATES WHAT WE HAVE, WHICH IS ONE OF THE BETTER SCENES AROUND. PEOPLE HERE AREN'T TAKING THE BANDS FOR GRANTED, THEY'LL GO OUT AND SEE THEM.
 TIM: THERE ARE BANDS THAT PEOPLE WON'T GO OUT AND SEE, BUT THOSE BANDS..
 86: THE COUGH COUGH SPUTTER..... (-SOMEBODY OR OTHERS)
 MRR: I'M SORRY, WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?
 86: I MAY BE ONE OF THE ONLY PEOPLE IN TOWN WHO'S SAT THROUGH A WHOLE (UNNAMED BAND) SET.
 TIM: THE REASON PEOPLE DON'T GO SEE TALLBOY IS BECAUSE TALLBOY DOESN'T GO SEE ANYONE ELSE.
 MRR: AM I SUPPOSED TO EDIT OUT (UNNAMED BAND)?
 TIM: DELETE IT.... YOU'VE RUN OUT OF

YOU ARE DRIVING, WHO MAKES THAT NEWSPAPER THAT YOU JUST READ? WHO MAKES THE TV AND THE PROGRAMS YOU LIKE.
 86: BUT LOOK, CONVERSE ALL-STAR'S ARE INDEPENDENT.
 TIM: IT'S ONE THING TO BITCH ABOUT THE MAN, BUT BITCH ABOUT THE MAN WHILE YOU'RE USING THE MAN...WHO THE HELL ARE YOU USING TO MAIL OUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO? THE MAN IS MAILING YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS. THE US POST OFFICE...
 86: IT DOESN'T GET MORE MANLY THAN THAT.
 TIM: THAT'S RIGHT, DOWN WITH THE MAN, WE'RE FIGHTING AGAINST THE MAN. WHAT WE'VE DONE IS THROWN AWAY ALL OF THE MAN'S EVIL TOOLS, ALL THE DEVIL'S TOOLS. SO I SAY CAST OFF THE DEVIL'S TOOLS AND BE LIKE US, BE PURE. WE'RE PURE IN AUSTIN, TX.



QUESTIONS, HAVEN'T YOU?
 MRR: NOOOO, I'M THINKING OF SOME. I WAS JUST HOPING YOU GUYS WOULD BE MORE...
 TIM: WE CAN GO ON SOME MORE POLITICAL RANTS...
 MRR: OH GOOD LORD... WE'LL GET TO ANECDOTES. WHAT ARE LONG TERM PLANS?
 DEAN: LONG TERM PLANS?
 TIM: ARE YOU KIDDING? WE CAN'T THINK PAST NEXT WEEK.
 VIC: WE WANT LIVER TRANSPLANTS
 86: I JUST WANT TO GET A FULL LENGTH OUT THAT REALLY REPRESENTS US.
 DEAN: MAYBE TOURING FOR TWO WEEKS IF TIM'S GOT VACATION TIME FROM WORK.
 TIM: NOPE.
 86: MIGHT HELP IF WE GET A DIFFERENT SINGER TO DO IT. I WOULD LIKE TO TOUR.
 TIM: I DON'T WANT TO TOUR. I WOULD LIKE TO REMIND EVERYONE OUT THERE IN MRR LAND, TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE THINGS YOU ARE USING IN YOUR LIFE: WHO MAKES YOUR TELEPHONE, WHO MAKES YOUR STEREO, WHO MAKES THAT CAR THAT

DEAN: WE HAVE SPRINGS...
 TIM: WE RIDE HORSES, THE MAN'S HORSES, BUT THEY'RE HORSES.... THIS IS THE WILD WEST THO' THE KIDS GET KINDA ROWDY AROUND HERE AFTER A FEW BEERS THEY TRY TO RUN YOU OVER IN THEIR CARS...
 MRR: (INTER interrupting THIS OTHERWISE FASCINATING RAMBLE) PEOPLE CAN'T DRIVE WORTH SHIT HERE, IT'S AMAZING. I'VE NEVER SEEN PEOPLE SO DISCOURTEOUS TO BIKE RIDERS AND PEDESTRIANS...
 TIM: WHO MAKES THE BIKES THAT YOU RIDE? THE MAN MADE THAT BIKE - IF YOU STOLE THAT BIKE FROM THE MAN, NOW THAT WOULD BE OKAY...
 MRR: (AGAIN TRYING TO GET A WORD IN EDGEWISE) WOULD YOU PLEASE DEFINE THE MAN?
 TIM: OH NO, HE'LL COME LOOKING FOR ME... I THINK TIM YOHANNAN IS THE MAN. I STOLE HIS TV... I WOULD LIKE TO THANK BRUCE ROEHR'S FOR NOT WRITING A DAMN WORD ABOUT THE RECLUSIVES IN HIS COLUMN. I'M GONNA GET YOU, YOU BASTARD...
 MRR: SO WHAT SORT OF REVIEWS HAVE YOU GOTTEN IN FLIPSIDE?

86: WELL THE FIRST FOUR...THE FIFTH ONE WASN'T AS GOOD AS THE FIRST ONE...
 TIM: I THINK MRR NEEDS TO TAKE A LESSON FROM FLIPSIDE ? MORE NAKED GIRLS AND MORE REVIEWS OF THE SAME RECORD. FLIPSIDE HAS GIVEN A GOOD REVIEW TO OUR FIRST RECORD FIVE TIMES SO FAR.
 VIC: WE'LL PROBABLY GET OUR ASSES DRAGGED THROUGH THE MUD NOW THROUGH MRR.
 TIM: IT'S EXACTLY THE SAME, IF YOU LOVED THE FIRST ONE, YOU'LL LOVE THE SECOND ONE. WE'RE THINKING ABOUT BRANCHING OUT AND ADDING A THIRD PART TO ONE OF OUR SONGS ON THE UPCOMING ALBUM IF IT'S NOT TOO HARD.
 86: THERE'S A LESSON TO BE LEARNED FROM U2'S NEW ALBUM, IT'S CALLED "POP". TECHNO'S THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE.
 TIM: NO PUSSY POP, SISSY BOY, DAMN POPPUNK, GODDAMN SON OF A BITCHIN' WIMPS HERE, I CAN TELL YOU THAT. EXCEPT FOR KEN...
 KEN: WHAT'S WRONG WITH POP? I LIKE POP.
 DEAN: OOOH HE SAID SOMETHING...
 TIM: THE PROBLEM IS; Y'KNOW THE RAMONES WERE THE RAMONES BECAUSE THEY CAME ALONG 1976, THIS ISN'T 1976, IT DOESN'T DO ANY GOOD TO TRY TO BE THE RAMONES IN 1997. YOU SHOULD TRY TO BE THE DEAD BOYS OR THE NY DOLLS, THAT'S MUCH BETTER, THANK YOU. THESE KIDS DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING, THAT'S THE PROBLEM. YOU KIDS LIKE RANCID.
 MRR: DON'T LUMP ME IN HERE, SIR...
 TIM: I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT YOU, I'M TALKING TO THE KIDS AT MRR, I'M TALKING DIRECTLY TO THE PEOPLE. THIS IS MY WAY OF CIRCUMVENTING THE MAN... I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY OF THIS HIP HOP BULLSHIT. YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT I HATE, I HATE FACIAL PIERCINGS, GET THAT CRAP OUT OF YOUR NOSE. YOU LOOK RIDICULOUS WITH YOUR BIG, STINKY ASS PANTS, YOUR RIDICULOUS HAIRDOS AND YOUR GOD DAMN TWO THOUSAND TATTOOS. WHAT'S WRONG WITH ONE OR TWO TASTEFUL TATTOOS, YOU GOTTA HAVE TWENTY? I'D LIKE TO SAY THREE OUT OF THE FIVE MEMBERS OF THE BAND HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO TATTOOS AT ALL. AND ANYBODY WHO'S STRAIGHT EDGE, WHAT ASS WIPES! FUCK YOU!!!
 VIC: YEAH, YOU MOTHERFUCKERS ARE NAZIS WHO DON'T DRINK...
 TIM: YEAH GO GET LAID. SHEESH. AND THERE'S TOO MANY DAMN HIPPIES IN THIS PUNK ROCK THING. I DON'T WANNA SEE YOU HIPPIES AT OUR SHOWS, GO MELLOW OUT SOMEWHERE ELSE.
 VIC: YEAH, EAT A FUCKIN' PIECE OF STEAK, SMOKE A CIGARETTE, DRINK A BEER...
 TIM: MELLOW OUT ON YOUR OWN TIME...
 MRR: OKAY, SO TO TRY TO WRAP THIS UP, ANY LAST IMPARTING WISDOM?
 86: I CAN HANDLE THIS ONE: A WISE, MAN DWAYNE, WHO PLAYS WITH THE CHUMPS, AS I WAS LEAVING THE HOUSE, ONCE SAID: "PARTY DOWN AT THE PARTY." WHAT MORE CAN YOU SAY?

THE SPACESHITS

The Spaceshits - Rock N Roll's Abortion

The Spaceshits were interviewed on May 28th, 1997 in Kahnawake, Quebec (a notoriously brutal mecca of hatred). Watch for 'em on tour this summer - they have to be seen live. They are a swirling mass of juvenile Rock n' Roll energy. The new album is called "Winter Dance Party." These young fuckers are definitely one of the best. The current line up is Blacksnake, Casino (aka Skid Marks), Oily Chi (Chi Chi), and Krebs (Creepy, Needles). Also present for the interview are Donny (ex-guitarist), and friends Jenna, Jason, and Cindy. Interview by Adam Leborgne.

MRR: So, your first single was on Rat City? How did that happen?

B: We taped a thing in Oily Chi's basement, and sent it out, and Mike and Tracy liked it... It's hard to find.

K: There's a Secret tape, too.

C: "Beer Fueled Mayhem."

K: We don't even have it anymore.

MRR: How many Rat City singles were pressed? I heard they went under shortly after your single came out-

B: There were 500 pressed.

MRR: You guys went down to New York City to record your album with Mike Mariconda. What was that like?

B: Well, it was a lot of fun. We got to hang around with a lot of people we didn't expect. Candy Del Mar was Creepy's missing sibling.

MRR: Are you excited with "Winter Dance Party," Oily?

O: I don't think it was ideal, but... whatever.

C: It documents some fun times we had in New York.

K: It's not the right sound. I want it to sound live. We recorded it live, but it sounds like a fuckin' laser. No soul was captured.

MRR: What is the ideal sound? Like early stuff..?

K: We're trying to find it.

B: Greg Lowry might try this fall. So, Adam, they say you like 13 year-old girls.

MRR: Well, y'know, I don't like *them*, they like *me*. (laughter). Blacksnake, I don't understand. You're against lasers and rock-starisms, but you think you're like, Slash Jr. Is it about music, or is about pussy?

B: It's about a box of music, and a cup of pussy! (laughter).

MRR: Blacksnake, you're a fuckin' asshole.

B: Okay, my behavior with girls is questionable sometimes. But it always works out in the end.

J: You always come out on top! (laughter)

MRR: When you guys play a show, do you prefer to see, like, Jockos slamming or whatever, or do you like to see people dancing?

K: Dancing.

B: Girls. Casino prematurely ejaculated one night after this girl in a short summer dress started shimmying.

MRR: Really? Casino told me that was a urine erection. And why do they call you Casino?

C: We went gambling. Me, the Snake, and Hugh Probyn. I went in with \$50. Well, we were supposed to buy a van to go on tour last summer. I played roulette and won \$800.

MRR: Lemme guess, you lost it all?

B: Skid was enraged. He attacked me. All my chips flew into the air. He was crazy. The whole casino went quiet. He started shaking me. "Give me my \$50!" I had to slap him a couple of times.

MRR: I heard one story about Casino trying to put together a "press kit." What happened?

B: Well, we had to do this thing, and Casino shows up at Needles' house bright and early, totally stoned, ready to help. He shows up with four loose leaf papers, a National Lampoon, and a puffy sticker.

MRR: Oily, when the band plays live, each member has their own persona image. You have this image going of, like, a 50's kinda kid; a greaser, y'know, you comb your hair in between songs, and carry a switchblade... and hang out at the malt shop. Are you heavily influenced by late 50's culture?

O: I don't want to talk about that kind of stuff, man.

MRR: Who does the majority of the song writing? Music writing?

C: Me.

B: Krebs and Oily Chi come up with most of the songs.

K: There are no lyrics.

MRR: When Casino tried to write a song, what happened?

B: Well, basically, Casino writes a song, we learn it, he's all happy about it... We're all chilling out at a BBQ and we put on a tape, a compilation tape, and Casino's song starts playing. We went, "hey, wait a minute. That's our song..." And then we realize that Casino was lying. But me and Casino write all the bass lines.

C: I write all the bass lines.

B: Fuck you.

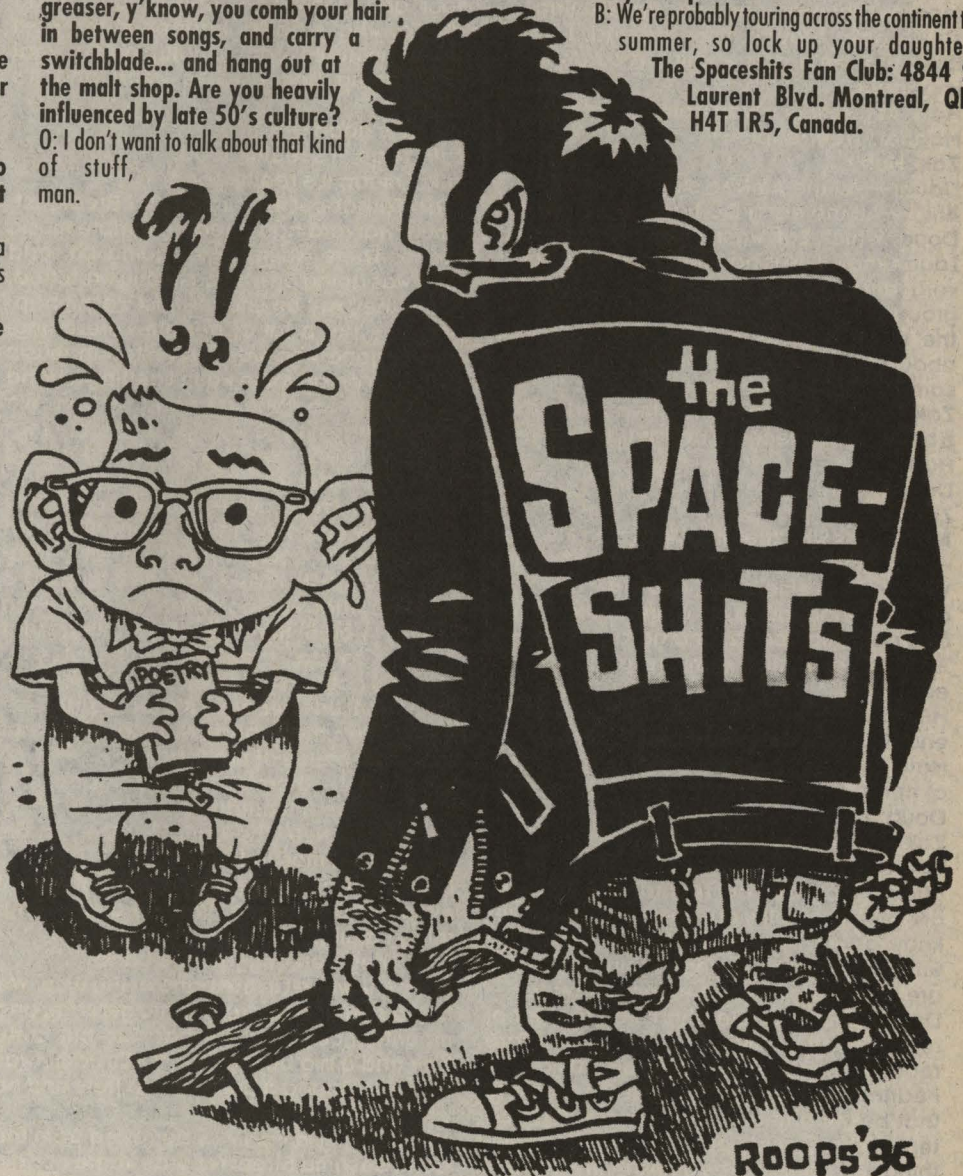
K: Seriously, Blacksnake, what do you do?

C: He takes his pants off at shows, he acts like an asshole...

MRR: Any tour plans?

B: We're probably touring across the continent this summer, so lock up your daughters!

The Spaceshits Fan Club: 4844 St. Laurent Blvd. Montreal, Qbc, H4T 1R5, Canada.



Interview conducted by Morgan F.P. Andrews at F.D.H.Q. in Somerville Mass. Photography courtesy of Andrew M.K. Warren (except where otherwise noted). Artwork by Ron Regé and P. Shaw!

MRR: What brought you all together?

Arik: The radio station.

Matt: The Record Hospital.

Doug: Easily WHRB. The fact that we're all in Massachusetts is cuz we all went to college together. The reason we all got to know each other and like each other and be in bands together is Record Hospital.

Matt: Me, Zak and Doug trained at the same time. The first thing the three of us did the minute we arrived at school was to go to the radio station and say, "How do I get a show?" We trained for three months. Arik became involved with the radio station a year later.

MRR: How did that interaction as DJs carry over into becoming a band?

Doug: There's a Record Hospital aesthetic thing. There's a cohesive number of records that everyone ends up listening to, so we have that common ground. I don't think that we'd agree which records were important.

Matt: At the time it was Halo of Flies, Bitch Magnet, Treepeople—

Zak: Huh?

Doug: —All the AmRep stuff. Cows—

Arik: —All the early DC hardcore stuff—

Doug: Which Zak wasn't really into at first. I don't know if he is now actually. We all had very different musical tastes and backgrounds and being stuck having to listen to the same records means having to talk about them. We've all heard a lot of the same music whether we like or not.

Zak: I think we kind of tried to put together a band out of pieces of bands that we liked.

Matt: Yeah.

Doug: Yeah.

Zak: Yeah.

Arik: That's why the punk kids don't like us — were not any specific punk category. We're not an emo band, or a crust band, or an old-school band, or a grindcore band, or a pop-punk band, or a garage band—

Zak (sarcastically): —We're a little bit of each.

MRR: Does that make for a diverse audience? Or does it create a new audience.

Matt: The people who like Fat Day are sort of nerdy, geeky folks a lot of the time.

Doug: They're just outsiders.

Zak: Those are the people who actually bother to tell us that they like us. Enough other people buy our records so that there are plenty of folks out there that we never know about. How many bands have you written a letter to saying, "I think you guys are really cool"? Maybe once or twice.

Doug: I think people who listen to a lot of records end up liking us — folks who are really into different kinds of music and hearing something different and having that be important to their record, their listening. I think that Fat Day is usually something that sticks out as being in the world of

punk but not sounding like most of the punk bands that are out there.

MRR: That being said, is Fat Day something created by people with experienced ears for people with experienced ears?

Zak: I hope not.

Matt: I know it's not, because it's the nerdy little teenager kids who are really really excited about us, and when we play in, say, Bumfuck, Illinois, those are the kids who are most enthusiastic about us — kids who don't know shit about music.

Arik: They think, "Bands never come play

songs are credited to "THE ANYTHING FAMILY" or "THE ANYTHING PEOPLE", but where did the name "FAT DAY" come from?

Zak: It was basically from a Betty Please lyric. I don't know why it stuck in our heads.

Arik: None of us like it.

Zak: Nobody likes it. We're just stuck with it.

Matt: I'm real embarrassed whenever somebody asks me what my band is called. Especially if it's someone older.

Doug: The one good side of it is that it's a wretched name and one which no one likes and therefore has a very hard time having

anything attached to it. This allows people to say, "Oh. What kind of fuckin' band is Fat Day?" It allows that sort of space, which is nice. It's never the kind of name that could be a cool name. It's a wretched name.

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for us because we live in small towns. We know there're those cool punk bands out there. Here's Fat Day — they must be one of those bands! And they're great!"

Doug: Kids who check their attitude at the door and don't have any preconceived idea of what's got to happen in the next fifteen minutes can usually enjoy what we're doing because it's weird and it's good.

Arik: It is good.

Zak: Yeah. It's really good.

Arik: I mean it's really good.

MRR: Talk about the birth of 100% Breakfast.

Doug: Harvard had a really horrible music scene. There wasn't a lot going on, and what was going on was basically wretched. When they put on shows it just wasn't happening — not a lot of people were going, and anyone who was interested in music for better or for worse wasn't getting a band together or keeping a band together. We figured that maybe if we gave people reasons to keep their bands together and have some records lying around, you know — put something out — people would feel like there was something happening that they could become a part of. That's when 100% Breakfast started. We tried to bring a focus to what was going on, so that when people would think of other things that wanted to do, they wouldn't just say, "There's nothing going on here. I'll just get away from this because it's too scattered." And I think that bands did stay together longer because of the label.

Zak: And now there's a thriving music scene and we take full credit.

MRR: What were the early Fat Day shows like? Was it mostly Harvard kids?

Doug: Yeah. At the early shows it wasn't even Fat Day at the time, it was the Anything Family.

Arik: They were my favorite band.

Matt: Arik wasn't in the band at the time. We had a guy who was really into geology and mountain-climbing. He had big big curly hair and a big bushy beard. His name was Kurt. He played a bass with no frets and no pick.

MRR: "ANYTHING FAMILY" is borrowed from the early Sesame Street records where certain

Zak: If it were going to identify us as what style of band we were, it'd probably be "pop-punk" and that's the one thing we're not. I would never buy a record by a band called Fat Day unless I'd heard something first.

Matt: Me neither.

MRR: You mentioned that you had initially aspired to play venues like the Middle East. Most of the hardcore shows happening in Boston are at the clubs — the Rat, Middle East, or even on Landsdowne Street, but the majority of your in-town gigs are at either the Harvest Coop or your own basement.

Matt: We've been co-opted into the vegan market. I was talking to Tom from Showcase Showdown. He said, "The kids, they're not down with Fat Day. You guys pigeon-holed yourselves into the vegan market. So none of the Toxic Narcotic kids are ever gonna go see Fat Day."

Doug: They'd hate us anyway. Every time we've ever played the Middle East Downstairs when they've had an opportunity to come, they seriously run for the door. Which is a good thing. If people aren't ready for it, they shouldn't stand around and persevere. They should just get out. On the other side of it, I don't think it would be better to be playing huge fucking arena shows to kids with mohawks because they evidently don't care. We've played enough times and had enough bad experiences to know that it's not about us pigeonholing ourselves.

Matt: Most of the vegan kids are really nice and friendly and open-minded — they like lots of different kinds of bands. And they really like Fat Day.

Doug: Also, things have changed excessively in the last five years in Boston, and probably around the country. When we started Fat Day, to get a show in Boston at an all-ages space that was only charging \$5 was impossible. That did not exist. And now when good hardcore/punk bands come to town, they don't play the Middle East. They're gonna play the Coop, or they're gonna play our basement.

Zak: That's the big favor that emo has done for us I think.

MRR: Why do you suppose that these DIY shows are more characteristic of "emo" bands rather than other subsets of the hardcore scene?

Zak: It requires a political idea: that it matters how you get your music as well as what the music is, not that there aren't lots of bands besides those who play these newer styles of punk (or "emo" for lack of a better word) who aren't meticulous about being DIY. A lot of it, too, is that we've changed our ideas of what sort of band we are. When we started out, we didn't proclaim, "We're a hardcore band", we were more like, "We're a weird noise band, and we play the Middle East because that's where the weird noise bands play. The punk kids aren't going to like us." And as we became more of a punk band and played the Middle East 20 or 30 times, we realized that playing in a shitty little space is a lot more fun than playing in a club. At the rate that we're going we'll be playing to ourselves in our own bathroom in another 3 or 4 years.

Arik: And we'll say, "That's so much better than when we used to play in our basement to all those people."

Matt: "...all those sweetie people."

Doug: There's also a certain amount of control that happens in a club that doesn't happen in a basement or another weird space. When you're at the Middle East, the time's gonna hit, you're gonna go on stage, people know what to expect, and surprising them takes a ridiculous antics. That's not necessarily the way you have to run your world, but surprise is something I appreciate in music and is something I want to see and have happen to me. Sometimes a band in a club can overcome the PA system and monitors and soundperson yelling at them and lights flashing, to have something happen where you're like, "Wow! It was amazing!" When you don't have all that shit, good bands can just do their thing and you can experience it in terms of the way the bands do.

Zak: I think that the Coop is just as vulnerable to that too. It's a great place to play but no one is ever surprised by anything that happens there. We go, and this is our social activity, and I'm glad that band was there, but it's not like anyone's blown away very often. Doug: That's true. But our basement has definitely had its moments of fucking craziness.

Arik: I think we've managed to surprise a lot of people with some of the bands we've brought in.

Matt: A lot of my favorite shows have been here. The bands that come through here are looking for a different kind of show, or they're just bands whose friends gave them our number.

MRR: How much of your material was recorded at an actual studio?

Zak: The first two singles and nothing since. Doug: And I wouldn't call that an actual studio.

MRR: You recorded yourselves there with slightly better equipment than you use in the basement?

Matt: Yeah, but we didn't do as well with it.

MRR: So you do better with—

Doug: Crap.

Zak: 4-track and a lot of mics and trial and error.

Matt: Tape distortion.

Doug: Patience.

Arik: Tape overload.

Matt: Knob-twiddling.

Doug: Problem solving.

Matt: A small mixer.

Arik: PZM microphones from Radio Shack.

Zak: And normal Shure microphones, like the kind you'd find in a club. We use pretty inexpensive straightforward stuff. When it works it's as good as anything I've ever heard.

MRR: How many other bands have you recorded?

Arik: About ten.

Zak: We did all the bands on The Guide To Your Demise (the Pissed Officers, Fe-daykin, Fat Day, Chickita, the McVeighs, Gerty Farish, the Cotton K's), Toddler, Fear Of Reprisal...

Matt: I'm recording Krema-1.

Zak: I'd like to record Lesion from Brockton.

Doug: Once again it's like almost everything else we do — people we like, bands we like, it naturally evolves that we want to have them here more often and record them, and do things with them and make projects.

MRR: And you do all this for free?

Doug: Absolutely.

Matt: Yeah. We don't charge for recording.

Doug: That would be wrong.

Arik: It would really be harsh injustice.

Zak: I didn't even get a free record out of that Gerty Farish thing.

Doug: In some ways I don't think it would be right in that it's not typical

MRR: Even if you take a really great hardcore record — like Boston, Not LA. — it sounds incredibly small and tinny, especially by today's standards. Few hardcore bands had access to "quality" production until the mid-80's, and by then most of them weren't good anymore and anything that could've been any good suffered grievously at the hands of overproduction.

Zak: Right. I like Never Mind The Bollocks, but aside from that there's not much big-studio-recorded punk or hardcore that I ever liked much. In some ways the sound that we've ended up getting harkens back to the hardcore bands that we liked and what their records sounded like, 10 or 15 years ago...some of them.

Doug: We put a lot more excitement into our recordings because we care about what we're doing. It's not like we're a studio where someone hands us 50 bucks and we have to record something we don't care about, that's not what it's about. We just like the band. We want to make them sound good. So we have a good time.

MRR: Do you still record all the vocals in a garbage can?

Matt: That was just for Chickita.

Zak: There was some garbage can involved on our album.

Doug: We will use the garbage can again someday. We like the garbage can.

Arik: And we are not afraid to use the garbage can again.

Matt: Yeah. "Trashy-sounding".

MRR: What some other funny things that have happened in recording other bands?

Matt: Well, the Cotton K's showed up with two acoustic guitars and said, "OK we're ready to record", and they spent four hours in the basement and I remember coming into the kitchen after they were all done and I remember they were sitting around talking about how they didn't like any of it. They hated everything.

Zak: And then we went down with some electric stuff and they recorded absolutely incredible noise. We just turned the mics on and said, "OK we've got half-an-hour." That's the track that's on Guide To Your Demise. Other than that, recording is not that eventful.

Arik: It's mostly boring, tedious stuff — up and down the stairs over and over again to listen to it on the crappy stereo.

m is a patchwork taken from a variety of different sources — numerous recording sessions in your basement and live shows around the country recorded on who-knows-what, and it's put together with lots of weird stuff.

Zak: Yeah. We didn't set out to make that record that way. We had this idea that we were just hoping to record each side as one continuous take and that didn't really work.

Matt: We spent two months really trying to

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recording quality.

Arik: I don't think we can really offer that.

MRR: Do think that people can really tell when they pick up, say, The Guide To Your Demise? Do you think they listen to that record and say, "This all sounds like it was recorded in a basement!"?

Zak: No, I don't think so, cuz I think that a lot of the stuff that comes out of the studios is really really awful in a bad/tinny/small way.

et that to work – to get the sound so perfect so that we'd be able to play non stop for 15 minutes twice so that we'd have two record sides on tape.

Zak: That was also the first thing we made in the basement.

Matt: We had a final thing and we were ready to send it off and we were like, "This is not...exciting".

Zak: The records that I was thinking about at the time we put that together were not hardcore records at all – the Grifters' One Rock Missing, just cuz I knew it had been recorded on a four track and they got amazing sounds out of all their instruments. Also some THINKING FELLERS stuff. I think the problem with a lot of hardcore records is that they're not put together to listen to as a record: Here are 20 songs and they're all a minute long and they all may be really good – but I don't listen to music in that way.

Doug: Zak has touched on something in that a lot of hardcore bands don't think about music in the same way that we do.

Zak: We're fuckin' art-pan-sies.

Doug: We really wanna say something and do something interesting. It's not just like, "Here it is", it's more like, "BLEAAHGH!!!" as opposed to, "Here it is". MRR: It also seems like you look the most appropriate take of each song and they just happen to be from varying sessions. "You Love Me", for example, is excruciatingly overblown with distortion. Matt proclaims, "This is a song, about love." You guys fuck up the beginning and restart.

Matt: That's one we had hanging around for a year or two and Zak and I said, "This has to go on something that we put out as a record."

Doug: I think more bands would object to certain things – "I didn't like my solo on this song, it didn't come out right, let's do it again or let's not put out that track." Our attitude is, "What in fact does this have when I listen to this? What is going on here?" It doesn't really matter if we played really well. What's more important is that it sounds amazing – it does something when you listen to it.

Zak: The records I always enjoyed listening to most when I was a kid discovering music for the first time were the ones that had their own kinda "world", and you'd pick it up and you'd look at the front and you'd be like "Wow!" and you'd get the inserts out and you'd be like 12 or 13 and you'd be trying to figure out what the fuck these people were thinking—

Arik: "What Universe is this in?"

Zak:—And the music has its own sound and it's not just a song in a space. You know, embarrassing records like The Wall – that's put together in a really continuous fashion and I listened to that a lot – the way one song would go into a little interlude and the

next song would come out of that – not that I'm hoping that we ever sound like that. It makes the experience of listening to a record more than just the songs that are on the record.

MRR: And then there's the long T-station thing.

Arik: That was something that I had wanted to put on a record for a long time.

Doug: Zak created that.

MRR: In the way that the Cotton K's track elevates The Guide To Your Demise comp from being a "damn-good" record to being a "fucking-great" record, that noise piece does the same, especially to anyone who lives in Boston – the sound is unmistakably that of an Alewife-bound Red Line train pulling into Harvard Square station. It can't be anything else.



Zak: Yeah. It's all about this sort of "world." That's the "world" that we live in. That's a place that I was in a lot and I'd heard that sound and I knew that I could get it on tape. Actually, Andy from Flap did a very similar thing in England – lotsa tape overload on a subway pulling into a station.

MRR: What's the deal with your cover art? All of your record covers seem to approach the ideas of violence and cruelty toward animals in a manner that is almost playful. Yet you are a group of completely non-violent vegetarians. Also, you have a computer upstairs, friends who are artists and work at number of different copy shops and yet your records manage to look rather haphazardly thrown together. You constantly write "Fat Day" in this cruddy block lettering that looks like it was drafted by a stupid drooling eight-year-old. What's going on here?

Arik: I thought that lettering looked really good. We spent a long time laying that out.

Doug: I still do think it looks really good.

Zak: I always said it looked cruddy.

Doug: Slick computer graphics and all that stuff has its place and it's usually on fliers for your business, but for your records. It's the same thing with good production in a studio – there's no aesthetics there, you just pay your money for what you get. If

you're not doing it yourself, you're really making something that you care about, you're just letting some computer do the work for you and that sucks.

MRR: What are some other records that you guys have put together or are in the process of putting together?

Doug: We might be doing a split with Harriet The Spy for which we will be resurrecting the Fat Day Mobile Unit: Mark from Deluxx is going to record us playing in our van en route to Niagara Falls. Our amps will be powered by a gas generator and Matt will be wearing a football helmet with a mic attached to the mouth guard so that he can sing while he drives.

Matt: I did a record that was just hated – hated – by MRR. It was called Killed By Death #11, and it's not really a collection of classic punk music, in

fact, it's just a record by this band from Tennessee. If you're into those Killed By Death records, you might be kind of pissed off to get this record and listen to it, but I think the band on it – the Frothy Shakes – is one of the most amazing bands I've heard in the last five years.

Zak: I put out The Guide To Your Demise with K (from Fear Of Reprisal, also a Record Hospitalian), which is a comp 7" of local bands that kind of sound like us.

MRR: In other words they sound different from everyone else?

Zak: Basically, Boston is this city with this "rich punk tradition" and most of it's really shitty.

Matt: Some of it's really good.

Zak: Well yeah, but there's this sense of "Boston Punk" and "the Boston Scene" and we've never really been accepted by that. All the bands that I like in town – with the exception of the Showcase Showdown – aren't really a part of that either.

MRR: You guys are from everywhere but Boston, but Fat Day comes across as definitive Boston hardcore band in that you have inherited this lineage of early Modern Method and X-CLAIM! records – Boston Not L.A., Negative FX, Jerry's Kids. Your side of the split with the Thomas Jefferson Slave Apartments is like this spastic marching music and really brings to mind the spirit of early Boston Hardcore – it was an assault.

Zak: Actually, I'd never really sat down and listened to all of Boston Not L.A. until recently, but that record and the Negative FX album are absolutely incredible. I'd definitely be proud to carry that banner. But it's more of that sort of "tough-guy" hardcore that I don't have any use for and there's a lot of that around here.

Doug: When we got here, Boston hardcore was Sam Black Church. When that's your first impression of Boston hardcore, it's really hard to undo that. Even Negative FX has this tie-in to Slap Shot, and you go to that place again – where skinheads are mean and macho...with hockey sticks.

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Arik: It's a bad place.

Doug: Not that I don't like Slap Shot, but it's not a good place to go.

MRR: Let's talk about antics.

Arik: Yes. We're certainly willing to surprise people with antics...if it takes that.

Doug: It's not exactly art, but surprise is a good thing. I'm not trying to distract people from the music by doing the antic, I'm doing it to try and surprise people and also to see what happens with me when I'm in that situation.

Zak: I think the women's clothing thing has to do with the fact the rock scene (the punk rock scene in particular) is really macho and it takes itself way too seriously. It's a way to break that down a little.

Arik: If you're playing a show like that, you don't feel quite right if you go up there and just play your loud music too and allow people to misinterpret. Like that time we opened for the Flying Luttenbachers, and this guy thought I was too macho because I was wearing a basketball jersey. Whereas if you're wearing a lacy red nightie it's really hard for people to get the wrong idea.

MRR: A lot of the antics featured during some of your live shows tend to mimic those of many "queer" bands over the last twenty years (Pansy Division, Wayne County, the Village People, etc.) The idea of cross-dressing and/or wearing uniforms as a symbol of gay culture, adopting the old saying, "I love a man in uniform"—

Matt: Well, I do. Homosexuals feel more free because they've already been rejected by a lot of people, and we feel very free because we have been rejected as well.

Zak: Uh...

Doug: What I'm fascinated by about gay subculture (not that it's as much of a subculture as it used to be) is that it's one of the better things going on in this country. We, or they, or whatever you want to call these groups, have a much better sense of fun than any other bunch of people. Obviously there are lots of different kinds of gay people—some are right-wing fascists—but there's a certain beauty about being crazy and free, and that's pretty cool.

MRR: Are you gay?

Doug: I would consider myself to be pretty straight, but I don't think anybody is anything. I think it's all what you want to make your mind up to do.

Arik: We all have our latent bisexuality

Matt: I've never kissed a man but I have touched another man's penis as an act of revenge.

MRR: There's also some occasional flirtation with pornographic imagery—both live and in your record artwork—but it seems to point out the more uncomfortable side of pornography and the ridiculous things that

people will go through to get their kicks: the blurry computer images on The Guide To Your Demise compilation, the photos of GI Joe action figures stuck in odd places on the Bound For Glory EP, as well as the cover which appears to be a fairly standard bondage photo that kind of looks like Matt.

Matt: It also looks really uncomfortable.

Arik: The cover wasn't really about bondage or pornography, especially the way it looks after it actually gets printed and it's really hard to tell what's going on. It's like, "BLEEE-AGH!"

Zak: We wanted to make a scary looking record. There's not a lot that scares people in the punk scene more than pornographic images of men. That's why we made it really grainy and hard to see—so it'd look

nists about that (most of which I agree with because I think the movie has nothing to do with Larry Flint the real person). You can't talk about pornography as one thing in a political way. Hustler magazine operates on a totally different level than most gay porn. In a magazine like Hustler, there is a division between consumers and objects, and women are the objects. Not that you can't have straight porn that bears a similar aesthetic, but the majority of it doesn't. The gay porn world is a totally different thing. Lesbian porn is different, and a lot of lesbian pornographers claim that you can instantly tell by looking at an image whether it was made for a man's consumption or a woman's.

Doug: It's a weird-ass world. Gay porn is especially a lot more appealing—a lot weirder and wackier and fun than the world of straight porn. But if you hit the

weirdness factor in straight porn I can get into it too. You just have to have the right weirdness quotient. I don't what it is, but without it, it's completely dead—devoid of any feeling other than male hatred.

MRR: Let's talk about your own nudity.

Doug: I guess I'm the primary mover of nudity. I'm all about nudity. I wish most people were naked and did a little more nude stuff. I love nakedness. It's weird.

MRR: What about the last Kudgel show?

Matt: I was uncomfortable with the nudity, so I borrowed a real naval battle-dress uniform and wore that instead of being naked.

Arik: Doug and I were naked and wrapped in Saran Wrap

from head to toe, except for eyes, nose, mouth and feet cuz we had socks and shoes on. The Saran Wrap got tucked into our socks. It was really hot too—I almost fainted.

Doug: Once again, it's about ridiculousness, it's about wackiness. Do something weird. Get a reaction, even if it's from your own band members. Do something that you wouldn't normally do or wouldn't expect and see if it does anything to you, see what it makes you do. What it made me do is get really hot.

MRR: Is your penchant for wearing uniforms premeditated?

Arik: There's usually some planning involved. The first show I actually played with the band was the outdoor show with the white chemical-safety suits. It was a Harvard student event.

Zak: John Lithgow was in charge of it all.

Doug: He'd gotten together this thing called "Arts First" and we'd decided to take on Arts First and do our thing.

Arik: It's a pretty bad event.

Doug: It was another one of those things where it's just a crappy event that people at the school arrange to have students express themselves, but there's never any

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like something that you picked up off your shoe. That was the concept for that record. It was all out one issue of Honcho magazine from the late 70's. Straight pornography has a different meaning for a lot of people. You're saying something totally different by putting an image of a spread-eagled naked woman on your record than you are by putting a man with rope dangling off of every extremity. That's a message I'm comfortable with. I wouldn't be comfortable with something more conventional.

Matt: By conventional, do you mean "images of women portrayed in a pornographic setting"?

Zak: By conventional, I mean "not freaky." It's a freaky gay porn image on the front of that record by most people's standards.

MRR: The nature of gay pornography tends to be less geared toward the degradation of a particular sex than straight pornography. Straight porn is dominated by a male exploitation of the female anatomy, whereas gay porn is more self-exploitative, and therefore arguably not really a form of exploitation at all.

Zak: I just saw The People Vs. Larry Flint and there's been a big outcry from femi-

expression going on. It's always crap.

Matt: It's like, "For all you old alumni people who are in town: Here's what we're doing! And you love it because this is your alma-mater and you have to love it."

Zak: "...Some of you were fine-arts majors too..."

MRR: But this is held in a public place, isn't it?

Doug: Yeah. We played in Harvard Square basically.

Arik: So, the deal was that we had our suits, a gas-powered generator, and three shopping cards full of amps and drums. We would wheel to a new location, stop, set up, play two songs and then move on. We did this for twelve stops over a two-hour period.

Doug: And we were all wearing the chemical-safety outfits. They're disposable and paper and biodegradable.

Matt: Paper chemical leakage suits. Plus we had Carlo (later of Fear Of Reprisal), who had a microphone, and he also had a suit, and as we were walking through the street, he would warn the people of the area that we were on our way by saying, "Submit to the Fat Day Mobile Unit. Do not be afraid. There has never been another mobile unit. Please stay clear. One of the member's suits has developed a leak. This is for your own protection."

Zak: Basically noise terrorism.

Arik: Remember the kid in the stroller? After we were done playing the song the mother leaned down and made the kid clap his hands.

Doug: Little kids definitely liked it more than anyone else.

Zak: That was Arik's initiation.

Arik: Did we get the term "Mobile Unit" from Pussy Galore?

Zak: Yeah.

Arik: Another important band for the early Fat Day idea.

MRR: Matt, I understand that you are a composer.

Matt: Yes. In residence.

MRR: In residence? What does that mean?

Matt: I live here.

MRR: There's a distinction between composer and musician in the classical music world - a division of labor whereby the composing is left to the composer and the execution is left to the musicians. Does the same hold true for Fat Day in any respect?

Doug: There is definitely a division of labor between Matt and the musicians in Fat Day.

Matt: I don't play instruments. I play the guitar really pretty badly. I'm good at the bagpipes. In Fat Day, Zak and Doug write more than Arik and I do, but we all write songs, including lyrics. Usually when one person writes a song, they approach the rest of the group with bass and guitar parts. Zak comes up with a drum part, and it all gets worked out.

Arik: Or the song gets dropped and the person gets ridiculed for writing such a bad song.

Doug: Usually the person who wrote the lyrics is the person who wrote the song. In other bands, if someone writes the music and someone writes the lyrics, each person

gets credit. There's not really that separation in our band.

MRR: What about the song "Choad Nickel"?

Arik: I was listening to Wire when I wrote that.

Matt: Several days before "Choad Nickel" happened, Arik told me, "I'm really into this idea of having songs that instead of going: A-B-A-B, they go: A-B-C-D—"

Arik: —E.

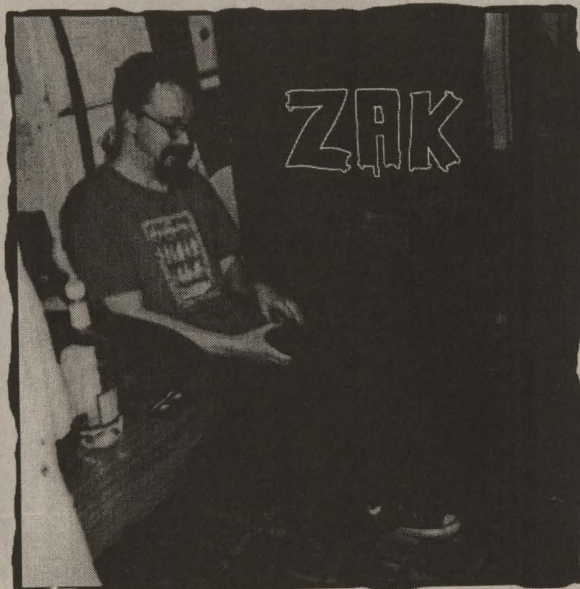
Matt: —And I was like, "Go with that."

Doug: The lyrics are my responsibility/fault. It was a story related to me about Mr. Pocketpool - now a mythical figure in my existence - He was this guy that would watch boys play basketball at a highschool gym and masturbate in his pants.

MRR: How about "Knut Rockne"?

Matt: I was at home, reading this book - Prairie Earth by William Least Heatmoon -

Arik: If you were Native American, what



would your name be?

Matt: "Throws-Like-A-Girl." Anyway, I was reading this book and there's this part where he talks about how Knute Rockne was in an airplane in 1929, and his plane collided with another plane over a county in Kansas, and there's all this gory stuff about how the planes go down and everybody dies and the pilot's body gets ejected through the windshield and under the nose cone - they pull out the nose cone 3 days later and his body is jelly - and there are souvenir hunters who come along and take all of Knute Rockne's body parts and strip the plane clean in 3 or 4 days of all souvenirable things that you could take.

Arik: Like...ears.

Matt: Knute Rockne was a very, very famous man. He was a football coach for Notre Dame in the 1920's and he won millions of games. So I was like, "Wow, that's a really cool way to die and there's body parts everywhere." So I wrote a song about it.

MRR: What about the song "Duro Duro"?

Zak: That's an old one we don't actually play anymore. I wrote it. It's about losing

my virginity.

Arik: Is it really? There are so many things that I didn't know about these songs.

Matt: I knew that.

Doug: I didn't know it was about that. I thought it was about child molestation.

Zak: One of the weird things about having everyone write the lyrics is that Matt sings stuff that has personal meaning for other people as if they were his own words.

MRR: How did you lose your virginity?

Zak: It was on a playground. I was very young...well, not like that.

MRR: How old were you?

Zak: I was twelve.

Doug: Wow.

MRR: How old were you?

Doug: Twenty...three.

Matt: Seventeen.

Arik: I was a sophomore in college...probably twenty.

MRR: What are your beliefs on the subject of marriage?

Arik: I believe that I'm probably not ever gonna get married.

Doug: I think it's basically a bad idea...

Arik: Zak got married though - last summer.

Doug:...but I think Zak's marriage is a good statement about that bad idea.

Matt: Unfortunately it's a very inconvenient statement for Zak.

Arik: Is it inconvenient?

Zak: Well, potentially. I don't actually have my wife's phone number. (So if you're out there Chris, we need to talk.) You know, it was a gimmicky joke, it was a good joke—

Doug: It was an excellent joke.

Zak:—And I have to live with the consequences and that has its down sides. I'm not sorry about the wedding part—

Arik: The wedding was great.

Matt: The wedding was amazing!

Arik: "Bonnie Forest Notary & Tax Service" in South Carolina.

Zak: I don't believe in marriage in any conventional sense - I said many times, "I'll never get married," before that.

Matt:—And you still haven't really.

Zak: So, in a way, this is the short-cut to never really getting married - being married in a way you don't really mean.

Matt: When I meet the right girl, I'll settle down and live with her for 10 or 15 years, and I'm not gonna marry her.

MRR: I wasn't at the wedding, but from what I understand, it was sort of like a Fat Day show without Fat Day actually playing.

Arik: Doug was wearing his bunny-suit. I certainly would've dressed up for the occasion if I'd had any idea where we were going.

Zak: Yeah, I didn't tell them where we were going and Matt got a speeding ticket on the way cuz I told him to hurry.

Arik: "Hurry-and-get-to-South-Carolina-but-you-don't-know-why."

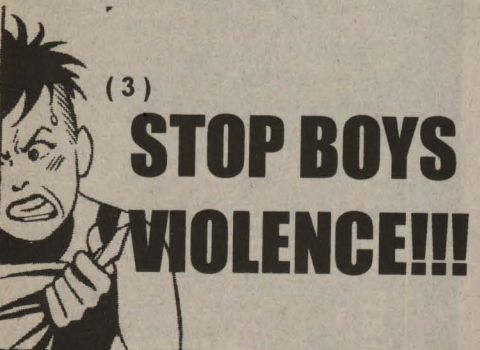
MRR: I think that just about wraps it up. Anything that we neglected to mention?

Matt: Does anyone actually read the interviews in MRR?

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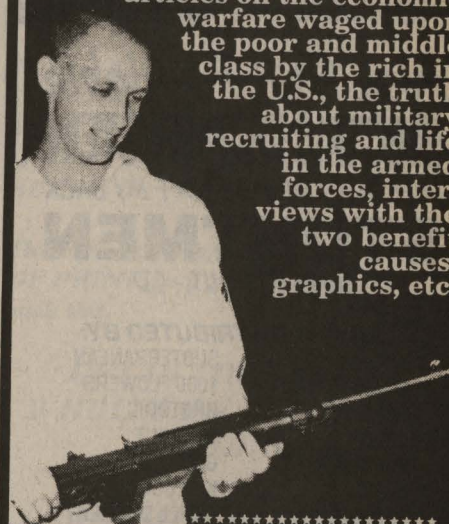
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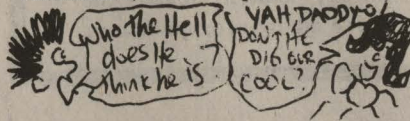
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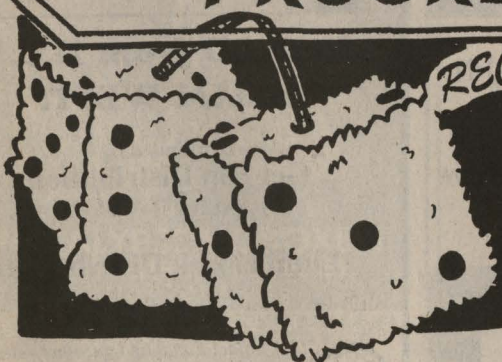
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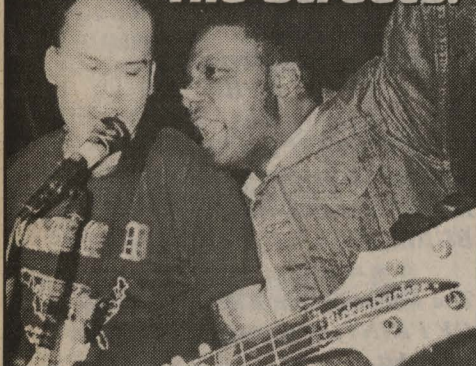
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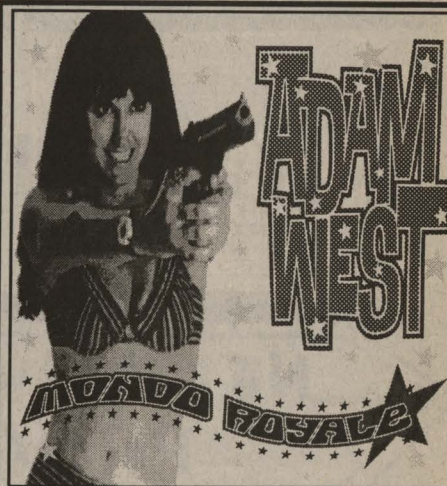
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He was born in a two room long cabin in a small town called North Tumberland, in New Hampshire. No, this is not a fucking grade school book report on Abraham Lincoln, this is G.G. Allin! G.G. was born August 29, 1956 and grew up in a small town, where he and his brother, Merle, were sheltered from the world by their recluse father. The bizarre man worked in the paper mill and name his younger son Jesus Christ Allin.

Merle, who was a year older, had a hard time pronouncing "Jesus", and it came out sounding like "GeeGee". Sort of like Wally calling Theodore "Beaver". Jesus Christ Allin's mother rescued him from small town ridicule by changing his name to Kevin Michael Allin, by the time he entered the first grade. However, G.G. stuck, and that's what he went by. The Allin family would move back and forth from New Hampshire to Vermont, from one small town to

another. Music was not a part of the Allin Family to the two boys (Merle and G.G.) were around nine and ten. Being the latter part of the 1960's, they're first musical exposure was the Monkees, the Beatles, and shit like that. G.G. was a nervous kid. He was unable to keep still and was always tapping and banging on stuff, keeping a beat. This led to an interest in drums. G.G. was consumed by his passion for the drums and that is all he ever wanted to do.

Being from small towns musicians was hard to come by. So when someone came along who played music, especially one who had a drum set, G.G. became immediately interested. Merle began playing guitar and he and G.G. would jam in the trailer that they were living in. The State

Police were regular visitors. One of G.G.'s early band was Little Sister's Date (LSD). G.G. played drums, Merle played guitar, and Al Chapel played guitar. Chapel would later join up with G.G. in the original Jabbers on bass. LSD was a cover band that played dances covering Kiss, Alice Cooper, Black Sabbath, which at the time was a step up from all the top 40 cover bands that were happening. A big influence on both G.G. and Merle

was when they went to Maine and seen the Dictators. Later they got into the Ramones, MC5, and the Stooges, but the Dictators was a turning point. A new direction for RocknRoll. G.G.'s first punk band was Malpractice. G.G. on drums and he was singing at this time, Merle played bass, Jeff Penny and a guy named Brian played guitar. This was late 1976. The band played the Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire club circuit and did pretty well. Club owners kept telling them to "turn down or get out". They re-

leased their first original single "Devil's Angel" b/w "Love Tunnel". Although highly collectible, Merle admits that he is not too happy with it. G.G.'s fan would definitely want this in their collection. Eventually Malpractice split up and in 1978 G.G. and Merle formed the Jabbers. G.G. now wanted to be the front man, to get close to all the excitement. G.G. and Merle hired Peter Henault, a guitar player from a cover band. Pete was not a punk but a good guitar player. This line up recorded an EP, with G.G. singing and playing drums. "Bored to Death", "Beat Beat Beat", and "One Man Army". This record is fucking great! Definitely get it. It is on G.G.'s first album, "Always Was, Is, and Always Shall Be". If you can't find it any other way, Merle includes it on



G.G.'s singles compilation, unfortunately it is only available on cassette from Merle, but he occasionally has the original vinyl for sale. G.G. played guitar well enough to write songs, and was able to get the music across to the other players. G.G. was also a damned good drummer, as his early records show. This original version of the Jabbers was short lived. Merle moved to Boston, and for the first time the two brothers went their separate ways. Merle formed Thrills in Boston. Thrills soon became one of Boston's popular attractions in the club circuit. G.G. still had plans for the Jabbers.

G.G. married his high school sweetheart, Sandy. Working as a janitor in a nursing home,

he and Sandy stayed married for five years. During those five years G.G. came as close to a "normal" lifestyle as he ever had. The post Merle, Jabbers were formed in 1979, in Manchester, New Hampshire. G.G.'s old friend Al Chapel moved to New Hampshire to play bass, Johnny Foron and Rob Basso played guitar, they had a drummer, whose name I do not know, and of course G.G. sang. However, G.G. did play drums on the album. The Jabbers went through a lot of line up changes. The Jabbers were playing a lot of shows in Manchester and Boston. Boston had

kind of a cool scene happening, with bands like, DMZ, Real Kids, and the Neighborhoods. The Jabbers opened up for Thrills in Boston, and Merle and G.G. got to play and the same club in different bands. The Jabbers quickly got a reputation of being a "problem" band. The problem of course was G.G. G.G.'s antics on stage earned them a reputation as a band that could not play the same club twice. By today's standards, and certainly not by G.G.'s later days, would his antics even be considered outrageous. He would roll around on the floor, take drinks off customer's tables, and fuck with the audience on the microphone. Certainly not enough to be banned by clubs, but this was New England, 1979.

G.G.'s passion for music destroyed his marriage. His music was too consuming, and he did not have enough room in his life for a wife. Sandy and G.G. divorced, but during the five years of their marriage they were happy.

The Jabbers were a serious band, and very important to G.G. I feel it was G.G.'s best work. He sang with great conviction and style. During the Jabber years, G.G.'s addictions were

under control, he drank but not to the extremes of his later life, and he was not yet consumed with heroin. Although he never intended the Jabbers to last forever, I feel he was more musically focused in the Jabbers, than all the other bands in his career. Tension grew in the Jabbers. The band got tired of rehearsing four times a week and not being able to play out. G.G. would promise that he would play the game, that he'd just go do the shows and not piss off the owners. But of course, as soon as he would start performing, all promises were forgotten. Tired and frustrated the Jabbers broke up. G.G. had away of scaring people out of his life, as quickly as he would attract them into his life.



If you are familiar with the Jabbers, then you know what I mean about how great they were. If your not, and you only know of G.G.'s later stuff, then you are in for a great surprise. Do yourself a favor check out the Jabbers, it some of the best punk rock ever recorded. I did not want to go into G.G.'s later life. I wanted to focus on the Jabbers. So if you were looking for stories of shitting, pissing, fighting, and fucking (Drink, Fight, and Fuck), look elsewhere. G.G.'s life is well documented, even his bizarre fu-

neral. Merle is working on G.G.'s biography right now. I also want to add, that there has been speculation that G.G.'s death was suicide. Especially because of how he would promise to kill himself on stage on Halloween. However, prior to his death, he had just recorded a record with the Murder Junkies, with his brother Merle, and Merle told me that G.G. would not have killed himself before he got to see the record come out. I gathered that Merle offered the only form of stability in G.G.'s life. He would always come back to Merle, for music and friendship. I am not discounting nor judging G.G.'s notoriety but there are other formats for that. Lastly I want to point out, that G.G. was a great singer and song writer. I feel that G.G. go trapped in his life. When people wanted a freak show he was more than happy to give it to them, but the music was the most important thing. G.G. had a lot to offer, and he was the real thing. He lived what he believed. A lot people benefited, vicariously, through G.G., people, who wished they had the balls to do what he did. He lived and died for Rocknroll, unfortunately he died like a rock star

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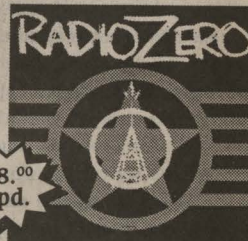
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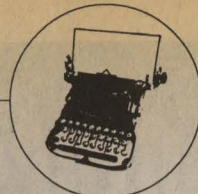
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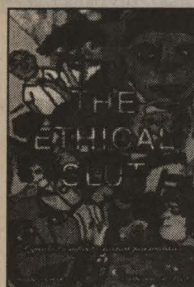


The Ethical Slut: A Guide to Infinite Sexual Possibilities

Dossie Easton and Catherine A. Liszt

288 pages • \$15.95

Greenery Press • 3739 Balboa Avenue #195 • San Francisco • CA • 94121



"Many people dream of living an open sexual life—of having all the sex and love and friendship they want. Most never try, believing that such a life is impossible. Of those who try, many give up, finding the challenges insurmountable—or at least too hard for them. A few persist and discover that being openly sexual and intimate with many people is not only possible, but can be more rewarding than they ever imagined."

I wish I wrote this book. A handbook for sluts! Prior to this publication, sluts had to fend for themselves, making up the rules as they went along, fucking, but also fucking up. This gives lots of solid, practical advice for

seasoned self proclaimed sluts as well as sluts in training who have decided against pursuing the unrealistic goal of lifetime monogamy. I highly suggest reading this book for guidance and advice about the delightful options in polyamory: everything from committed multi-partner relationships to friendly sex, casual sex, group sex and more. Catherine A. Liszt and Dossie Easton, the dynamic authors of *The Topping Book* and *The Bottoming Book*, came together again to bring us this long awaited handbook to exploring the sometimes difficult, but often rewarding territory of non-traditional sexual and romantic relationships. Acting as the Ms Manners for perverts, Liszt and Easton do a fine job covering all the basic issues: jealousy, boundaries, projecting emotions, forging agreements and dealing with conflict. They offer suggestions on arrangements to make with partners, how to cleanly negotiate through conflicts, childbearing, maintaining health and a host of other obstacles that threaten the disorienting world of sluthood. Their signature humor and liberal use of personal anecdotes makes for quick reading and you'll soon find yourself running out to put their wise words into play.

Catherine A. Liszt (AKA Lady Green) writer, pervert, pain slut, educator also runs Greenery Press, the publishing company of *The Ethical Slut* as well as dozens of titles of responsible sex non-fiction. Her first book, *The Sexually Dominant Woman: A Workbook for Nervous Beginners*, has introduced thousands of couples to the delights of female domination and paved the way for *Greenery: Lady Green's Newsletter for Women & Men Exploring Female Domination*. Dossie Easton, a San Francisco therapist, active sex radical, and well-known bottom, teaches classes on S/M techniques, skills and philosophy. She is also one of the original members of the Society of Janus, San Francisco's oldest SM organization. With the years of experience between the two, you can be sure the information they give has been tested time and time again.

"Great sluts are made, not born. The skills you need to keep yourself and partners happy and growing can be developed through a combination of conscious effort and frequent practice." The book is divided into four separate parts, the first defines the ideas and concepts that need to be grasped within. The basic fundamental step towards ethical sluthood is to bring your locus of control into yourself—to recognize the difference between your own personal issues and the issues of others. In short, to become complete yourself without the need to find "your other half." Following this thorough self examination comes mastering other skills that are necessary for to become a successful slut: effective communication skills, emotional honesty, affection, faithfulness (meaning honoring your commitments), limit setting, and organizational skills and planning. But the most important skill is to learn to enjoy sex. Learning to masturbate, finding your turn ons, getting your conditions met, and communicating your desires are all necessary to go on to part two—interactions with other sluts. Here they tackle the difficult issues of setting boundaries, jealousy and conflict resolution. Personal boundaries are made by owning your choices, resisting projecting your feelings onto your partners, and setting real world limits to your behavior. A major portion of part two deals with issues surrounding jealousy, recognized as the biggest obstacle to free love. Easton and Liszt carefully and succinctly dissect its roots and teach how to unlearn and eventually disempower this emotion. Part three deals with interactions with the

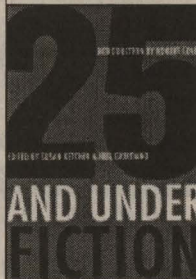
world. Anti-sex crusaders, religion, schools and political establishments that discriminate against those with unconventional lifestyles. Health issues and childbearing are also discussed at length. And of course no sex book would be complete without the ever present, gateway resources, found in part four. Helping sluts find other sluts, places for sluts to meet and organize, slut-friendly professionals and so on...

"So who is the ethical slut? We are." If you dream of freedom, if you dream of sex, if you dream of abundance of friends and flirtation and consensual conquest, of following your desires and seeing where they take you, you've already taken the first step. Ethical Sluthood is about freedom. Freedom of choice as well as freedom from puritanical belief systems based on self denial and codependency. Together, Easton and Liszt dispel every myth and tackle cultural false paradigms surrounding sexuality and non-monogamy, offering instead, a belief system based on freedom, integrity and the quest for personal pleasure. But with this freedom comes responsibility, for yourself as well as for others. Ethical Sluts are not to be confused with players or "sport fuckers," those who are only concerned about the score. Honesty, respect, love for others as well as for the act are all aspects of ethical sluthood. Sex and sexual love are fundamental forces for good and all consensual sexual choices have the potential to be a creative positive force in the lives of individuals. "Pluralism and sluthood can become a path to transcendence, a freeing of the mind and spirit as well as the body, a way of being in the world that allows expanded awareness, spiritual growth and—not incidentally—really good sex." They took the words right out of my mouth. — Catherine Cook

25 and Under • edited by Susan Ketchin and Neil Giordano

227 pages • \$12

W.W. Norton • 500 Fifth Avenue • New York • NY • 10110



I admit it. I was wrong.

But first, I have to explain this. The very first thing I noticed about *25 and Under* was its Contributors's Notes in the back. I flipped through it, not necessarily put off by any of the insights the writers presented, but I did know that the book was a product of our higher institutions throughout the land (many of the writers come from Harvard, John Hopkins, etc.) and this perplexed me a bit. Was I about to be assailed by privileged covey of baby Faulknerians? Would academia once again put me to sleep? After all, when Flannery O'Connor was once asked if universities stifle writers, she replied, "Not enough of them."

I had this very quote in my mind when I came across one particular excerpt in the Notes:

"This story is meant to bless readers with the knowledge that God cares about all of us and loves us, always. That knowledge makes me, like Manna (the protagonist in this particular story), want to pray as often as I Breathe."

If there's anything worse than a Christian, it's a young Christian.

I almost threw the book back at Martin, and didn't care in any way that I would appear to be an obstinate prick. I was told it was "my turn" to read the "questionable" one.

So I sucked it up. I figured I was due for this, seeing as how things had been going smoothly at the time. I shoved the book into my sack, forgot about it (intentionally) for about a month, and then picked it back up just a few days ago.

If I wasn't being obstinate, I was surely being ignorant. Aside from a couple of bad seeds (and even those have some moments), *25 and Under* is a glimpse I'm glad I took. There're writers in here that not only write of people much, much older than themselves, but they actually pull it off amazingly well. They constructed these characters, put life into them, and did so in a way that elicited highly believable and sincere stories that speak way beyond the writer's years. Their command of the language is amazing, which isn't an easy task when you consider that most of these stories aren't drawn from personal experience—at least an "on hand" experience. There are, after all, certain limitations in the experience of of age that can weigh down upon a creative endeavor. What you basically get from the Contributor's Note is a compendium of how these stories evolved, and most are taken from a personal

experience and then launched into the unknown with a spin of alchemy and vast imagination and intelligence.

These stories are in no way dippy-do forays into pain (always an easy topic for young'uns) or suffering in which the reader is invariably placed in a situation that he or she can in no way—never—relate, and is thus guided through an emotional upheaval on an intellectual scale equal to a dog's howl. There is no misguided bravado, no failed, unschooled attempts at humor. There are true emotional dynamics here, in which traces of humor can be found walking hand in hand with true plight.

"Geese," for instance, by ZZ Packer (great name, eh?), is a perfect example. The protagonist splits to Japan to avoid her lushy, alcoholic mother, and suddenly finds herself out of work, hungry, and keeping company with crazed, equally hungry, array of fools and idiots, captured by Packer's wry sense of humor and skillful narration. The end alone made me re-read it.

Jason Brown, a name you may recognize, sandwiches the book with two contributions. Though a little sluggish at times, as he tries to grapple with the deepest of issues regarding Life (no sign intended), Brown delivers a deft style, augmented by a highly perceptive ability to weave themes and symbols around often tense and beguiling prose. Perspicacity would be the operative word. The guy has what many would term an Old Soul, and his writing is sure fire Pulitzer.

There are, to be sure, some obvious allusions to style in here. Carver quickly comes to mind, and is mentioned in Patrick Yachinski's Note as a major force behind his story "Asylum"—an aptly titled story about one man's personal search to find the essence of his madness. Even Hunter S. gets a nod here from Aaron Cohen in his story "This is Not a Joke like Vietnam"—a hilarious story about two dope-addled vets who take off in an old Huey left over from Nam in search of the Narrator's son, who has conveniently ditched his family via "Huckleberry Finn"—a raft—and has gone a-floatin' down the Big Muddy with his dog. Satirical Conrad and Twain follow, and it's a fun ride.

25 and Under is flush with good writing and storytelling, but avoid the Introduction if you can, at least try to hold off on reading it until the end. That way, you won't have to read some glozy horseshit and wisdom attained at an early age, and you'll have yourself to be the judge. Now isn't that nice? — P.C. Simonelli

The Fuck-Up • Arthur Nersesian

274 pages • \$13

Akashic Books • POB 10876 • Arlington • VA • 22210



Set in the streets of New York City in the grim early 80s, *The Fuck-Up* examines a man's descent into oblivion and his eventual rebirth into something resembling a successful life. Arthur Nersesian teaches the lesson that complete failure in life changes the interpretation of success, and a long stint of total misery might teach one to appreciate minor success more readily.

The Fuck-Up, New Yorker Nersesian's second novel, is a story of woe and redemption told in the first-person from the perspective of the unnamed titular character. The book starts out with the character struggling with a crummy relationship and a minimum wage job, but

he is surviving New York's vicious presence. Then, in quick succession, he loses his lover, job, and his best friend. These losses force him into a breathless tight rope of deceptive moves and scams to help himself survive the city. He starts working in a gay pornographic theater and hatches a wild scam with the manager, all the while pretending to be gay. He again "imitates" a homosexual to become a house-sitter for a rich film director, beds a variety of women, and eventually loses everything he has (which admittedly is not much) and becomes homeless after each of his scams falls apart (because he's a fuck-up).

The stage is set for his redemption, which arrives soon after he is taken in by the woman who he holds responsible for his best friend's suicide.

The vast majority of this book is spent setting up the collapse, despite the obvious importance of his resurrection to Nersesian. The author wants to point out the importance of the factors that lead to failure and how these factors often overshadow the failure itself. In an ironic twist, he is saved by a woman of modest

complexity that he had scorned for her simplicity and rudeness; a woman that acts in this manner because of self-loathing and insecurity, which is compounded by how she is treated by others. The woman might be a minor character in terms of the amount of "exposure" she gets in the novel, but her role is crucial in terms of both plot and symbolism and Nersesian plays her wonderfully. He seems to have a intuitive knack for the pathological demons that plague this bessotton character and never resorts to cliché to bring them to life for the reader.

Nersesian also does a masterful job in teaching the reader about the psychological test that is New York City. His setting is lower Manhattan and any wannabe hipster that has spent early morning hours skulking around the East Village, Lower East Side or Brooklyn will be shocked at the accurate portrayal of the mind fuck that New York City can be. "So a group of us walked over to Second Avenue and south toward the Kiev where the cuisine was a mix of Eastern European and American greasy spoon, prepared by Indian short-order cooks," he writes about the East Village. And he always does it with an economy of words and flourish.

Nersesian also does well in describing aspects of each character in an economical manner. The manager of the porn theater who loses his innocence in a corrupt scheme is described, "Only the speech patterns and mannerisms remained of the Miguel who was once the sincere earth child. The money and vulgarity had made its breach; Miguel knew he couldn't walk nude along the streets or hand out dandelions, and he knew that rhetoric was just rhetoric, but in his heart of hearts I think he really wanted to believe the right words could precipitate the right actions."

The Fuck-Up has the sour-sweet nihilism of punk rock, but this bleakness is affected by the begrudging acceptance that with hard work and cynical hope (if such a thing can exist?), life might not end up perfect, but it can always get better than the reality that it is now. — Mitchell Prothero

Ringolevio: A Life Played for Keeps • Emmett Grogan

498 pages • \$12.95

Citadel Underground • 600 Madison Avenue • New York • NY • 10022



The last thirty-some years have produced enough bullshit about the sixties to fill a dozen Olympic sized swimming pools. The bullshit has been peddled with equal enthusiasm by both those who despise what happened in that time and those who adore it. Depending on who you listen to, the sixties were either a time of idiotic degradation that we are still paying for, or one of unrivaled bliss and imagination which those of us who came after can never hope to match.

Whatever really did happen in the sixties, it seems that it was so turbulent and powerful that it remains impossible for most people to talk about it in

any meaningful way. The people who shaped the movements and countercultures of the sixties were not saints, not demons, but human beings, and thus the movements they produced manifested the same contradictory tangles of neuroses, virtues, betrayals, and triumphs that define any individual's life.

It is this fundamental humanity that so many people seem to have trouble dealing with. The issues that America confronted in those years elicited the most extreme passions from everyone involved, regardless of where they stood. The tangle of contradictory truths and realities that is the true legacy of the sixties is far too complex a thing for most people to address, far easier to boil the times down into a collection of slogans and icons that can be vilified, worshiped, or marketed at will.

In some ways, *Ringolevio*, Emmett Grogan's memoir of the Haight-Ashbury counterculture, is guilty of this very thing, even as it struggles against it. In Grogan's case, however, it is not the era he mythologizes, but himself. Even Grogan's close friend Peter Coyote notes *Ringolevio*'s narcissism in his introduction: "As proud as I was of a brother's success... I was sore about the egocentric tone of *Ringolevio* and agreed with one friend's assessment when he said, "Oh yeah, Emmett sauntered and we all walked!"



But just as Grogan's ego compelled him to elevate himself to near mythic status, *Ringolevio* also displays an honesty and intelligence that cuts straight through the bullshit and says something real about the sixties. Grogan's perspective was a unique one with respect to those of his contemporaries, whereas the mass of young hipsters who settled in San Francisco came from safe suburban homes, Grogan had grown up a poor Irish kid in Brooklyn. His life before coming to San Francisco in 1965 was characterized by a turbulent mix of poverty, drug addiction, thievery, and violence, and his tendency to find himself in trouble with either side of the law took him from Brooklyn to Italy to Ireland before he hit twenty. In short, Emmett Grogan's life was shaped by many of the social ills that the New Left and the flower children were railing on about.

One of *Ringolevio*'s recurring themes is Grogan's contempt for the middle class hippie kids who looked upon poverty as a romantic adventure. To Grogan, the hippies' easy anti-materialism amounted to a trivialization of the things he had lived through. It was as though the hipsters wanted the impoverished masses to know lucky they were to live in rat and drug infested slums instead of clean, safe suburbs.

And here is where we find one of the primary contradictions in *Ringolevio*: while he inveighs against the smug idea of the adventure of poverty, he is in some measure guilty of the same thing himself. His accounts of his early life in the Brooklyn slums and overseas make it all seem like an exotic adventure: he fights drug addiction and wins, finds success as a jewel thief, flees to Italy where he deals some dope, runs some cons, and learns film making, then moves on to Ireland, where he hangs with some IRA types, does a few bombings, begins writing political tracts and pornography, and finally returns home. It's a helluva story, and very well-told, but even at its most deadly serious moments, there is a powerful sense of romantic machismo lying at the core. It's easy to see how, given Grogan's legendary reputation later in life, someone could see this course as a path to self-discovery, much as aspiring artists sometimes see emulating the drug habits of William S. Burroughs or Charlie Parker as a route to emulating their creative visions.

Grogan's main outlet for political activism in San Francisco was the Diggers, an anarchist collective founded by himself and several other political hipsters of the time. The Diggers did a combination of guerilla theater and social service which manifested itself through projects like the Free Food served near Golden Gate Park and the Free Store. The slogan of these projects was "free because its yours," and they helped, in a very practical way, both the poor residents of San Francisco and the runaways that were just beginning to flood the Haight. The Diggers also used the Free Food and Free Store to combat the idea of property and raise ideological questions about how goods are distributed in our society.

This, to Grogan, highlighted the fundamental problem with the political solutions of the New Left: they were very heavy on theory, very short on practical action, and even their theory had little to say to the people it was supposed to help. Grogan particularly conflicted with Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, both of whom he considered to be publicity-seeking phonies. Hoffman is treated especially harshly because at one point, he apparently appropriated several of the ideas of the Diggers and began promoting his own group of "Diggers" in the Greenwich Village area, with himself as the central star. One of the defining traits of the San Francisco Diggers was an obsessive avoidance of publicity. If anything, "Diggers" was more like a collective pseudonym for the people responsible for the activities in question. Grogan in particular believed strongly in the importance of anonymity for any political group to accomplish anything, that refrain is repeated so many times in *Ringolevio* that it sounds like a mantra by the time the book is done.

And yet, it was not a mantra that Grogan himself could live up to. His ego and need to be heard can't be hidden by any amount of rationalization or euphemism. *Ringolevio* is filled with recollections of how Grogan (perhaps backed up by one or two of his fellow Diggers) disrupted political meetings and chastising the assembled activists for their political naivete or unwillingness to make real change. These rants have the ring of truth to them, truth that applies frighteningly well to modern left movements, nevertheless, they also make it clear that Grogan

could be something of an asshole. He often sounds like Moses speaking from the mountain, as though the path to political change had been revealed to him and him alone.

It's also incredible just how much space he devotes to reproducing the essence of his tirades. They read like long monologues, and there is certainly no way that these could be accurate, verbatim versions of what was actually said. Nevertheless, Grogan went to the trouble of writing out long, rambling essays about what was wrong with everyone else in the movement, and included them.

In the end, *Ringolevio* shows many different aspects of the sixties counterculture, through Grogan, we have been introduced to con men, hacks, flacks, revolutionaries, brutes, and idealists, and a few good people. The ways these people interact, the things they do to each other, provide some very valuable object lessons about the dangers of mythologizing either the past or the present. Whatever else can be said about *Ringolevio*, it tells very different stories about the sixties than any of the media pundits or academics who enrich their own reputations by picking over the bones and reshaping them into their own image. I would not recommend *Ringolevio* as a definitive account of the sixties, it is, after all, only one very opinionated man's version. I would, however, say that it is a good first step towards understanding those days in terms of human beings rather than living myths. — Chris Hall

Before • Barry Graham

200 pages • \$13

Incommunicado Press • POB 99090 • San Diego • CA • 92169



Remember the first day of school when you would get all your books and your homework assignment would be to make those protective covers out of brown paper bags since the impoverished public school system could only afford to buy new textbooks every thirty years? Well, if you plan to buy *Before* I suggest you renew this lost art of because otherwise the cover will surely drive you mad. It features a softly glowing photograph of a skinny, scantily clad girl gazing up at the camera with a lit candle in her red lipsticked mouth. Try though I might, I could come up with no reasonable explanation for this pose except that it is some sort of artistic commentary on the ephemeral

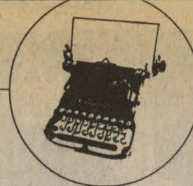
nature of beauty with suggestive blow job overtones.

The title story, "Before" echoes this tragi-sexual, high school art student mentality. The narrator, Barry, looks back on the life of his friend Francoise, a beautiful bohemian woman of the untouchable goddess sort. In fact, Francoise is particularly untouchable now because she is dead. Like her life, her death is shrouded in romantic mystery—we never learn whether she was killed by a psychopath or simply choked on a chicken bone. What we do know is that Barry, like every other man, woman and beast who set eyes on Francoise, is enraptured by her beauty. They become fast friends but she, of course, cannot fall in love with him because then she would no longer be an untouchable goddess. Barry agrees to a platonic relationship "as long as you don't mind that I sometimes think about you when I jerk off." To which Francoise responds by laughing and saying she is "honored." Now, I am no untouchable goddess so I can't speak for one but personally I would be creeped out if one of my guy friends told me that he routinely dedicated his splooge to me. However, apparently even goddesses have needs and one night Francoise and Barry do the dirty deed. At first she is reluctant: "I'm afraid. When I sleep with men I get haunted by it. It's like I'm sick. I get obsessed, like a fever." Eventually, however, Barry's persistent tongue techniques on her earlobe win her over. He comes after thirty seconds, then puts his hand between her legs, whereupon she reassures him that he needn't bother getting her off.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. It was good. I feel good. It doesn't feel good with men usually, but it does now."

That's right, boys! Beautiful women are only initially resistant to having sex with you because they fear becoming obsessively haunted by you. But just do a



postage stamp number on their ear for a few seconds and they're sure to relent. They won't mind if you come immediately and don't pleasure them in any way. Just make a half-hearted gesture and they'll reassure you that they don't need to come. In fact they have been incredibly satisfied simply by the cameo appearance of your penis!

In short, "Before" is a disappointing *Sixteen Candles*-meets-Charles Bukowski affair. However, the fifteen stories accompanying it are much better because they don't attempt sentimentalism in the least. Whereas "Before" is set in America, the rest of the stories take place in working class Scotland, in run-down sections of malevolent cities where emotions are a dangerous liability, a handicap that could overtake you at any time. The narrators differ but share a tone of wounded, survival-mode numbness. Terrible events are recounted in matter-of-fact, resigned tones. You get the crap kicked out of you and wind up in the hospital and become a smack addict because you can't stand the pain and your wife calls you a pathetic wee cunt and takes your kid and leaves—and there it is. One of Graham's best pieces is "Get Out as Early as You Can," a truly harrowing story from the stark and startlingly realistic point of view of an eleven year-old trapped in an abusive, alcoholic family.

Almost all of Graham's writing deals with loss of some kind. If a character enters a story with assets such as a home, virginity, integrity, or a full set of teeth, it's a good bet they won't have them by the last page. The characters in *Before* inhabit a world of habitual relentless violence which gradually takes its toll on them until they finally snap. Graham has an excellent capacity for gruesome, chilling endings. You start reading each story steeling yourself against its inevitable terrible end, but Graham still manages to knock the wind out of you every time. Overall *Before* is a unique and intelligent collection of stories, though its bevy of traumatized characters is enough to make you want to organize an emergency air-drop of *I'm OK, You're OK* books on Scotland. — Melissa Klein

The Exploded Heart • John Shirley

309 pages • \$10

Eyeball Books • POB 18539 • Asheville • NC • 28814



There's a direct line of descent from Phillip K. Dick's paranoid, dark science fiction to cyberpunk's doom-and-gloom. John Shirley's work occupies a position in the middle of this lineage. He obsesses over themes of youthful nihilism, all pervasive surveillance, the play of murky behind-the-scenes forces that unfold as fascist brutality or painful revelation, and ugly, violent science fiction futures firmly rooted in our squalid present. John Shirley's *The Exploded Heart* collects a dozen plus short stories written from 1975 to the present, a poem, and a handful of his songs. Each piece is introduced by the author, and Bruce Sterling lends a forward to the book.

Aside from acknowledging his and cyberpunk's debt to Shirley, Sterling touches on the irony that while "almost of the science fiction writers who later got called 'cyberpunks' are and were, at heart, really nice middle class white guys" Shirley is "a uniquely authentic avatar of the" cyberpunk "weltanschauung." He's a punk who writes science fiction, someone who lived sex, drugs and rock'n roll, a man who thrives on the edge about which "cyberpunks" like Sterling and Gibson only write. Shirley provides frank slices of his own rollercoaster life in the mostly autobiographical intros, down to what music he was listening to when he wrote the story in question. An irony not mentioned is that while Gibson, Sterling, Rucker *et al* have done well by riding the cyberpunk wave, their acknowledged influence Shirley remains largely unknown.

A shame because Shirley writes in broad evocative strokes, spare in detail yet so rich in implication that the reader's imagination works overtime to paint in the picture he merely suggests. His *City Come A-Walkin'* is archetypal, a novel published in 1980 that holds up far better today than does Gibson's 1984 book *Neuromancer*. With one or two exceptions, the pieces in *The Exploded Heart* are both provocative and provocatively twisted.

In the story "The Incorporated," an economic collapse makes jobs as precious

as life and corporations become all-encompassing "families" making the relationship between husband and wife not a marriage, but rather a deadly job. "Shadow of a Snowstorm" gives us a similar world with masses of unemployed in which "progressive" merchants hire people as "humannequins," the ultimate in alienated labor. Future rock and alienated youth figure in a number of these tales, as with the "agony" rocker in "What He Wanted" who engineers his own murder/suicide and simultaneously, instantaneously kills off his entire audience. A visceral class warfare also pervades a number of these pieces. When a multinational CEO is kidnapped by desperate squatters besieged by the CEO's own corporate army and then allowed to escape in "The Prince," the corporate exec recants and calls off his dogs. The fate of the multinational corporate owner kidnapped this time by a terrorist "pack" in "Where It's Safe" is not so pleasant. After an informal trial for his corporate crimes in stripping the ozone and destroying the planet's ecology, he offers the terrorists everything he owns. They gladly take it for their starving, cancer ridden people then hang the man and butcher him for his meat. Shirley himself writes in the introduction to this story: "Personally, I think you can kiss civilization as we know it now goodbye, about the year 2040."

Shirley's roaring, seemingly reckless and sometimes abrupt style owes as much to true Surrealism as it does to rock 'n roll. While what he writes about fucks with your mind, it's how he writes about it that delivers the sharp kick to your gut. It's this bruising style that animates this recommended collection of stories and other work. *The Exploded Heart* does what any good short story compilation is supposed to do; provide a complete, quick, transporting read for the bus or on the subway, during a lunch hour or after a long day at work. I also recommend the above mentioned *City Come A-Walkin'*, the short story collection *New Noir*, and Shirley's latest novel, *Silicon Embrace*. In a word, John Shirley rocks. — "Lefty" Hooligan

Infinity Points • Jim Munroe

78 pages • \$4

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Infinity Points is a quick novel that poses the question, "How many points should you get for doing something unique?," but never really lets the reader in on the secret. Although it's an impeccably do-it-yourself effort with ties to the zine community, too often the writing falls back on clichéd situations and characters.

The story follows one Mark MacDonald, a blue haired, anti-social punk kid with a perpetual caffeine jones and a job at 'Pinkos' copies. Throughout the course of a week he drinks espresso at the local cafe, burrows through dumpsters for stale doughnuts, and philosophizes away the hours. He also develops a couple of crushes, only one of which pays off by the end of the story. Now this is all ordinary, slice-of-life stuff, and it would be wrong to expect nail biting tension. All the same, I kept hoping that one of the kids was secretly a werewolf or a serial killer or something, anything to jar them out of their complacent coffee shop existence.

The characters themselves (Mark, his roommate, his 'Pinkos' co-worker, and various hangers-on) are all swell enough kids but more defined by their various colors of dyed hair than anything else. Occasionally their dialogue veers into terminal quirkiness ("The pizza's ready... Geeze, I hope a paying customer comes in soon, or else it'll lose it's crispy deliciousness."). I guess people might talk like that somewhere, but it still reads as false and stilted. The scenes behind the counter at the copy shop are the high points (and will feel familiar enough if you've ever done 'hard time' behind one), and there's an interesting recounted dream involving what has to be the Holy Grail of copy keys. I think Blatz would be amused that some of their lyrics have been quoted in a work of literary fiction.

Well, there it is. I've got some mixed emotions with this one (kind of like those I had with "Pride and Prejudice," but for different reasons), mainly in the area of do-it-yourself credibility versus my take on it as an impartial reader. *Infinity Points* deserves props as a formative piece of fiction, but I still feel shortchanged. That'll happen. — Jeff A. Heermann

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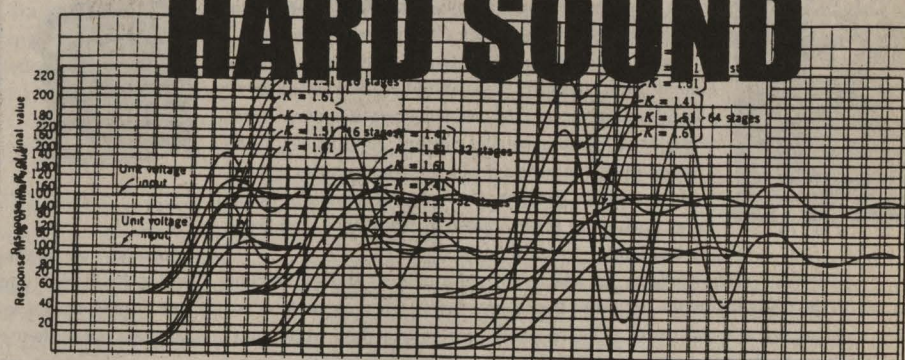
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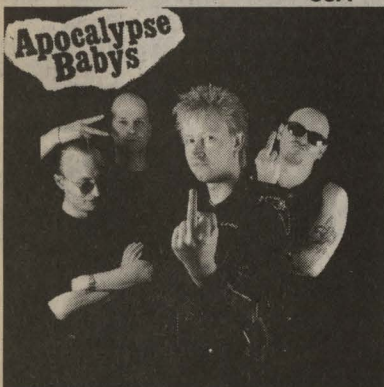
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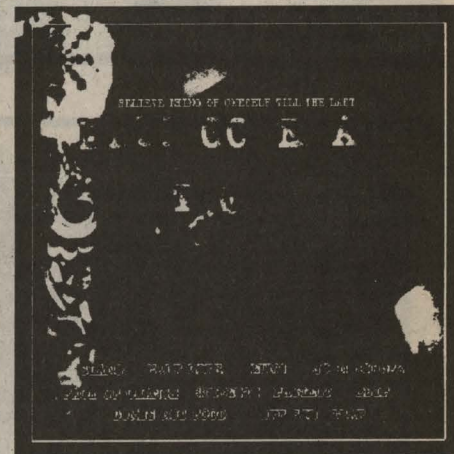
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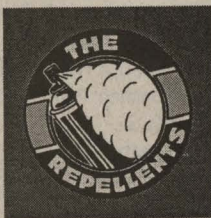
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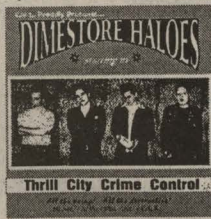
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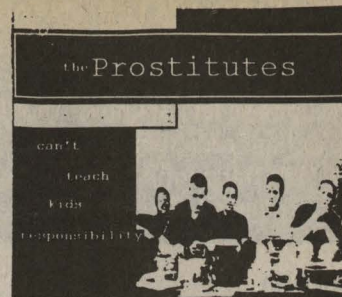
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Comando Suicida - 7"

AUSTRALIA

Boys Next Door - These Boots... - 7"

Punkz - Good Times - 7"

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Platinum Blonde - No Regrets - 7"

Red Squares - Ottawa Today - 7"

Result - Suburban Addicts - 7"

Shmorgs - LP

Sinners - No Brains Required - 7"

Teenage Head - Top Down - 7"

Teenage Head - I Wanna Live - 7"

Teenage Head - 1st LP

CHILE

Corazon Rebelde - Adonde - 12"

COLOMBIA

Split Thing - LP

DENMARK

Escape Artists - 7"

Lost Kids - Født Som Nul - 7"

N R G - Aber Mein Liebchen - 12"

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ENGLAND

Alternative British Army - Angry, The Killer... - 7"

Anti-Establishment - Anti Men - 7"

Anti-Social - Traffic Lights - 7"

Attendants - Happy Families - 7"

Auntie Pus - Halfway To Venezuela - 7"

B.O. Smelly & The Honking Bacterias - 7"

Blitz - Propaganda - 7" flexi

Blitzkrieg Bop - UFO - 7"

Charity Case - Safe In The Mind - 7"

Crime - Generation Gap - 7"

Daleks - This Life - 7"

Dayshift - Living In The UK - 7"

Domestic Bliss - Child Battery - 7"

Enemies - No Reason - 7"

Everreadys - Don't Do It Again - 7"

Future Bodies - Terrorist - 7"

Harper, Charlie - Freaked - 7"

Harper, Charlie - Stolen Property - 7"

Indecent Exposure - No Looking Back - LP

Indecent Exposure - Reveal All - LP

Innocent Vicars - Anti Matter - 7"

Johnny Rubbish - Santa's Alive - 7"

Julie & Gordon - Gordon's Not A Moron - 7"

Julie & Gordon - J-J-Julie - 7"

Lightning Raiders - Disguises - 7"

London Zoo - Who's Driving This Car? - 7"

Neon - Bottles - 7"

Neon - Don't Eat Bricks - 7"

Neon Hearts - Popular Music - LP

No Way - Breaking Point - 7"

Others - It's All Right - 7"

Others - Birmingham Reggie - 7"

Out Of Order - Living Outside The Law - LP

Plague - In Love - 7"

Plague - Out With Me All Night - 7"

Rebels - The Leader Of Rebellion - 7"

Red Alert - 3rd And Final - 7"

Red Lights - Never Wanna Leave The Sewer - 7"

Sabotage - When The War - 7"

Sema 4 - 4 From Sema 4 - 7"

Sema 4 - Up Down Around - 7"

Showbiz Kids - Don't Wanna Discuss That - 7"

U X B - Crazy Today - 7"

Varicose Veins - Geographical - 7"

Voice - They'll Never Find The Maniacs - LP

White Riot - Shout Out - 7"

X Press - Junked Up Judy - 7"

X-Certs - Together - 7"

Xpeed Freak - Nothing To Do - 7"

Zero Zero - Chinese Boys - 7"

V/A-Punky Party - 7" flexi

Xtraverts/Plastic People - split 7"

Strand/Positive Signals - split 7"

Filth/Discharge - split 7"

Mag/Spys/Obtainers - split 7"

Zeros/Action Replay - split 7"

V I P's/Urban Disturbance - split 7"

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Carbone 14 - 12"

City Kids - LP

D Stop - Traitment De Choc - 7"

Elektrik Garbage - Escargot - 7"

Jumpin' Cadors - Loin De Moi - 7"

L.P.M. - Trick Or Treat - 7"

N S C - Panique - 7"

O T H - Le Vaisseau Fantome - 7" flexi

O T H - Sauvagerie - LP

Oberkampf - Fais Attention - 12"

Punk Rebelle & Les Skate To Hell - 7"

Rats - C'Est Bien Parti Our Ne Pas S'Arranger - 12"

Real Cool Killers - No Fun With You - 7"

Saint Just & Les Sauvages - Psycho Punk Dance - 7"

Saint Just & Les Sauvages - Hooka Hey - 12"

Stakhanov SS - Prelude - 7"

Stalag - Secrets - 7"

Strychnine - Jeux Cruels - LP

Wunderbach - Pas De References - LP

V/A-Furieux Du Poitou Charentes - LP

V/A-Mon Grand Frere Est Un Rocker - LP

Gasoline/Alain Z Kahn - split 7"

GERMANY

Anti Heroes - And The Government - 7"

Cretins - Always On My Mind - 7"

Daily Terror - Gefühl & Härte - LP

Gay City Rollers - Mini Golf Disco - 7"

Hanx - We Like It Simple - LP

Hermann's Orgie - Die Moderne Welt - LP

Mimmi's - Up 'n Lard - 7"

Mimmi's - Punk Party - LP

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D C Nien - Nine Teen Eight Teas - 7"

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Kandeggina Gang - Sono Cattiva - 7"

Kaos Rock - Oh! Cano Amore - 7"

Stab - Punk 77 - 7"

V/A-Rock 80 - LP

Raw Power/Mottek - split 7"

JAPAN

A D K - 7"

Aggressive Dogs - If You Please! - 7"

Angie - 12"

Angry Ducks - Drinkin' Drinin' - 7" flexi

Atdet - Last Child Has No Power - 7"

Bachikabori - 8"

Brighton - Jumping Beat - 7"

Clankers - Never Ending Street - 8" flexi

Cobra - Doing All Right - 7" flexi

Crack The Marian - 7"

Crow - LP

Full Noise - 7"

Ga Kimu Gharosoku - Fuck Ga Sukima - 7"

Gas/Nikodan - split 8"
 Genbaku Onanies - O'd On Live Itself - LP
 God - Dodemo Iize - LP
 Gokurakucho - Hong Kong Century News - 7"
 Great Riches - 7"
 Gudon - Hikashibo - 7"
 Gudon - Final Agony - 7"
 High Rise - LP
 Ikkashiniju - Slow Down - 7"
 Janky - 7" flexi
 Juden Sochi - Dead Line - 10"
 Junky - Lowlife - 7"
 Jyuden Souchi - Deadline - 7" flexi
 Kenzi & The Trips - Sweet Dreams Baby - LP
 Kenzi & The Trips - From Rabbit House - LP
 Killtime - The First EP - 7"
 Kremlin - 7"
 Kyo Aku Kyojindan - LP
 Laughin' Nose - Geija Ga Machi Ni... - 7" flexi
 Laughin' Nose - Picture disc - 7" flexi
 Lizard III - 10"
 Mamat's - Spunky Mamat's - 10"
 Molugue - Sa-Su-Ke - 7"
 Monsters - Rock n Roll Machine Gun - 7"
 News - 7"
 Nikudan - 7"
 Nikudan - 8"
 Noise - Tenno - LP
 Nora - One More The Man - 7"
 Pazz - Fuck The Scientist - 7"
 Ra-Bees - Get Out - 7" flexi
 Rat Resistance - Bad Situation - 7"
 Real - Dust Baby - 7"
 Real - Real & Contemporaine - 7"
 Real - Ai No Hakera - 7"
 Rose Jets - 7" flexi
 Rude Boys - This Is The Rude Boys - 12"
 Sekiri - LP
 Sexual - Messiah - 7"
 Sham - Puppet - 7"
 Sperma - Come On Tonight - 7"
 Stalin - Dendo Kokeshi - 7" flexi
 Stalin - Stalinism - 7" flexi
 Star Club - Kick About Japan - 7"
 Star Club - Star Club Eight - 7"
 Star Club - Red Zone - 7"
 Star Club - Same Night - 7" flexi
 Star Club - Jeff - 7" flexi
 Star Club - Bodies - 7" flexi
 Star Club - Rock'n'Roll Rider - LP
 Stripper - Come On Let's Go - 7"
 Strummers - Hard Rain Bomb - 12'
 Surrenders - Fiction - 7" flexi
 Sjojyoningio - 7"
 Systematic Death - Systema - 7" flexi
 These - X Day - 7"
 Tight Rope - Hard Line - 7"
 Typhs - 7" flexi
 Up Fuxx - 1st Punk Beat - 7"
 Honey Deep Wet/Tokyo Auschwitz - split 7" flexi
 V/A-Beat Beat Beat - LP
 V/A-City Rockers - LP
 V/A-Godzilla Records Omnibus - LP
 V/A-Tokyo Rockers - LP

MEXICO

Sociedad Corrupta - San Felipe Es Punk - 7"

NORWAY

Ana Konda - 7"
 P V C - Sykebil - 7"

Wannskaekk - Faen Kuler Treffer Aldri Riktig - 7"

PERU

G 3 - 7"

PHILIPPINES

Ocean Zoo - Animal Party - 7"

POLAND

Absurd - Zzera Mine - 7"
 Fotones - LP
 Kobranocka - I Chociaz - 7"
 Kora Pudelsi - LP
 Kult - LP
 Rezerwat - Serce - LP

SCOTLAND

Red Letters - Sacred Voices - 7"

SPAIN

A.H.V. - Bichos Andan Por Las Calles - LP
 Ataud Vacante - Nichiquitaunamosca - LP
 Ataud Vacante - Chorrros De Amor - LP
 Baldin Bada - Lur Azpian Bukatuko Duzue - LP
 Codigo Neurotico - En La Barra Del Bar - Spain
 Commando 9MM - 3rd Premio Villa De Madrid - LP
 Commando 9MM - Amor Frenopatico - LP
 Decibilibs - Oil - LP
 Decibilibs - Vacaciones En El Prat - LP
 Distorsion - Ke Buen Dios - LP
 Eskorbuto - Ya No Quedan Mas Cojones - 7"
 Eskorbuto - Antidoto - LP
 Espasmodicos - 12"
 Interterror - LP
 Korroskada - Por Las Buenas Costumbres - LP
 La Polla Records - El Avestruz - 7
 M C D - Bilboko Gaztetxean - LP
 M C D - Jodete! - LP
 M G-15 - Holy Earth - 7"
 Naste Borraste - Pon Un Idiota En Tu Vida - LP
 Negativos - Moscas Y Arañas - 7" flexi
 O X Pow - La Nueva Armada - 7" flexi
 O X Pow - 12"
 Paralisis Permanente - Los Singles - LP
 Paralisis Permanente - El Acto - LP
 Reincidentes - Sevillanas - LP
 Seguridad Social - En Desconcierto - LP
 Siniestro Total - Mentos Mal Que - LP
 Siniestro Total - Grandes Exitos - LP
 Zer Bizio? - Sentimientos Y Venganzas - LP
 Zer Bizio? - Gasolina Y Fuego - LP
 V/A-Mas Ke Punk - LP
 V/A-Skalherria Punk - LP

SWEDEN

Attentat - Tatarerade Tarar - LP
 Bizex B - both LPs
 Charley & The Slaves - 7"
 Come Down - 7"
 Cortex - Maggotland - 7"
 D T & The Stoodes - Metallic OK - LP
 Dirty Old Men - Need Love Too - 12"
 Dirty Old Men - Fertilization - LP
 Distortion - 7"
 Doden - Slutten Psykiatrisk Vard - 7"
 Ebba Grön - 3rd LP
 G P J - Tristess #3 - 7"
 Genbanken - Blåta Varor - 7"
 Goteborg Sound - Bjorn Borg - 7"
 Grisen Skriker - Sista - 7"
 Hidden Charms - Hidden Charms - LP
 Hidden Charms - History - LP
 Homy Hogs - Nöje För Nekrofiler - 12"
 I Q 55 - Livet Ar En Bluff - 7"
 Kespier Jugend G M B H - Schoot 'Em - 7"

Kortslutning - Framtidsvisioner - 7"

Krixhjalters - I + Perfect - 7"
 Leather Nun - Slow Death - 7"
 Massmedia - Massmedia - 7"
 Massmedia - Sveriges Rodio - 7"
 Miss Ex - Brain Transplation - 7"
 Nomads - The Night - 7" flexi
 P F Commando - Svenne Pop - 7"
 P F Commando - Tag En Duva - LP
 Problem - Ja Ser Igenom - 7"
 Problem - Problem - LP
 Problem - Gandhi's Bar - LP
 Problem - Fork - LP
 Razzia - Kommando Randomize - 7"
 Rude Kids - Spadd I Harder - 7"
 Rude Kids - När Sammaren Hittat Till Stan - 7"
 Rune Strutz - Musikforum Orinner - 7"
 Spy - Spy's Halva - 7"
 Strindbergs - both 7"s
 Stulna Begär - Det Ska Va En Bomb I Ar - 7"
 T ST - Last Year's Dead - LP
 TT Reuter - Strandsatt - 7"
 TT Reuter - Kontroll Au Den Udda Guden - LP
 Traste & Superstarna - 9:23 - 7"
 Travolta Kids - LP
 Vacuum - Osaker - 7"
 Weed - The Media - 7"
 Zeb & The Fast Ones - Forsta Klass Till - 7"
 V/A-Gardesfest Live! - LP
 V/A-Rock For The 80's - LP
 V/A-Tusen & En Natt - 7"

SWITZERLAND

Mad - Na Und - LP
 Mad - Uberdosis Arbeit - 7"
 N D T - Live LP
 Noise Boys - Sweet Jane - 7"
 Putsch - Kein Traum - 12"
 Soviet Sex - LP
 Technicolor - Bunker - 7"
 V/A-Fest Live - LP
 Chaotik T.H./Tipex - split 7"

U.S.

Beluga & The Human Ashtrays - Mars Needs... - 7"
 Blinder - Time Bomb - 7"
 Cardiac Kids - 7"
 Cold War - The Machinists - 7"
 Contraband - In The Night - 7"
 Debris - Static Disposal - LP
 Decadents - Legends - 7"
 Despised - Reject The Illusion - 7"
 Disciplinary Action - Burnt Out - 7"
 Exit - Who Asked You - 7"
 Fingers (pre-Features) - 7"
 Identity Crisis - Overtime - 7"
 Jackey Shark & the Beach Butchers - Mary Loo - 7"
 No Shelter - Brook Robinson's Camp - 7"
 Oblivians - Sunday You Meed Love - 7"
 Psychotics - Mass Insanity - LP
 Reactors - Seduction Center - 7"
 Rein Dears - X Mas - 7"
 Rock Bottom & the Spys - 7"
 Scraps - Gossip - 7"
 Solidarity - Disarm - 7"
 Spiffs - Don't Waste Your Money... - 7"
 Squids - Tourist Riot - 7"
 Wanted - Leave Me Alone - 7"
 What - Gloria - 7"
 Capt 9's & The Knickerbocker Trio/Fuckboyz - split 7"

MUSIC REVIEWS

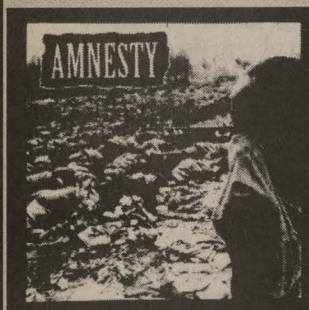
Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, metal, MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include ppd price when mailing. If possible, send 2 copies of vinyl records (1 for MRR, 1 for the reviewer). We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases. If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send high quality cassette-only releases directly to: Jason Beck, PO Box 2584, Conroe, TX 77305. No reviews of test pressings. Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the work and money that goes into it. Staff: (PB) Paul Barger, (TB) Toby Bitter, (EC) Enrico Cadena, (MC) Mel Cheplowitz, (RC) Rob Coons, (DD) Dr Dante, (HD) Heather Daniels, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (BG) Brian Gathy, (KG) Karin Gembus, (LH) Lance Hahn, (CH) Chris Harvey, (JR) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (TJ) Tobia Jean, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (MK) Mick Krash, (RL) Ray Lujan, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (MM) Mike Millett, (RM) Raymundo Murguia, (SM) Smelly Mustafa, (JN) Jah Nell, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (GS) Greta S, (MS) Michelle Shipley, (SS) Steve Spinali, (AT) Adam Türk, (LU) Leah Urbano, (JV) Jason Valdez, (MW) Max Ward, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (CW) Charles Wolski, (JY) Jeff Yih, (TY) Tim Yohannan, (RY) Rema Young.

ACTION PATROL - "1993-1996, On Patrol" CD

This CD collects the two ACTION PATROL 7"s and their LP. This CD perfectly captures the full beauty of the genius of this band. Think, F.Y.P. on crystal meth, and you've captured the ACTION PATROL sound. This CD is plain fun, though I could do without the live show as track 22. (JF) (Whirled Records, PO Box 5431, Richmond, VA 23220)

A.G. ALOE - "New Comer Is My God" EP

Screaming, fast and frenzied, A.G. ALOE blast through 5 tunes on this bad-ass EP. Since A.G. furiously screams in Japanese, I'm not sure what kind of messages the lyrics might convey, but Nat Records claims A.G. are "funny". A few of the tunes are reminiscent of F.O.D., others sound more like the SLIGHTSLAPPERS. Another gem outta Japan. (HM) (Nat Records, Avenue Shinsaibashi 8F, 18-6, Nishi-Shinsaibashi 2, Chuo-ku, Osaka, 542, JAPAN)



AMNESTY - "Vile Perspective" EP

Tuned down crust punk rock. Most of what you've come to expect from this type of stuff. The music is tight and more together than many of the bands that play this style. There are two different vocalists: one sounds a bit like a parody of Ben from ECONOCHRIST; the other like a crusty H.R.. The main problem

seems to be the mastering which renders the whole record extremely quiet. The tape hiss seems louder than the music. (MK)

(Consensus Reality, 1951 W Burnside #1654, Portland, OR 97209)

ANTIOCH ARROW - "Discography" CD

Can't say I have ever been a fan of ANTIOCH ARROW's squirrely style of punk rock. This CD contains the two LPs, their half of the CANDLE split, and four live songs. The loose, jangly guitars and directionless tempo just doesn't strike me as having any power. Their early material had speed, but that alone does not make a band. Oddly enough the singer sounds a lot like David Yow from SCRATCH ACID. (RC) (Gravity, PO Box 81332, San Diego, CA 92138)

A MERCY UNION - "Three Chords No Waiting" EP

Straight ahead mod influenced American punk. It's not anthemic, but it's solid and you'll probably like at least one of the 4 tunes even though they won't stick in your head. (MC) (Ultramod, PO Box 1101, Athens, GA 30603)

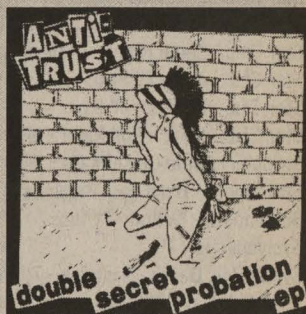
ANTI-FLAG/OBNOXIOUS - split EP

ANTI-FLAG kicks off this very good 7" with their "System Work For You". This political song by Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania's ANTI-FLAG opines: "You tried to teach me to pray and to go to school. You tried to teach me to be the system's tool..." It's the motherfuckin' shit! Side two has raw punk rock along the lines of THE EJECTED provided by OBNOXIOUS from Nagoya, Japan. These guys have a melodic, 1981 style of Riot City Records punk down cold! The guitar and vocals work mighty well on "Go To Hell". Recommended. (BR) (N.A.T Records, Avenue Shinsaibashi 8F, 18-6 Nishi-Shinsaibashi 2, Chuo-Ku Osaka 542, JAPAN)



ANTI-TRUST - "Double Secret Probation" EP

Old school two chord punk at a mega fast speed. Best part about this single is that every line rhymes such as this gem: "Punk is dead you crushed its head, gave it an enema sent it to bed". Crazy as all hell, mohawked band photo and all. From Pennsylvania no less. pretty good release. (CW) (PO Box 63144, Philadelphia, PA 19114)



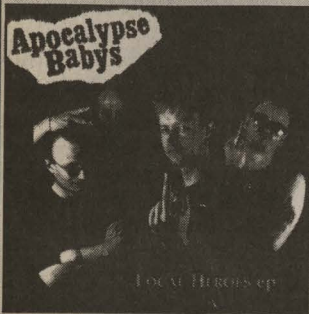
ARMITAGE SHANKS - "Never Mind The Ballcocks" LP

Excellent! This is what the BEATLES sounded like in Hamburg circa '62, pre-Epstein that is. Beer drinking, pill poppin', garage punk rock. They even have a song about Bianca Jagger. Although my favorite STONES groupie is Anita Pallenberg circa 1969, she was the epitome of cool, period. Produced by Billy Childish at Toe Rag. (EC) (Vinyl Japan UK, 98 Cadmen Rd, London, NW19EA, ENGLAND)

MUSIC REVIEWS

ARMITAGE SHANKS - "Are Friends Electric?" 45

First thing that I heard from these guys that I thought was any good and it happens to be a GARY NUMAN cover..... this is a picture disc 45 with a stupid remix on the flip side that just ain't worth playing.....!!!! Butt-fucking may be performed with this playing in the background, but use plenty of sticky lube and poppers!!!! Doctors orders!!!! (SW)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London E17 6NF, UK)

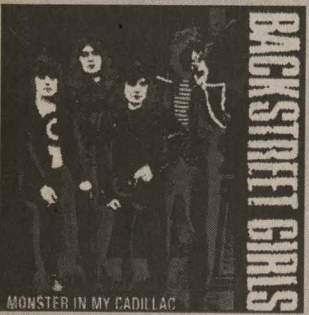


APOCALYPSE BABYS - "Local Heroes" EP

It looks like these guys have been at it for a while - and I don't mean that as an insult, really. In the vein of ABRASIVE WHEELS, ANGELIC UPSTARTS, even though it all winds up sounding like the SWINGIN' UTTERS with Olga from the TOY DOLLS singing. Good. (JH)

(Rapid Pulse Records, PO Box

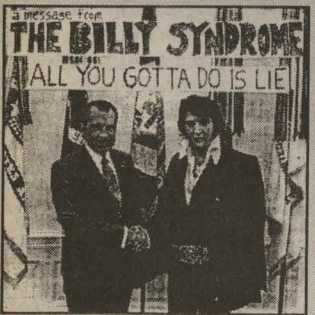
5075, Milford, CT 06460)



BACKSTREET GIRLS - "Monster In My Cadillac/Loaded"

RAMONES-lifting continues in Sweden. I'm not sure why the first side was the "title" side. Just a dumb aping of "Somebody Put Something In My Drink" or some shit. "Loaded", though is a totally rockin' song that has very little to do with the aforementioned band, sounding more like HUMBERS or something. Explain it to me, for I do not understand, it hurts me. I give "Loaded" the highest review, and I will speak no more of "Monster In My Cadillac". (RY)

(Hit Me! Records, Deichmansgt. 17, N-0178 Oslo, NORWAY)



BILLY SYNDROME - "All You Gotta Do Is Lie" EP

Brooklynites probably with too much time on their hands. A record that's got that "fuck around" feel, something banged out on a whim in some white trash suburb after watching all the John Waters releases in a row and is the result of many years of artistic/vocational frustrations. You got four songs of quasi-rockabil-

ly, noise, yelling, free-jazz spazz et al. A version of "Crimson And Clover" that starts off real pretty and then undergoes some deconstruction. Very close in sound and leanings to some of the new SCREAMIN' MEE MEES' stuff. (JY)

(Slutfish Records, 327 Bedford Ave #A2, Brooklyn, NY 11211)

BLACK KRONSTADT - "A World To Win" EP

Had the damnedest time figuring out what speed this was at. The vocals did pretty well either way, and the music was palatable at both speeds. It's the slower choice, which now seems obvious, but y'know. Ardently political with both their graphics and lyrics, BLACK KRONSTADT use one side of this to paint an epic picture - a slow, somewhat meandering conundrum containing equal elements crust, hardcore and sludge. Impressively coherent, as the sum is far more than the individual parts. The flip has a couple more straightforward anthems, complete with both catchy and pointed refrains. Comes with a book of political poetry/graphics. (TM)

(Consensus Reality, 1951 W Burnside #1654, Portland, OR 97209)



BATTLE OF DISARM - "Sons Of War! LP

This issue I get to be your international tour guide to punk™ around the world, and the southern United States. We'll get things started with hardcore from Japan. This is a compilation from a band called BATTLE OF DISARM, and I'm guessing it's political by the starving famine victims on the cover (is this becoming a trend?). I say guessing because there was no lyric sheet included. So speaking strictly musical, I'd say they sound kind of like CARCASS. Want to become a hardcore internationalist, buy BATTLE OF DISARM. (JV)
(MDC Records, Apartado 274, 2735 Cacem, PORTUGAL)

THE BOMB BASSETS - "Take A Trip With..." LP

The all-time pop-punk supergroup makes a stab at their "Revolver" (which means Metal Mike will love it). Lots of well-written songs (no surprise, although with the irony typical of this life the longest is by far the worst), but it doesn't rock in the least bit (not that it's necessarily supposed to, and then again I'm not much of a fan of post-Pete Best BEATLES anyway so what do I know about pop-rock?). (DD)
(Lookout Records)

THE BOMBERS/ THE BOPS - split EP

THE BOPS have a street punk feel, but the echo effects on the vocals in the first song had me cringing. THE BOMBERS, on the other hand, are a bit more upbeat and reminded me of RAN-CID (which is always a bad thing!). It's beyond me why I was assigned this record. Regardless of that little issue, I can't say that I found the music on this record to be very impressive. (RC)
(no address, JAPAN)



MUSIC REVIEWS

BRAINSNEAKERS - "Don't Crack" EP

Kinda plodding EP with rock songs that go on for too long with no edge or point. Just dropping chops into a stylistic blender and calling it ... punk? Ten years ago, definitely. Not raw enough for me. (RW)

(Pirate Records, 15 Passage S. Bernhardt, Bat. A, Appt. 5, 34000 Montallier, FRANCE)

BRATFACE - "Attention Deficit Disorder" CD

Actually surprised that I could overcome some of the obvious 80's punk-metal influences in the choppy-throb sections of this CD. If I ignore the really cliché life-is-arrrrgggh lyrics, there's a couple early So Cal-sounding hardcore numbers on this thing that are okay for a few listens. Not a bad record, but a 7" with the best three or four songs would have been better. Shit, I really fucking hate crossover hardcore-metal, it must be my number-one most-loathed musical genre. Rant concluded, this is OK p-rock. (RW)

(Fanatic/Reprobate Records)



THE BRIDES - "Pushed Around/Get To You"

The wolf will be kept from the door of Rip Off Records as long as they manage to dig up winners like this (100% Grade A Rip Off Records, in other words, which should tell you enough. Many attendees of the last Rip Off Rumble thought the BRIDES' slightly nervous set didn't think they lived up to Mr. Lowery's

enthusiastic ravings (the thirty or so folks at the post-rumble Purple Onion show saw a much more confident set, but since the Purple Onion seems to exist even more out of the "real" time/space continuum than ever perhaps that set doesn't count), but the proof is in this punk rock pudding. (DD)

(Rip Off Records)

BROADWAYS - "Big City" EP

Four songs in the early JAWBREAKER vein especially vocally. Tight good stuff although not highly original. But what is? And they certainly do it well. If you like the sound you won't be disappointed. (RL)

(Asian Man Records, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

BURN WITCH BURN - "The Red Hell Of Jupiter" EP

Out of the hundreds of psychobilly bands I've either heard, reviewed, owned, or own, I'd say about twenty percent of them have the same problem as this band. Problem you ask? You ever get a record that when the band starts going you're like "yeah", and then the singer comes in and you're like "no"? That's how this is. Kinda like when your girlfriend buys you a case of beer for your birthday, only later to break up with you after you drink it cuz she's straight edge. Um...or not. Psychobilly with a touch of the ZIGGENS. The band is great. The singer on the other hand... (AT)

(Jackpot Records, PO Box 4249, Richmond, VA 23220)

THE BUSINESS - "Harry May - The Singles Collection" 2xLP

Hats off to Taang for making all this available on domestic vinyl. Includes the "Get Out Of My House" and "Welcome To The Real World" 12" EPs. A wonderful array of material here from this legendary oi band. (TB)

(Taang Records, 706 Pismo Ct., San Diego, CA 92109)

CATTLE DECAPITATION - "10 torments Of The Damned" EP

A damn slick cover starts this off nice. What's found inside is quickly thrown together fastcore with extra emo sauce. Not bad, but then again it just fails to stick in your head. Nice cover though. (MW)

(no address)

CHARLES BRONSON/UNANSWERED - split EP

Whoa. Never sure what to say about the BRONSON onslaught. Guess now I can say that now it's over. Least they had the decency to break up before they really started to suck. Yeah, this is great, what'd you expect? Nursery rhymes? It's really just about getting an Ebro address in the end. UNANSWERED go the slow boat - somewhat sporadic in delivery, but with the guitar oomph you just gotta have. Best when they really turn on the jets. Quality is job one! (TM)

(Track Star Records, PO Box 60, Forked River, NJ 08731)

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE A.D. - "Speed Freaks" CD

What a horrible name for a band. Anyway... musically, this is a pretty solid release of upbeat melodic thrashcore. What is horribly lacking are the lyrics. For one whole song the lyric is "let's go to the punk rock show", making the song seem like some sort of horrible parody or worse yet, a commercial. Needless to say, it got pretty corny after a while. Rocking music though. (CW)

(1695 Running Deer Dr., Auburn, PA 17922)

CHRIST ON A CRUTCH - "Spread Your Filth/Shit Edge And Other Songs..." 2xLP

I was happier than a summer piggy in a pen of cool Georgia clay-mud when I saw that I was assigned this review. CHRIST ON A CRUTCH defined hardcore for me for a long time. Heart attack inducing drumming, crisp, metallic power-saw guitars.... fuck!!! This is it!!! This is fucking crazy. One disc includes their classic, way out-of-print "Spread Your Filth" LP from 1988. The other includes their "Kill William Bennett" 7", the "Spread Your Filth" 7", songs from an unreleased 10", and cuts from comps on Allied, MRR, Disaster Productions, and Hippycore. Everything these guys went on to do pales in comparison. This is a standard. This is crucial. This is incredible. (PB)

(New Red Archives, PO Box 210501, San Francisco, CA 94121)

CONNIE DUNGS/SLOWPOKES - split EP

Snotty SCREECHING WEASEL influenced punk from both bands. The SLOWPOKES have a little bit more melody and sappiness in their songs. While the CONNIE DUNGS remind me of that kid who just can't sit still in the third grade. Extra points too the CONNIE DUNGS for contributing another song to the punk tradition of being persecuted for looking punk. (JF)

(Outhouse Records, no address)

MUSIC REVIEWS

CONFUSE - "Indignation" LP

A reissue of a cassette only release from 1984 that was limited to 100 copies, they've now made it (briefly) available as an LP (briefly, because the LP is limited to 1500). As any student of Japanese hardcore would attest, CONFUSE were one of the first and certainly one of the best to drench hardcore with noise - to such effect you often can't really even hear anything else. I would recommend any of the studio recordings before this - the distortion here is so omnipresent it's only a shadow of the studio output. Still somewhat unfortunate that it's so difficult to track down. (TM)

(Anarchy Center/Confuse Records, no address)



COUNTDOWN TO CHAOS - "Graveyard Train" EP

Punk fucking rock with a lot of blues influences showing. Distortion everywhere even on the cymbals. This is heavy shit man. Somehow I knew this was from Chicago as soon as I heard it. On clear vinyl. (MM) (C.T.C., 857 N. Winchester rear bldg., Chicago, IL 60622)

COYOTE MEN/CEE BEE BEAUMONT - split 45

Two decent rock'n'roll instrumentals of the late '50s/early '60 type by a couplea Brit bands. Good for what they are, but why do these songs need to see the light on day all by their naked selves? Good bands, good tunes, but just part of the glut. (TY)

(Knobbler Records, 915 Cole St #385, San Francisco, CA 94117)

CRACK - "Losing One's Cool" CD

Lost my interest. Pretty generic 'modern' rock that sounds like something floating around the promo bin at the local 'Live 105'-type alerno-hype radio station. Not as catchy as their influences. Looks like fifty cents at Amoeba to me. (RW)

(Unarecords, PO Box 700233, San Jose, CA 95170-0233)

CRANK - "Two Smokes For Your Dog" CD

This is sooo stinky! Think the "Warped Tour", Fat Wreckords and NO DOUBT. Somebody throw on a COCK-NOOSE record, quick! (RM)

(Pop Culture Records, 7326 Rideau Valley Dr., Kars, ON, K0A 2E0, CANADA)

CRANK - "Picking Up the Pieces" CD

Usually when I hear one of the million of NOFX clone bands, I fall into a gray haze and it goes right in one ear and out the other (hopefully disrupting nothing in between), but that wasn't the case with CRANK. It's by no means original, but then what is? This CD was a toe tapper even if it was a little bland. (HD)

(Onefoot Records, PO Box 3834, Cherry Hill, NJ 08034)

CRIPPLE BASTARDS/PATARENI - split 10"

This is fast. This is really fast hardcore with some slower shit mixed in. CRIPPLE BASTARDS hail from Italy, and do some pretty cool experimental things with their instruments. This definitely has some interesting parts to it, and I find myself actually enjoying this. The PATARENI side is pretty cool. Diverse would be an understatement. The vocals are a bit deep for my taste, but the music is great! Their first song is a cover, and for the life of me I can't figure out who it is. It sucks when you know all the words, and can't remember the song title. The next few songs are all different musically, they use ska, rock, and garage pretty well. Anyway, overall this is a pretty good split, and interesting to say the least. (LU) (Havin' A Spazz, c/o Luca Cattaruzza, Via Martiri Di Cefalonia 47, 20097 So. Donato, M.se {MI}, ITALY)

CRO-MAGS - "Live At The Wellingtons" LP

Aw shit! This record captures the CRO-MAGS in their prime, way back in 1986. There are a couple of live boots floating around of the exact same songs, but they all seem to come from different shows. This is a top quality recording of all of their hits. During the set they kept pushing the crowd to be more aggressive by saying things like "If you all want us to get harder, you gotta get harder. So let's get down and blow this motherfuckin' place the fuck off the planet". You can feel the intensity! Not only is this a classic, but it is limited to 300. (RC)

(no address)

CRUCIFIX - "Exhibit A" LP

This record is a comprehensive documentation of all the CRUCIFIX vinyl with the exception of the "Dehumanization" LP. Included are the classic first 12", the follow-up EP on Freak Records, comp tracks, and live stuff from CBGB's. The digital remastering takes a little of the edge and natural distortion off the original but for the most part a good job is done to keep the songs pure and intact. Needless to say, this band has gone on to become one of the more influential bands to come out of the early '80s, the impact of which can still be heard on much hardcore over 15 years after the fact. (MK)

(Kustomized Records, PO Box 1308, New York, NY 10009)

CUFF/HATED PRINCIPLES - split 10"

What's cool about this is that not only do both bands play full-throttle thrash, but both use recordings that are about as minimalist as you can get. CUFF play modern day speed-core and sound like they used a boombox to record with. HATED PRINCIPLES play ballistic thrash with hints of early 80's hardcore (probably because they've been around for a gazillion years) and their recording quality is reminiscent of a scratched CONFUSE EP. Guaranteed to make your ears bleed. (MW)

(Tylyt Levyt, PO Box 37, 55800 Imatra, FINLAND)

D.N.A.! - "Knowledge" CD

LEATHERFACE type punk with a dash of CHINA DRUM. A good sound and a pretty solid full-length. Not overwhelming and this seems to be missing that one awesome song but this is still a good listen. (RL)

(Mad Butcher Records, Pater-Klepping-Str. 18, 33154 Salzkotten, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

DACKELBLUT - "Japan" EP

Looking at the kanji script on the front cover, you'd think this is Japanese HC, but this is distinctly German, start to finish. DACKELBLUT shows finesse at exacting, nuanced punk rock with heartfelt, growled lyrics, varied guitarwork, and powerful production. They don't get high marks on songwriting, but you have to admire the effective electronic dub on the flip, an homage to KRAFTWERK that lives up to its influences. Above average. (SS)
(Heartfirst Records, Bockhstr. 39, 10967 Berlin, GERMANY)



DEGRADATION - "Still Screaming" EP

Early-mid '80s sounding hardcore along the lines of YOUTH OF TODAY but with slightly more of a political hardcore lyrical base, though still very much on the 'personal' side. Catchy, angry, and pretty raging. (TY)
(Undertone Records, Van Witzleben Str 7, 48151 Münster, GERMANY)

DELLAMORTE/CORNEB BEEF - split EP

Both bands play a kind of fucked-up, metallic hardcore with angry vocals and ultra distorted dirge sections and guitar leads. CORNEB BEEF, from Germany, are the more extreme sounding of the two, Sweden's DELLAMORTE being a touch too far on the metal side for me. (AM)
(Yellow Dog Records, PO Box 550208, D 10372 Berlin, GERMANY)



DIESEL QUEENS - "The Beast With Five Hands..." EP

Wow, I've never reviewed a MRR record before! But considering it's the DIESEL QUEENS it's not like I have to be nice or anything. Makes me feel funny listening to this on headphones and laughing out loud. I was sad that they had disbanded, which is such luck for yall' thin-skinned weak-

stomached types. Another great record, indeed. How do you rock sooo hard!? (RY)
(MRR c/o Vacuum Mailorder, PO Box 460324, San Francisco, CA 94146)

DIMESTORE HALOES - "Thrill City Crime Control" LP

Another in the recent flood of late seventies punk throwbacks this twelve song CD is actually pretty good. A couple of the cuts are real dogs but overall this band uses a good mix of DEAD BOYS or HEARTBREAKERS junkie type punk with early U.K. SUBS bouncy pogo to create some top notch tunes. (RM)
(V.M.L., PO Box 183, Franklin Park, IL 60131)

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS - "All Cranked Up" EP

This is great! Pedal to the metal, early ANGRY SAMOANS/QUEERS punk rock. Three songs, all of which are bouncy, catchy and nasty. Can't ask for much more as far as this reviewer is concerned. (RM)
(\$3 ppd: Sellout Records, 4 Santa Anna Dr, Poughkeepsie, NY 12603)



DISCONTENT - "Trusted" EP

One of the best records of 1997. Amped up, catchy hardcore from Alabama! The music is raw and on fire! A refreshing break from the discordant mess that many hardcore bands of late offer up as intensity. Extremely competent concise straightforward song writing puts across well these simple yet anthemic inspired songs. Amateurish and unpolished, yet driven, this record encapsulates the energy of a bunch of sweaty kids packed into a garage in the middle of nowhere playing their fucking hearts out. The music borrows a bit from the past but definitely lives in the present, at times reminding me of SLAPSHOT, NEGATIVE APPROACH and older DC influences mixed with modern power chord hardcore. Simple, no nonsense lyrics implore us to get up and take control of our lives. (MK)
(\$3.00 ppd: Arkam c/o Jamie Barrier, 211 N. Ross St., Auburn, AL 36830)

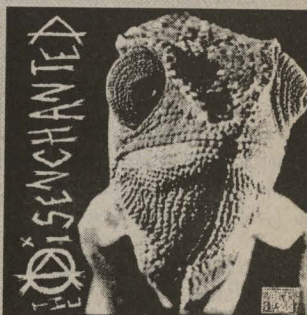


THE DISENCHANTED - "The 'Other' White Trash" EP

Wacky band from Albany, NY. Some thrashy melodic punk, good lyrics, and an awesome song entitled "Hardcore Chicks vs Skinhead Girls". (TB)
(Angry, Young, & Poor Records, 140 N. Prince St, Lancaster, PA 17603)

THE DISENCHANTED/TWENTY-TWO'S - split EP

Let's start with the lyrics. Both of these bands make it a point to comment on punk™ fashion, as in they don't think much of it. It's sort of a badge of honor as I understand the lyrics that neither of these bands would look very punk™ if you saw them walking down the street. "it's not how you look, it's something that's inside of you," seems to be to be the main idea behind this EP. Musically, I thought that both of these bands were pretty good, the TWENTY TWOS sound similar to another Virginia band I reviewed, and liked, POSITIVE STATE, kinda like older Boston HC with brains. THE DISENCHANTED had some of that old school East Coast sound I like so much. (JV)
(PO Box 3845, Albany, NY 12203)



MUSIC REVIEWS

DOG TOFFEE - CD

Pretty 'merish stuff here, though I certainly do not mind the popness of it. Imagine a more hooky version of THE OFFSPRING and SOCIAL D, though to be fair, these guys certainly are no more stream' punk rock than most others. Four tunes in all, okay verging more on pop punk (though there are peeks of aggro in "I'm Mine") than most bands of this ilk, which is just fine with me. (JY)
(no address)

DOGROCKET - "Pickin' Up Chicks" EP

Decent melodic punk pop with traces of SAMIAM and the GOO GOO DOLLS. Catchy but something about the vocals seems flat or dry. Maybe a little more oomph would help. Cool riffs though. (RL)
(Break-Up! Records, 91 E Patterson Ave, Columbus, OH 43202)

THE DRAGS - "Stop Rock And Roll" LP

I was in Albuquerque this summer trying to think of all the good bands that come from there, and the only one I could think of was the DRAGS. I've reviewed this garage rock trio so many times it's difficult to think of new ways to describe them. Obviously they have a fan base, but if I could turn any newcomers on to them I'd say, "Do you like Rock n' Roll?..." Anyway, easy to like, consistently great shit, is all I've ever known from the DRAGS. (RY)
(Estrus Records)



DRUNK N ANGER - "Contaminated" EP

Hardcore from Canada. The band name says it all, mad beer fueled songs. This was not my pint of ale, but the nod goes to them for the anti child abuse lyrics on "If I Catch You". Decent. (CW)
(ICR, 1020 Queen St. W, Toronto, ON, M6J 1H6, CANADA)

DUSTBALL - "Egg Man, Like Your Head" EP

Quirky punk pop in that UK pop punk vein but the vocals remind me of SUEDE, which isn't a good thing. It would be cooler if they reminded me of MORRISSEY as far as UK crooners go. But they don't. So-so. (RL)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London E17 6NF, UK)

E-13 - "Quest For Gilligan" EP

With a mere 14 year gap between this belated release and their debut EP, this Oregon hardcore outfit hasn't lost a step. Maybe that's cuz this was recorded in 1984 and is just now seeing the light of day because Malcolm Conner (Mr Fatal Erection) is crazy. When I say 'hardcore', I mean the style that initiated the genre: short, fast, snotty, fucked up songs. This is classic 'hardcore'. (TY)
(Fatal Erection Records, PO Box 5102, Eugene, OR 97405)

E-150 - "La Rabia Justifica Los Medios" EP

Fast-paced hardcore that's got ragged-edged vocals, sometimes medium-paced breaks, frantic drumming, DISCHARGE-esque essence, and non-stop energy. (TY)
(BCM, Apdo 601, 08913 Barcelona, SPAIN)



ELDOPA - "1332" LP

A lot of people in the Bay Area have been anticipating this release which for some reason almost always has an adverse affect on me. In all honestly I went into this thinking I was going to hate it, but it most definitely stands on its own two feet. Drop a little of NEUROSIS and DEAD AND GONE on top of a band that isn't afraid to play some heavy-ass metal riffs, and you got ELDOPA. The vocals sometimes remind me of Mike Dean's on side B of C.O.C's "Animosity" LP, which is a fucking godly achievement in my opinion. I bet ya \$5 that you'll sew their patch on to your ass once you hear this. (MW)
(East Bay Menace Records, PO Box 3313, Oakland, CA 9609)

ENEMY SOIL - "Live At Fiesta Grande #5" flexi

This is a live recording that reminded me of a demo I once heard from a band called VIRUS or Boston's GROINIDS recorded badly. The sound quality was such that I couldn't really be sure. Similar thing happened with ENEMY SOIL. It's kind of like watching a nudie channel on cable when you are not actually paying for it, you might like what you're watching but who knows? Sell lemonade and buy this, it bends! Limited printing, only two thousand available. (JV)
(Clean Plate Records, PO Box 709, Hampshire College, Amherst, MA 01002)

ENEMY SOIL - "The Ruins Of Eden" CD

By far the strongest effort by these crazed Virginians. I think what won me over was the real drummer (their earlier releases featured a drum machine) and the super low tuned guitars. I'd put this more in the grindcore category for it's over-all heaviness. Lyrics deal with pain, war, enslavement, and all that other good shit. I highly recommend this. Oh, by the way, this is the 10" and the live flexi together on one format. (MW)
(Clean Plate Records, PO Box 709; Hampshire College, Amherst, MA 01002)

EXCESSIVE DEFIANCE - "Yo Dicknose, Eat A Dick Straight Up, Yo" EP

Here's an EP that is much better than its overall layout would suggest. I was expecting another poorly recorded effort that shouldn't even be a demo. Not the case at all, this is grade A snotty punk that is well crafted in the music department. Of the 6 songs here, 5 are keepers; not bad for a first EP. (TH)
(PO Box 9751, Asheville, NC 28815)



MUSIC REVIEWS

EXPLOSIVE KATE - LP

Good, honest pop punk that sounds similar to fellow Northeasterners the QUEERS. The thing that makes EXPLOSIVE KATE really solid is their jaded outlook on life. Punk is supposed to be jaded, not all bubble gummy, and that jaded edge is what lifts this LP above the pack. Good job. (JF)
(Trickshot Records, 815 Rosedae Ave #1, Wilmington, DE 19809)



FALLOUT - "Resist Control" EP

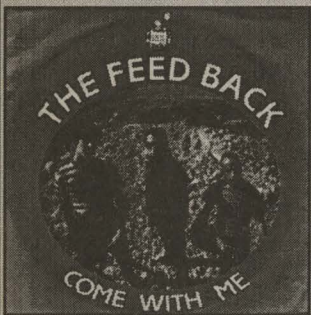
This picks up where their 10" debut of last year left off. Full throttle, pissed off hardcore in the vein of RIPCORD or HERESY with gruff vocals and a late-'80s approach to doing the hardcore-thang. Damn good. (MW)
(Adverse Reaction Records, 17 Linlithgow Way, West Melton, 3337 Vic, AUSTRALIA)



FAT DAY - "Smell Me Silly" EP

I took me a really long time to figure out what speed this is suppose to be played at, but I think I finally got it right, and that being so, this record is fast screaming vocals accompanied by a wall of noise that some what resembles music. It's not half bad, though. The bands high energy and aggressive guitar playing create something worth thrashing to. (HD)

(HG Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayio-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo 164, JAPAN)



THE FEED BACK - "Come With Me/Human Fly"

This record is gonna take Greg Lowery, bend him over, and fuck him in the ass.....'til he cums!!!!!! This French garage trio rocks the house down with two scorching originals packed with super fuzzed out guitars, well produced catchy song structure, intense vocalizin' and just straight up power!!!!!! Both sides rock like

hell and I can't begin to tell you about all the sick, twisted things I want to do to my boyfriend when I get home tonight after hearing this slab of intense garage ecstasy!!!! Well done from the French for a change!!!! (SW)
(LGDC Productions, 8, Rue Camille Desmoulins, 66000 Perpignan, FRANCE)

FEZ PETTING ZOO - "All Systems Gone" CD

This disc is goofy but I like it anyways. If the early PIXIES tried to be more punk rock they would have sounded like this. Twisted and fucked up but poppy and fun. Although I'd probably get tired of this chaos after a few releases, this is quite charming for now. (RL)

(Baby Blue Records c/o Fez, PO Box 494, Madison, WI 53701)

THE FILTH.F.C. - "Stay In Bed Die Happy" EP

This is a solid debut if I've ever heard one. Two songs that sound a bit like THE BUSINESS's newer material but way catchier. The a-side is particularly good. Buy this and keep an eye out for any further releases by this band. (RM)

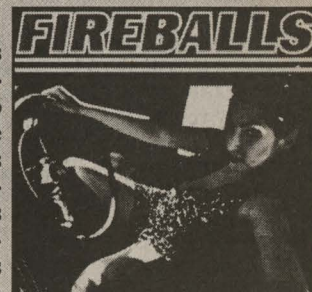
(1234 Records, PO Box 199, Deal, Kent, ENGLAND)



FIREBALLS - "Holiday" EP

The FIREBALLS EP comes enclosed in another fancy-schmancy Man's Ruin dayglo cover, sure to lure in the average consumer. The band themselves are a fast-paced punk-metal-hill-billy kind of deal along the lines of the SUPERSUCKERS. It really sounds like the guitarist wants to veer off on some Eddie Van Halen tangent but the rest of the band are keeping him in line. (JH)

(Man's Ruin Records, 610 22nd. St. #302, San Francisco, CA 94107)



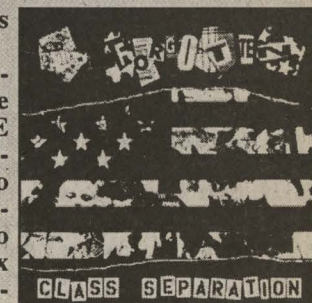
FLOODPLAIN - "Eightpennygalvanized" CD

Now this is my kind of hardcore! I don't know where this came from, but holy shit! This is the kind of stuff I like, and this just rocks. FLOODPLAIN sound like JIHAD, BOTCH, and CR all mixed into one band. This is an amazing release, and I am still wondering where this came from. This has made my night. Wow, I am speechless. (LU)

(Counterfeit Records, 1701 S 10th Ave., Sioux Falls, SD 57105)

THE FORGOTTEN - "Class Separation" EP

Yes sir! This is the mother-fuckin' guns! This band has come crushing into yer brain! THE FORGOTTEN are taking this little cowtown by storm! Prepare to be consumed by punk rock. Remember THE CLASH? So do these guys. The vocal/guitar mix on this record kicks ass! Professor Bale (Maximum columnist Emeritus) lauds THE FORGOTTEN as the best band in San Francisco! Watch out you street urchins! The FORGOTTEN is playing for keeps! Great punk rock! Buy now! (BR)
(TKO Records, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)



MUSIC REVIEWS



FORWARD - "Feel The Core Of Self" EP

Somebody needs to fly out to Japan and give the folks at HG:Fact a kiss on the lips on behalf of all fans of hardcore. This is another awesome release from FORWARD, fucking non-stop, all out hardcore with the classic Japanese verse and English chorus style. Play loud!! (TH)

(HG:Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-cho, Nakano, Tokyo 164, JAPAN)

FRENZAL RHOMB - "Not So Tough Now" CD

Now for a quick stop over in Australia. FRENZAL RHOMB sounds like a band NOFX would make fun of, and yet at one point they were on Fat Wreck Chords... or so I'm told. My advice to anyone at Fat: there's a better band from Australia called CAUSTIC SODA. I really liked the cover, a blown up McDonalds! (JV)

(Rubber Records, 633 Ocean Ave #21, Santa Monica, CA 90402)

FULL NOISE NINE - "Progress" EP

FN9 keep alternating between completely high pitched squealing, actual singing, and a very ASSUCK-like guttural growl that you could only be blessed to have by Satan himself. The music is kinda "Scum" era NAPALM DEATH, not really interestingly done, nor executed well. (PB)

(Civilisation Records, Parkstr 39, 89312 Gunsburg, GERMAN-
NY)

FUN PEOPLE/SHE DEVILS - split EP

Totally great punk rock 7" from Argentina. Both bands totally rock with the FUN PEOPLE doing ferocious melodic punk verging on emo with the wailing vocals. SHE DEVILS are also very catchy with great female vocals sort of giving it the flavor of DAN or JOYCE MCKINNEY EXPERIENCE or something like that. The record is also aimed at raising awareness about abortion and pro choice issues. An all around great effort. (LH)

(Ugly/Las Feos Records, Casilla De Correo #48, Sucursal 49, Código Postal (1449), Cap Fed, Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA)



FURIOUS GEORGE - "Banan- as/I Gotta Gun"

One side of this picture disk was recorded live, and it came out quite well. The studio side, "Banan-
as" is good too, driving 3 chord punk with weird ass vocals. (MC)

(Recess Records, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

FURIOUS GEORGE - "Gets A Record" LP

Before getting to the substance of the disc here, I must say that the title of this little hummer is the best I've seen in a while. Now, to the disc - what you would probably expect to hear from these fellows - lyrics that range from insightful and self revealing to absolute nonsense are sung/yelled/screamed to well played, traditional, mid-tempo punk rock. A guest appearance by Joey Ramone is another plus. One last thought, G. Tabb watched way too much TV when he was a kid. On yellow vinyl, of course. (KK)

(Recess Records, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

GAI - "Extermination" EP

The flexi from back in 1984 makes it on to hard vinyl, albeit not quite a 'legitimate' reissue. From back in the day when Japanese hardcore relied more on repetition and distortion than speed - is by all accounts an accurate and faithful reproduction of the original. Fuck. Still can't imagine how they got this to sound so rough - it's unbelievably distorted - the hardcore version of lo-fi for sure. (TM)

(Violent Party Records, no address)



THE GAMITS - "Come Get Some" EP

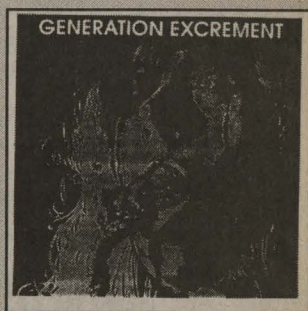
This is a cool EP! Pop punk that mixes it up and not one RAMONES sounding tune. Great tunes a la THE GAIN, or even THE FASTBACKS. This is a total bopping record. If you're gonna be pop it's cool when you thrash on drums and you crunch on guitar. Totally recommended. (RL)

(Drug Store Records, PO Box 5033, Golden, CO 80401)

GENERATION EXCREMENT - "I'll Be Back...You'll Be Fucked!" EP

No slacking here, driving old school punk in the vein of Beer City bands. Forceful, hooky music for slamming in this shitty existence. "All Of Us" reminds the individual punk factions that similar goals can unite instead of creating silly little punk rock wars. (TJ)

(Will E. Survive, PO Box 2065, Northlake, IL 60164)



GLOOM - "Recommendation Of Perdition" 12"

Whoa. Nine song 12" from a Japanese band I'd not heard about in a while - their single in '93 devastated many people (myself included) not usually impressionable - a tumultuous blend of hardcore and noise, which is what you've got here as well. Distorted to the 'wall of fuzz' extreme - there's no liner notes as to whether or not they're back together... I can only hope. (TM)

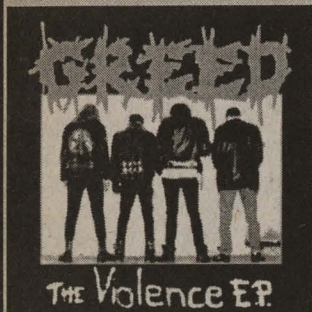
(M.C.R. Records c/o Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE GONADS - "Oi! Nutter/England's Glory"

Just when you thought it was safe to give up on oi, here comes Gary Bushell blasting out of the hilarious past. In their day, they were the drunken jesters of the original movement. Now, they are a bit more melodic and mature. Drunken energy and a gritty sound still abounds. Hey, where the hell is Max Splodge?! (TB)

(1234 Records, PO Box 199, Deal, Kent CT14 7GN, UK)



GREED - "The Violence EP" EP

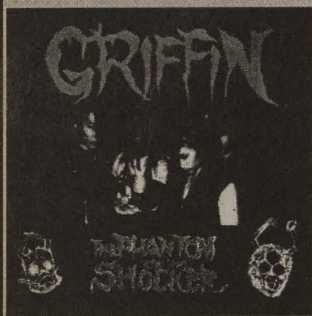
Red vinyl! This band is from SWEDEN, and you can probably guess by the name of the group that they're political. Sounds like the EXPLOITED, or more specifically like VARUKERS. I'd personally purchase this one (as soon as I get a job). Did I mention the red vinyl! (JV)

(Distortion Records, PO Box 129, S-401 22 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

THE GREEN HORNETS - "Faster Than The Bugzapper" LP

THE G.H.'s are a five-piece from London that write and play pretty good garage music. It's thick with reverb and organ, and fairly original as the genre goes. It doesn't really set my foot to tapping, though, because it's rather tame and none of the songs ever really takes off into an action-packed part. This kinda music doesn't benefit from the slickness that went into this production. Maybe if they rough up some of the edges on the next record, it'll sound better. This one's far from bad, though. (CH)

(Alopecia! Records, 35 Mill Lane, Benson, Oxford, OX10 6SA, ENGLAND)



GRIFFIN - "The Phantom Of The Shocker" EP

In the eighties I knew this band that would dress up in funny black clothes, splatter themselves in stage blood, and play a set that consisted of an hour's worth of MISFITS covers and one original. GRIFFIN are a lot like that, except that they're Japanese. The six tracks on this (post-humous?) EP sound like mediocre

outtakes from 'Earth A.D.' with metal leads - actually if you're one of these Japan-ophiles you might want to seek it out. I've heard worse. (JH)

(Real Deal Records, no address listed)

GRIMEY OFFENSIVE DRUNKS - "Liberty" EP

Weak ass, fast paced punk rock with some of the most irritating vocals I have ever heard. Sounds like the guy just drank a bottle of Jack Daniels, got kicked in the throat, and decided to do some spoken word. Yeah, it is as ugly as it sounds. (RC)

(Band Wagon Records, PO Box 44338, Tucson, AZ 85733-4338)

HAIL MARY - "Glorious Morning" EP

Musically, I liked this, maybe because I like BORN AGAINST so much. This sounds so similar to them it is insane. I am not one to compare bands to others, but this is just too close to pass up. There is also a hint of RORSCHACH in this as well. If you are a fan of either of those bands, give this a try because it does rock pretty well. (LU)

(PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

HAND TO MOUTH - "Your Ticket To The New Jerusalem" LP

Cramming poppy sensibilities between meaty hardcore riffs, and pulling it together with an intelligent political viewpoint, HTM manage to convey passion and anger in a fairly original sound. It is sincere and worth looking into, although it did get to be a bit much by the end. It also comes with a really well done 72 page zine. Very informative and imaginative. A good package. (BG)

(\$8 ppd: Dwsht zine, PO Box 28, Durham, NC 27702)

HARSH/SHITFIT - split EP

HARSH (the Canadian one, not the Finnish one) certainly live up to whatever billing that name would give - apocalyptic, wall of noise hardcore. Distorted to the point of being unintelligible, the guitar tidal wave rolls on. The now defunct SHITFIT donate four songs on the flip which unfortunately suffer from a mediocre sound quality that rob much of the impact they might have had. Certainly worth tracking for the 'A' side. (TM)

(Fox Records, 316 St. Joseph Est, Quebec, PQ, G1K 8Z7, CANADA)



HEAD - "The Monkeys" LP

In a freak accident at the printers, all copies of the sleeve for this LP were incorrectly titled "The Monkeys" in place of the intended title, "THE RAMONES". Any of these songs could have easily come from any of their prior 7" releases or their first LP. These guys rule. (KK)

(Evil Clown Records, PO Box 9144, Seattle, WA 98109)

HEADS KICKED OFF - "Your Silence" EP

Distorted, heavy, fast political hardcore from down under. Nine songs played at breakneck speed, with guttural bile ridden vocals railing against the evils of the world as HKO perceive them. Non stop raging intensity. (AM) (Spiral Objective, PO Box 126, Oaklands Park, SA 5046, AUSTRALIA)



MUSIC REVIEWS

THE HEIDIES - "Exit 10" CD

The HEIDIES offer clean, suburban, LA stadium punk, a cross between OFFSPRING and ALL, addressing teen angst issues. With grittier production, less vocal reverb, louder guitars, and more aggressive drumming, this could be a halfway decent CD. Trivia buffs beware of the title track hidden at the end of the CD, if you can get that far. The HEIDIES have potential for a bunch of kids whose next release could be crankin' with a lot work. (HM)
(Insurance Scam Records, PO Box 145, Northville, MI 48167)

HEYOKA - "Demain Sera..." LP

This LP is really fucking inspiring! A great insert booklet, filled with contact addresses to many autonomous organizations, labels, individuals and fanzines. It has lots of other info as well, but it's in French and Floyd don't read French. Still, it's laid out incredibly well, reminiscent of the finer CRASS records stuff. If that wasn't enough, you also get some fine old semi-crusty peace punk music. Not too harsh, and not to sterile. Record of the month. (JF)
(Maloka, BP 536, 21014 Dijon Cedex, FRANCE)

HIS HERO IS GONE/URANUS - split 12"

First, I think I'll mention the cover art because it is so cool. Especially cool if compared to the back art, which looks like it might be on a NEIL YOUNG album. I don't know if these guys look like miners from Harlan County, but I do know that this EP contains two sides of some very good shit. The production values are a bit lower (I'll say it again, not a bad thing), but I'd put this near LOGICAL NONSENSE's "Expand The Hive" which I liked a whole lot. Some of URANUS' songs are so long, yet somehow good. HIS HERO IS GONE does a good cover of JERRY'S KIDS' "Raise The Curtain". Drink domestic and buy this one, though it's a tour release only! (JV)
(no address)

HOBLIN'S CHOICE - "Watch Out" CD

If I have to hear another wannabe NOFX, I'm going to scream. This is well played and well produced, just lacks any sort of energy. Oh yeah, the token ska parts are included. (JF)
(Mad Butcher Records, Pater-Klepping-Str. 18, D-33154 Salzkotten, GERMANY)

ICK - "Close To The Pile" CD

Premium quality dork rock. These guys have elements of the PLAID RETINA and SCHLONG sound, with various styles of hardcore, punk, and mainstream metal and rock thrown together with lots of quick changes from one to the other. Overall, they are closer to POUNDED CLOWN and NAR in the humor department. But that's only when they are making jokes; a lot of the lyrics seem to be exercises in non sequitur, like the VSS. (TH)
(\$7ppd: 1019 Leaf Ave., Murfreesboro, TN 37130)

IDYLS - "Down With" EP

"Swedish trash garage" sez they. OK, sez I. Flatly produced garage-riffing with the dose of stupidity necessary to make it stand out from the pack. Odd thing is that in two of the four enclosed songs, the stupidity manifests itself in a deep, deep guttural/whacked out with full reverb vocal style that's generally found in the scarier forms of thrashmetal. At least it's more interesting than most of the bands in the trash garage sweepstakes. (DD)
(Ken Rock, Gisslerodsbacken 18, 457 02 Grebbestad, SWEDEN)

I FARM - "So My Kids Won't Have To" CD

Eighteen tracks of blazing fast punk. Catchy and melodic music with sing-a-long choruses. Excellent in the lyrics department; singer has that awesome snotty punk voice. Great release. (CW)
(Creep Records, 252 E. Market St. #220, West Chester, PA 19381)

I LOVE RICH - "Live, Wet, Drippin' With Sexx" CD

Awesome '70s live rock album parody complete with rockstar small talk egging on the frenzied Cambodian "crowd". With rock/pop punk anthems like "Rock Your World", "Dig U Diggin' Me", and "Super Sexxy", these studs prove they can ham it up with the best of them. RICH puts all those commercial '70s revival bands to shame with this consistently funny and well delivered joke. (HM)
(Big Dump Records, PO Box 2658, Bridgeview, IL 60455)

INTENSITY - "Battered Soul" EP

Yeah! This is a rockin' piece of work. INTENSITY definitely has an old school hardcore influence, as well as some punk mixed in there. Lyrically, they tackle some personal yet semi-political topics. Hailing from Sweden, these guys really pack a wild punch. I am impressed. (LU)
(Putrid Filth, c/o BTR, St. Sodergatan 38, S-222 23 Lund, SWEDEN)

JACK SAINTS - "Pickpockets And Loose Women" EP

A nice vague 45 with no information given and no apologies offered - fuzz guitar, indecipherable lyrics, great playing. I can't heap enough superlatives on this one, just that in it's on simple way it's my pick of the month. Ignore the garbled monster/hot rod cover art and hunt this one down. Is this band at all related to the old JACKSON SAINTS? (JH)
(Emperor Records, no address)

JENO - "Drained" EP

Brutal thrash crossover intensity. Got a very tight toe-tapping beat (although you'd probably need to borrow a few feet's worth to keep up with the speed). There's not much more to say really. I've heard worse versions of this stuff so this ranks fairly high on the listenable meter. (PB)
(Bad People Records, PO Box 480931, Denver, CO 80248)

MUSIC REVIEWS

JERSEY - "No Turning Back" CD

The liner notes of this CD say that JERSEY is a byproduct of the bands GRADE and BELIEVE. Now I remember those two bands having a split CD that was all the rave of the sweater wearing emo-hardcore crowd. Well, JERSEY sounds nothing like GRADE or BELIEVE. What JERSEY sounds like is OP IVY with occasional female vocals. Hell, at times JERSEY sounds like it could be the unreleased OP IVY. Overall, this gets the thumbs up, even if it lacks originality. (JF)

(Raw Energy, 65 Front St. W #0116-42, Toronto, ON, M5J 1E6, CANADA)

JOHN THE BAKER - "...With Slimy Penis Breath" CD

Smartass, lousepunk, y'know: disgruntled, sarcastic, pissed-off. Serious as a heart-attack but comes off somehow as a CRUCIFUCKS meets ANTISEEN meets SPINAL TAP thing if only in intention and not in actual execution (read: not as good as the real McCoy). I like the parts when they almost sound like SLOVENLY (if unfortunately mixed in with ZOOGZ RIFT, eh? SST fans of old). Could be interpreted as either high art or punk rock trying too hard or just plain bizarre hilarity. And what is with that singer doing the "...Neeeeeeaaahhhh (with demonic overtones)" ad nauseum. Now's the time to ask yourself "SST? pot?, what?" (JY)
(Living Alternatives, PO Box 251, Woodstock, NY 12498)

THE KAISERS - "Alligator Twist" EP

God, why do I have to like this shit!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I hate the way these motherfuckers look and their whole old '60s Mercy-beat Liverpool GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS schtick!!!!!!!!!! Errrrrrrr!!!!!!!!!! But I gotta tell you, this four song EP actually rocks and is so utterly catchy.....Jeeeesuzzzz!!!! Now I gotta eat my hat!!!!!! Fuck my motherfuckin' ass!!!!!!!!!!!! (SW)

(Wild Wild, 1 Coates Place, Haymarket, Edinburgh, SCOTLAND)



KANKER SORES - "Pivot" EP

Kinda hardcoresque. This is good fast aggressive music with quick fun vocals. There's a great song about hating yearbooks, and best of all they won't play their Ska songs anymore. (HD)
(Recess Records, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

KILL SADIE - "Colorless" EP

The great packaging had emo all over it, but I was pleasantly surprised to find four songs of discordant hardcore tucked away in side. This definitely has tinges of the "e" word but it rocks in a raw, punk rock, way. DC influenced for sure, but fast and scratchy. Pretty rad. (AM)
(One Percent Records, PO Box 141048, Minneapolis, MN 55414)

KARENZA - "Your Beliefs Are Nothing Without Action" EP

Punchy modern thrashed hardcore from Ontario, Canada. Unlike many of the bands playing this type of HC, KARENZA play with a slowed down, mid paced tempo that maintains, if not enhances, the clarity and power of the songs over other bands that go the speedier route. Each side has a spoken word track, one of which addresses queerness in the face of heterosexual domination. There is an overtness in political content that runs throughout the music, lyrics, layout, and written pieces included with the lyric booklet. The method and substance of their politics seems much influenced by the "fest politics" espoused at Midwest HC music festivals (i.e., on stage confessionals and confrontational spoken word performance). The record is a benefit for an Anarchist "anti-store" in Toronto and a low cost direct care hospice. (MK)
(\$3.00 ppd: Sun and Moon, 606 N. Atherton St., State College, PA 16803)

KITTENS - "In Bazooka And The Hustler" CD

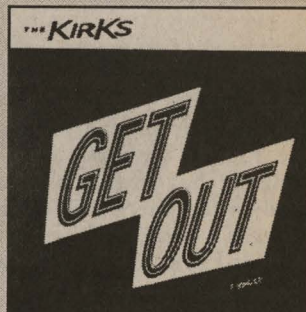
These animal loving Canadians proclaim that they have created a "spaghetti western-influenced musical adventure." I'm not sure where gun toting western heroes fit in with this (the song titles might be a clue), but this does rock in the vein of SUPERSUCKERS with shit kicking drum beats, distorted vocals and country guitar licks. Good, fun, straight forward, fuzzy cow rock, undoubtedly they're a blast to see live. Their "get-big" agenda is a little too obvious in their layout, with articles phrasing them and a press release, leaving no room for lyrics. For me, this takes away from their playfulness. (TJ)
(Sonic Unyon Records, PO Box 57347 Jackson Stn, Hamilton, ON, CANADA)

LOS KENNY HARPERS/LOS CACAHUETES - split EP

Best yet from both of these solid garage combos. LOS CACAHUETES do the catchy "Fashion" (yeah, a catchy garage song; funny how most bands trying to plow this field seem to figure that it's enough to make a stab at "rocking") and a rather ripping instro. Both of LOS KENNY HARPERS songs (but especially "Zulu") sound like... (this is going to seem weird)...like... a garage rock METAL URBAIN (i.e., with real drums and no wacky electronics) (of course, the singing being in Spanish rather than French is another slight difference). At any rate, I'm all for it! (DD)
(Shot Down Records, Paulusstr. 2-6, 33602 Bielefeld, GERMANY)

THE KIRKS - "Get Out" EP

How cool! This seven track EP packs its grooves with what sounds like hard, fast '60s trash (the vocals recorded in car radio sound) infected with bits of hard-ass modern punk stylings with STOOGES-type craziness. The mix works on both the instrumentals and vocal tunes, mostly due to irresistible garage production and teenage rage. They even cover RADIO BIRDMAN, so they definitely have a hold in their rock'n'roll roots. Long may they remain in the garage. Recommended. (SS)
(PO Box 1624, Keene, NH 03413)



MUSIC REVIEWS

KOCHISE - "Dans Le Meeilleur Des Mondes.." LP

Hmm, this is French peace punk, I guess. The music ranges from arty experimentation to straight ahead punk with many, many parts, and with pissed female vocals over top of it all. The packaging is very CRASS inspired, as is the music, at times. Included is a very thick zine about political issues, in both French and English. The music isn't all that bad, but really didn't do much for me. They definitely seem more message oriented than music oriented. Pretty OK. (BG)
(Kochise, BP 232, 75624 Paris, Cedex 13, FRANCE)

KORT PROSESS - "Svart Natt" 2xEP

Whoa. The kings of Norwegian hardcore return - and with a vengeance - 16 songs spread out over a double EP. Somehow managing to spike hardcore with equal amounts of speed, intricacy and verge - it's overly simplistic to just call it hardcore - while that's the foundation, the structure isn't so easily pigeonholed. Can only hope with the recent success of other Norwegian bands, they start to get half the recognition they deserve. (TM)
(Heart First, Bockhstr. 39, 10967 Berlin, GERMANY)



LADY SPEEDSTICK - "Saturday Night's Alright For Bondage" EP

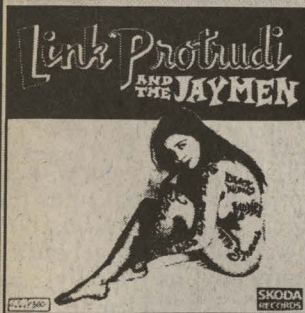
The title track stands out as the hit and only mid-tempo anthem on this 4 song EP. I can't get that "naa na naaa" chorus outta my head. On the remaining tracks, the LADY's deliver catchy, driving, slightly generic hardcore with slurred vocals. They add a little twist with a '70s

rock-style bridge in the final track. Decent. (HM)
(Surfin' Bird Records, 1127 Berner St (lower), Green Bay, WI 54302)

LATEX GENERATION - "360 Degrees" CD

I really wish I had a form review for bands like this, where all I would have to do is fill in a few blanks and be done with it. You know the score; fast, poppy, snotty, blah, blah, etc, blah. Generic, pretentious music with a non-threatening delivery. (BG)

(Onefoot Records, PO Box 3834 Cherry Hill, NJ 08034)



LINK PROTRUDI AND THE JAYMEN - "Backfire" EP

Loud, chunky instrumentals recorded live somewhere in the summer of '94.... featuring members of the ACETONES.... five songs in all and so fucking boring that it completely ruined my sex drive for the week.....!!!!!! Any record that can do that is dangerous and should be outlawed!!!!!! (SW)

(Skoda, PO Box 360, 2600 AJ Delft, HOLLAND)

LOOK AT TOMORROW/NEIL SMITH - split EP

LOOK AT TOMORROW is a badly recorded hardcore band hailing from Finland, it seems. Sounds like a show at Epicenter, can't really tell if it's really good or really bad. NEIL SMITH is a Florida transplant, now an SF local, with amusing tunes like "Bad Chicken Suit" reminiscent of WHITE TRASH DEBUTANTES. I kinda like this record for some reason. (RY)
(Razor Records, PO Box 420865, San Francisco, CA 94142)

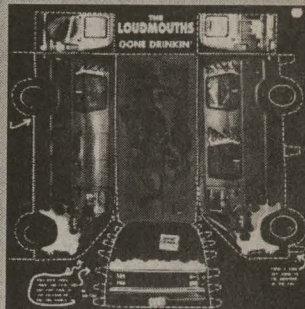


LEBENSREFORM - "Retor" EP

Scattered, grind inciting revolution and destruction. Slow dissident introductions waving into grinding HC. This is what hard, heavy music should sound like complex without losing power. (TJ)
(Horizons Inc., Sven Chojnicki, Brigittenstr 10, #407, 20359 Hamburg, GERMANY)

THE LOUDMOUTHS - "Gone Drinkin'" EP

I put the needle down on this and goddamn if I wasn't blown right out of my size eleven Vans. This is awesome. I thought their debut LP was good but the songs on this blow those away. I think it might have something to do with the mix because things don't sound as garbled this time around. For those who've never heard them, THE LOUDMOUTHS are simple, powerful and snotty, i.e. punk at its best. Oh, the cover is a cool parody/ripcoff of FLIPPER's "Gone Fishin'" LP. Rock on! (RM)
(New Red Archives, PO Box 210501, San Francisco, CA 94121)



MÄDELS NO MÄDELS - "Failures" LP

At times this is classic up-tempo, catchy traditional Germany punk rock with funny punk tendencies. The pace, vocals and use of sound bytes in between tracks make me think this is Germany's answer to THE TOY DOLLS. Other times, the quality just isn't there, with a few of the songs dragging on. Overall, however, the quality is good. Hey kids, beware the backward cut. Recommended. (KK)
(Bellaforte Records, Stuttgarter Str 9, 71069 Sindelfingen, GERMANY)

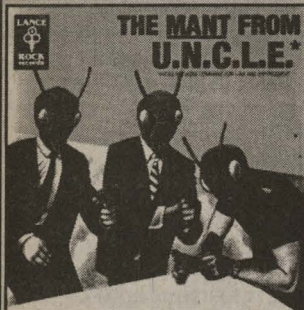
MANFAT/HARD TO SWALLOW - split EP

Two power outfits from Northern England, where dissatisfaction's in the water. MANFAT are the ultimate bring-down, depressingly negative lyrics intently intoned over walls of expressive guitar noise, like NEUROSIS playing side two of "My War." Fucking rad. HARD TO SWALLOW sound more like BORN AGAINST on a mind-bending cocktail of drink and drugs. I don't know about that wah-wah pedal, but the power-violence intensity and vitriolic lyrics I can live with. MANFAT came out on top at the end of the day though. (AM)
(Flat Earth, PO Box 169, Bradford, BD7 1YS, UK)

MUSIC REVIEWS

MANGEL - "Warning" EP

Heavy, grunge stuff that might have found on Am Rep a couple of years ago. Vocals are in English. (MM)
(Lada Records, PO Box 2038, 2470 AA Zwammerdam, HOLLAND)



THE MANTS - "The Mant From Uncle" 2xEP

Well, actually it's a 1.5xEP, since the "special bonus 45" has the same two songs on both sides. Five songs in the general vicinity of garage punk, four instrumentals (one of which is a MILKSHAKES cover) which are all less interesting than the vocal (real) song. Shane White lives to rip on releases like this, but to me it was

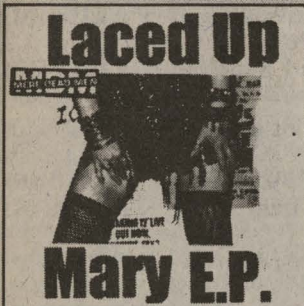
decent but certainly not earthshaking. (DD)

(Lance Rock Records, 1223 College Dr, Nanaimo, BC, V9R 5Z5, CANADA)

MANGEL/APOLLO 13 - split EP

MANGEL speeds up their brand of punk rock that's full of rock. As always, their rock is accompanied lyrics with social commentary. Drawing attention to the fact that Belgians kill their offspring in large numbers, more then anywhere else in the world, and that soccer is violent and corrupt. APOLLO 13 is more exciting than the movie, yet this surf-instrumental band still lacks something original to rave about. Originality is very difficult to create in this finite genera. Clear plastic cover and clear vinyl make for slick packaging. (TJ)

(Alphen Aan De Records, PO Box 101, 2400AC Alphen Aan Den Rijn, HOLLAND)



MERE DEAD MEN - "Laced Up Mary" EP

The title track here is faster-paced, poppy punk rock that is extremely catchy and sports some seriously cool female vocals. The B-Side tracks, while still catchy, have a more '80s new wave sound, which, by the way, is not a bad thing. Recommended. (KK)
(Weird Records, 61 London Rd., Balderton, Newark, Notts, NG24 3AG, ENGLAND)

MR. T EXPERIENCE - "And I Will Be With You" EP

Every once in a while, us music reviewers here at MRR have to take on the additional role of public servant. Today, I bring you the news that the new MTX record is the worse 7" that Lookout has ever put out. The A side is one power pop number that has neither the power or the pop. Side two, gives us a cover of ELTON JOHN's "Don't Go Breaking My Heart", complete with the MUFF's Kim Shattuck on guest duet-ing vocals. The final song is a weak reminder of the great band that MTX once was. Very bad, and the whole pop punk scene should beware of this atrocity. You have been warned! (JF)

(Lookout!)

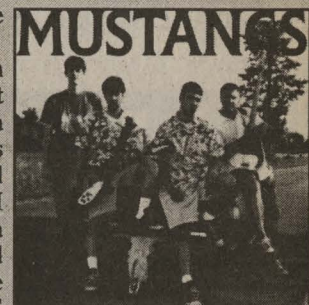
THE MISANTHROPISTS/CHRISTIAN PROHIBITION - split EP

I saw the MISANTHROPISTS play a few months ago and they just seemed like four young kids playing the flavor of the year grind/hardcore thing, but their songs on here are totally full of intensity and completely highlight their playing agility and abilities. This was also my first encounter with CHRISTIAN PROHIBITION. They're fairly skilled and know how to lay down the intensity and power as well. Both bands are really young and so I'm completely amazed by the over-the-top shit coming out of this particular young Bay Area scene, therefore they get nothing short of respect from me. (PB)
(Cesspool Records, 985 Bidwell Ave, Sunnyvale, CA 94086)



MUSTANGS - "Here Come The Stangs" EP

Three poppy ass tunes from this South Carolina 4-piece that are pretty mediocre. It took me a little bit to warm up to these guys cuz the guitars and bass are mixed way down on the B-side, and I hate that! But the third time's a charm. I like 'em. They remind me of a slower version of the ACRYLICS or NUMBER ONE (which were great bands live but their records sucked). So I'm hopin' this'll be the same thing. Buy it, play it a few times, get used to it, and it'll soon be in your top 20. (AT)
(\$4 ppd: Slade Baird, 3205 Baird Road, Clover, SC 29710)



MY 3 SCUM - "Zombies Gonna Eat Your Brain/Werewolf By Night"

Lightweight, funny-horror-pop punk. One song and one instrumental here. The one song smacks of the MISFITS by way of some bad DICKIES, and that's as far as the joke goes. Actually, I think the instrumental on the flip's pretty cool: a straightahead "rock" tune with surf/Munsters leanings. (JY)

(Eerie Records, 2408 Peach St., Erie, PA 16502)



MASSKONTROL - "Will You Ever Learn?" CD

If you haven't heard MASSKONTROL before, their style falls into that gray area sometimes referred to as the "DOOM-HIATUS-and countless others" category. I used to really like this style especially when it was first done) but 10 years of the same formula (both musically and lyrically), can leave a bitter taste in your mouth. This is a full length, not a collection of old singles, so look for it if you dig that style of crusty/punk. (MW)

(Nikt Nic Niewie, PO Box 53, 34-400 Nowy Targ, POLAND)

MUSIC REVIEWS

NECKBONES - "Hit Me/Bad Boy"

Competent rootsy punk rock with the requisite "nekkid chicks" and playing cards imagery. Actually, the guitar has that POISON 13 sound, but I digress. It's that 12-bar boogie thing transposed to punk rock, shades of CHUCK BERRY, HEARTBREAKERS (or, in the case of the B-side, LARRY WILLIAMS). Excited punk? Well... (JY) (Sympathy)



NINE POUND HAMMER - "Dead Flowers" EP

God, it's bands like this that make me afraid of being a fag-got..... what you got here are four songs straight out of the backwoods bar rock scene.... very greasy.... with like great big hairy balls and even hairy backs!!!!!! Complete truck driver rock with ROLLING STONES and LITTLE RICHARD covers thrown

in for that old 8-track cartridge feel while passing through West Virginia..... limited to only 300..... no butt-fuckin' permitted!!!!!! (SW)

(Peek-a-Boo! 2502 San Antonio #1, Austin, TX 78705)

NINJA ATTK/THE CRASH - split EP

What we have here is two very scrappy bands doing rough-around-the-edges style pop punk. Both play fast and sloppy, and sing off key more times than not, but in a way, that is their charm. The cheese factor that seems to be a prerequisite for pop punk these days is nowhere to be found. It's simply honest, aggressive music, reflecting these folks' everyday hopes, dreams, and frustrations. I'm completely taken in with this EP's charm. There are 2 songs each band, the NA side being more chaotic and snotty, the CRASH side more gruff. And don't let the horrible 5th grade style cover art scare you away. This rocks. (BG)

(Suburban Legend Records, 7 Woodbrook Cir, Wilmington, DE 19810)

NIÑOS CON BOMBAS - "De Tiempo En El Momento De La Explosion" CD

This is totally crazy. A mixture of high energy melodic hardcore and pop punk with blasts of neo-math rock weirdness. Lots of punkness, but the weird parts at times sound a lot like STEELY DAN (which I actually like a lot). Very interesting. (LH)

(Grita!, PO Box 1216, New York, NY 10156)

NOBODY'S - "The Smell Of Victory" LP

At first, I was going to give this record an OK review because there's nothing that bad about it, but I changed my mind because there's nothing that good about it either. Sounds like any old typical pop-punk band: fast, catchy, melodic, and up-beat. Musically, the NOBODY'S are alright, but their lyrics totally suck. They're completely pointless, juvenile, and stupid. Most songs talk about tits and ass, but aren't even intelligent enough to be offensive. The only good thing about this record is that it's on beautiful pink vinyl, and I do give them credit for one observation— "Riot Grrrls aren't very nice", when they review the NOBODY'S, that is! (HD)

(Hopeless Records, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

NORTHERN DRINKING CULT - "Drink Up The Cider George" EP

This is a rock solid, melodic street punk with good vocals. If you like Strummer's or McGowan's voice, this should appeal to you. With NORTHERN DRINKING CULT you have journeyman Australian pub/oi as the order of the day. There's a talented guitar player present here. The lyrics deal with one of the most important themes in a young man's life: drinking. Listen to this! (BR)

(Working Class Records c/o Christian David, 15 Rue C. DeGaulle, 49500 Segre, FRANCE)

OBLITERATED/ HAYWIRE - split EP

HAYWIRE are a U.K. hardcore, political punk band. Their songs cover squatting and political factionalism. THE OBLITERATED are from Portland, OR. and play fast hardcore punk. The female vocals really stand out along with the songs about alcoholism, conditioning by the system and pro life idiots. (MM)

(Consensus Reality, 1951 W. Burnside 1654, Portland, OR 97209)



ONE COMMON VOICE - "Freedom Not Fascism" EP

Lafayette, Louisiana is in the heart of Cajun country, and while ONE COMMON VOICE has neither French vocals nor accordion accompaniment, they still belt out some solid songs. Primarily, things are straight up punk with a solid, driving drummer who keeps everything moving. At times the music gets tune-

ful with choruses perfect for shouting along with. Songs about hate for the cops, disdain for shit talk, and punk/skin solidarity. They make it clear that they oppose racism, sexism, and homophobia; not always such an easy stance to have in the Louisiana punk scene. (TH)

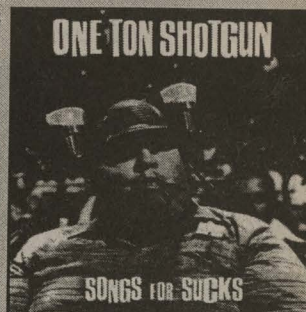
(East Bay Menace, PO Box 3313, Oakland, CA 94609)



ONE TON SHOTGUN - "Songs For Sucks" EP

Amazing early eighties sounding aggressive LA styled punk not unlike the ADOLESCENTS. As scary as it may seem, the guitar tuneage on a couple of the songs reminded me of metal gods IRON MAIDEN, in a good way. This singer had excellent introspective lyrics sung with that snotty affectation punks are known for. I could see this band getting real big. (CW)

(Sike, Box 10504, Holyoke, MA 01040-2104)



MUSIC REVIEWS

OJOROJO - "Can You Keep Your Sanity" LP

Another in the recent wave of 'apocalyptic' hardcore bands - those combining elements of the despair and nihilism of doom with the energy and buffeting impact of hardcore. They do well here, utilizing dual vocalists throughout, and with a decent feel on things like introspective intros and whatnot. (TM)

(East Bay Menace, PO Box 3313, Oakland, CA 94609)

OUT OF TOUCH - "Advice" EP

OUT OF TOUCH mixes up a developed mosh-core somewhat similar to SNAPCASE (though not as developed) and a basic straight through hardcore like CORRUPTED MORALS. The guitars use a lot of tweaked out note playing that I believe is referred to as 'harmonics'. The highpoints of the record come when everything is played fast, start to finish. When the slow breakdowns come, I just want to hit the snooze button. (TH)

(Room 13 Records, 3505 Kipling, Berkley, MI 48072)

PANSY DIVISION - "More Lovin' From Our Oven" CD

This is a release of songs from four of their best old seven inches. Fun, goofy, and queercore, this rocks! Includes a demo version of "Fem in a Black Leather Jacket", and the wonder hit "Manada". A good buy for those who don't own the seven inches. (HD)

(Lookout Records)

PANTYBOY - "White Middleclass Suburban Punx" EP

Damn! Another aces seven inch thrown my way. This is low budget, low-fi punk that's ballsy and fucked up enough to avoid being labeled garage rock. Actually, this has a lot in common with GANG GREEN's slower i.e. better songs on "Another Wasted Night". Only 300 copies exist so get off your ass and look for this one. (RM)

(Lada Records, PO Box 2038, 2470 AA Zwammerdam, HOLLAND)

PARASITES - "It's Alive" LP

One of the easier reviews I've had to write. The PARASITES play the RAMONES LP in front of a crowd at Gilman St. If you have the original there isn't much reason to bother, but it's your money. Comes in a very swanky felt silkscreened sleeve. I think any further comment would be useless. (JH)

(Clearview Records, 2157 Pueblo Dr., Garland, TX 75040)



PINK KROSS - "Scumbag" EP

Three great blasts of yelling girl garage punk from the UK. Totally energetic and fast, which is the best kind of garage punk. Sort of like the RED AUNTS at the wrong speed. I think this is Stephen from BIS' label as well. So get it... (LH)

(Teen C Recordingz, PO Box 15107, Glasgow, G1 1US, UK)

PINCUSHION - "Maggot" CD

Pretty straightforward pop punk. It's mostly fast with bursts of hardcore. It's played tight and recorded the same. With 20 songs, it gets a little bland at times. But it's cool for the most part. (LH)

(Gun In Mouth Records, no address)

PISSPOOR/UNGRATEFUL - split LP

All the kids in Dallas say that there's nothing to do except go to Austin. After listening to PISSPOOR it makes it clear that the grind scene is so powerful and driving in Austin that it's worth the trip. The deep female screams have a fulfilling jack hammer impact. PISSPOOR is joined by Southern brothers, UNGRATEFUL, on the HC side. Lexington's UNGRATEFUL is "nothing new" HC, but good at tearing it up and ripping it down. (TJ)

(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

POLITICAL ASYLUM - "Rock, You Sucker" CD

Yeah, I remember these guys. I think we even did an interview with them in my first zine. Well, this is a retrospective covering the years '89 to '91. There's 21 songs in all, and they vary from the slow gloom rock of the early stuff to the tight, melodic post punk of the later years. All are played with passion (although I could do with a few less guitar solos), and the lyrics are intelligent and thoughtful. Overall, this stuff stands the test of time very well. A good scrapbook in CD form of a Scottish band that carved their own niche in punk. (BG)

(Broken Rekids, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146)

PRETENTIOUS ASSHOLES/DANGERMUSE - split EP

Holy shit cakes! When the fuck will the Chicago area stop creating so many fucking good hardcore bands. Following in the footsteps of CHARLES BRONSON and MK ULTRA (but not copying in the least), these two thrash mongers leave their own markings in hardcore history. Any locals who are so lucky to see all those great bands open for touring acts should be honored. A must get. (MW)

(Thug Life, 429 Circle Ave., Forest Park, IL 60130)

PUD - "The One On The Wall Is A Trout. I'm The Shark!" LP

Punk rock with heavy accents on the rock element. The comparison that keeps coming to mind is the band that did the music as the band in "Eddie & The Cruisers", the one that did "On The Dark Side". I've never been a big fan of BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, although this past July 4th I did commandeer a stereo at a party and played the entire "Born In The USA" LP, much to everyone's displeasure. Now karma has blessed me with this. Thanks sweetie. (PB)

(Recess Records, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

THE RESTARTS - "...Just Gets Worse" EP

Wicked Britpunk. Reminds me of the CONTEMPT and MUTT stuff I reviewed recently. Raw and dirty with angry, ranting vocals. "Mind Your Own Business" is the top track. (TB)

(Blind Destruction Records, PO Box 29, 82 Colston St., Bristol BS1 5BB, UK)



MUSIC REVIEWS



RANDOM CONFLICT/ANTI-CRISIS - split EP

RANDOM CONFLICT play raw but melodic hardcore punk, and are okay, but they are blown away on this occasion by ANTI-CRISIS, who rock out in a POISON IDEA fashion, with one of the best vocalists since H.R. They only have two songs on here, and one of them is just okay, but on the strength of their first song

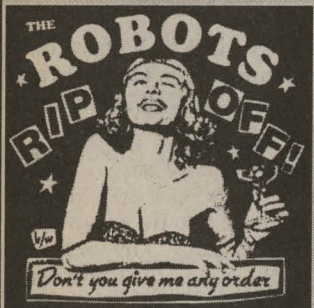
on here I'd say they are one of the coolest sounding bands around. (AM)

(Pun Crock, PO Box 214, Birmingham, AL 35061-0214)



REGISTRATORS - "T.V. Hell Vacation"

Fast and melodic punk from Japan, played just out of control enough to sound great. I know that's about as lame-ass as a description can be, but this is one of those bands you just have to hear to understand. They also put on a great live show. (CH) (Rip Off Records)



ROBOTS - "Rip Off/Don't You Give Me Any Order"

Some strange shit has been finding its way to my doorstep this month, and here's exhibit 'a' - "Rip Off" sounds like the old "American Bandstand" theme with fuzz guitar and some weird Belgian guy singing over the top of it. "Don't You Give Me any Order" exhumes the riff from Henry Mancini's "Peter Gunn" theme with the same fucked-up delivery. If I could see what this band actually looked like it might all fall into place. (JH)

(Kings World Records, no address)



SAVAGE MALIGNANT - "Lucky 7" EP

Two young looking English kids, twins I assume.... one on guitar and vocals, one on drums and vocals..... five songs.... some punky, some '60's style instrumentally.... all in all it amounts to one big pile of dog shit.... enough said!!!!!! (SW)

(Wrench, BCM Box 4049, London WC1N 3XX, UK)

SHALLOW, NORTH DAKOTA - "This Apparatus..." CD

Thickly distorted repetitive rhythms with hoarsely screamed vocals. Is this Canada's answer to the UNSANE? This definitely isn't my thing, but it could be yours. (RC) (Sonic Unyon Records, PO Box 57347, Jackson Stn, Hamilton, ON, L8P 4X2, CANADA)

SCAPEGOATS - "81-85" EP

Definitely an odd release - five tracks by a German band that apparently existed from '81 to '85, now being co-released by a German and Japanese label. Typical generic European hardcore from the era - faster paced, lots of lead guitar and throaty vocals. Decent enough stuff, and maybe worth releasing back then, but why now? (KK) (Old School Records, Dorfstr. 158, 24147 Klausdorf, GERMANY)

SCARED OF CHAKA/TRAITORS - split EP

Two songs from each band in this sorta odd pairing. More-so than on other occasions, SCARED OF CHAKA sound quite a bit like GAUNT. Maybe it's the vocals. Maybe it's the recording style. Maybe it's the SUPERCHARGER cover. It's great either way. TRAITORS are more straight up punk with loads of melody and bigger production. I think this is Marc from NO EMPATHY's other band. (LH) (Johann's Face Records, PO Box 479-164, Chicago, IL 60647)

SCROTUM GRINDER - "Geld" EP

Had to laugh with that band name- sounds like something Walter Glaser would make up as a joke. Hope it doesn't prevent people from checking them out though - it's top notch Florida hardcore with that awesome production that state is known for. The lyrics are political in the nebulous way I don't always understand - it's not love songs, but I didn't get any real mental shots. Wish them the best - the band's certainly a rocket. (TM)

(Burrito Records, PO Box 3209, Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

SENSA YUMA - "Everyday's Your Last Day" CD

The sticker on the cover says they got a couple of blokes from GBH. The ad says they got the singer from ENGLISH DOGS/CONTEMPT. Sounds like all that, and some CHAOS UK. A good Brit punk release with a raw, spacious, live sound. No lyric sheet. (TB)

(Retch Records, 49 Rose Crescent, Woodvale, Southport, Merseyside PR8 3RZ, UK)

SENSELESS APOCALYPSE/GORE BEYOND NECROPSY - split EP

Whoa. This is nutty as all hell! The SENSELESS APOCALYPSE side is just insanity. Fast crazy speed, with some video game samples mixed in there for good measure. This is original to say the least, and I think i better turn this over before my brain explodes. okay, the GORE BEYOND NECROPSY side is just as brutal and weird. A bit heavier and more grind oriented, it still sounds pretty damn original and experimental as well. Not a bad split from our Japanese friends. Try this out. (LU)

(Blurred Records, c/o Manabu Isobe, 482-1 Naka, Kambara, Ihara, Shizuoka 421-32, JAPAN)

SHOCKING BEYOND BELIEF - "Misery" EP

Deep heavy music with gut wrenching screaming vocals. We're talking mean crusty hardcore. These Germans can sure serve up the intensity. Not recommended for the weak hearted. (HD)

(Achim Stabb, Esslinger Str 25, 89537 Giengen, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SHARPEVILLE - 10"

Damn, this is intense. Very heavy and pissed. Mostly thrashy songs with a couple guys screaming themselves blue in the face over it. It really doesn't let up. Pretty brutal music with very well thought out lyrics, covering many important issues. Oh yeah, and they are from Finland. My only complaint is the low sound level. Music for a very black mood. (BG)
(Merwi Records c/o Jonte Ekman, PO Box 53, 15141 Lahti, FINLAND)

THE SHORT FUSES - "Ride Me/No Way"

Minneapolis' rowdy rockers do it one more time for me. There's something I really like about this band. It's plain to hear they've got energy and talent, but their songs are so cool. They're different than the average garage band. I'm sure I compared them to STINKERBELL before, but they also remind me of the FONDLED. Female vocals, loads of power and rock n' roll! (RY)
(007 Records, 534 E. 14th St. #15, New York, NY 10009)

SISTERS GRIMM - "Dance" EP

Fast music with rockin' guitars and deep female vocals. The title song is absolutely awesome, and even though this is only a three song release it's definately a solid one. (HD)
(Thunderbaby Records, Hasselsster. 120, 40599 Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

SLICK AND THE DEVIL GIRLS - "One Touch/Hell-O-Sinner"

Purporting to "...most certainly define a new movement...in the development of underground rock 'n' roll," this little disc attempts to "blur the distinction between rockabilly and sleaze-rock." It is rather blurry musically, falling short of rockabilly by a few feet and missing sleaze-rock (which isn't a style of music so much as a Crypt Records marketing scheme) by a couple of miles. The band isn't bad, really, they just take their particular brand of rather bland psychobilly a little bit too seriously. (CH)
(Sinner Records, PO Box 5466, Atlanta, GA 30307)



SLOPPY SECONDS/VINDICTIVES - split EP

SLOPPY SECONDS have been cranking out catchy punk tunes for 10 years now. Long enough to rate them as one of America's all time great punk bands, maybe ranking behind The PAGANS, but ahead of The RAMONES. "Why Don't Lesbians Love Me?" is yet another great tune with amusing lyrics. VINDICTIVES is bass driven punk

that sounds like some of the less melodic late 70's punk. (MC)
(V.M.L., PO Box 183, Franklin Park, IL 60131)

SMOOTH AND GREEDY - "Not Just For Sluts And Circus Freaks..." EP

A weird little five song offering. Some of it is straight up rock with a little harmonica. The best moments sound like early GUN CLUB with Peter Murphy of BAUHAUS on vocals. It's kinda cool. But not really my thing. (LH)
(Feed Back Boogie Records, Nydalavägen 2C, S-352 48 Växjö, SWEDEN)

SNUFF - "Potatos And Melon Wholsale Prices Straight From The Lockup" CD

I believe this is a rerelease of something that came out a couple years ago. Kinda like SNUFF interprets their favorite songs. It's a covers LP, with a few originals that fit the mood thrown in. All songs get the SNUFF patented amped up treatment. There is the obligatory Motown number, a couple reggae type songs, one by BOOKER T & THE MGs, some standards, and WAT TYLER's "It Must Be Boring Being In SNUFF" (an awesome choice for a cover, for obvious reasons). Had me bouncing around my living room with my son. (BG)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 460144, San Francisco, CA 94146)

SONNY VINCENT AND HIS RAT RACE CHOIR - "Pure Filth" CD

Very '70s, very New York, very punk. All star line up with Scott Asheton, Captain Sensible & Cheetah Chrome. STOOGES, DIM STARS, Allah, JIMI HENDRIX, recorded in Nashville. Go Sonny go! (TB)
(Overdose Records, 1 Rue Du College, CH 2502 Bienne, SWITZERLAND)

SORELLA MALDESTRA - LP

These were the Italian SEX PISTOLS, no doubt about it. Originally recorded in 1979 and never released, this is pure anarchy, great keyboards a la SCREAMERS and punk as fuck lyrics. Roberto at F.O.G has done a service releasing this; now he should find any demos by KANDEGGINA GANG, KAOS ROCK, LUTI CHROMA and early SKIANTOS, and put out a "Killed By Death" of all early Italian punk rock. (EC)
(Flowers Of Grain, PO Box 22, Castelfiorentino 50051, ITALY)

THE SQUARES - "Tribute To The Medway Scene" LP

France's premiere garage group have put together a smashing ode to their favorite music, and it's one of the year's best records. It's their opinion that the banks of the river Medway have spawned some of the best music of the last twenty years, and I agree with them wholeheartedly. Playing songs by such luminaries as THEE MILKSHAKES, THE POP RIVETS, THE DELMONAS, THEE HEADCOATS, and THEE MIGHTY CAESARS, our men in France tear-ass through 13 songs with more feeling and soul then I've heard in a long time. And I think they may have a first: *not a single stinker on an entire LP!* Absolutely recommended. (CH)
(Dig Records, 3 Rue De L'Horloge, 35000 Rennes, FRANCE)

MUSIC REVIEWS

STAGMUMMER - "Rim" CD

This is just plain out bad. I wouldn't even say that this is hardcore or punk for that matter. It is a mix of really lame lyrics, and some rock/pop thing going on with twangy guitars. This should have been put in the free bin as far as I am concerned. Yuck. (LU)
(30-45 Carlton St., Winnipeg, MB, R3C 1N7, CANADA)



THE STAINS - "In Decline/Independence"

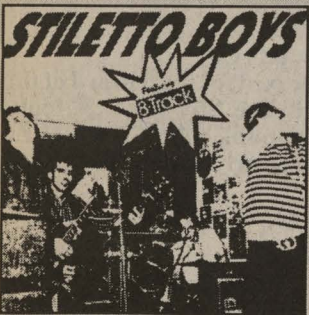
Old school, catchy, straightforward, no-frills punk rock, reminiscent in many ways of the SEX PISTOLS and some of the later stuff from THE LURKERS. Excellent production, great grinding guitars, pounding drums, and vocals that sound more like Johnny Rotten than anything since "Never Mind the Bullocks...". Absolutely tasty - highest recommendation. (KK)
(1234 Records, PO Box 199, Deal, Kent CT14 7GN, UK)

STARLIGHT DESPERATION - "Our Product/Rhymes With Bitch"

There's a mid '80s post punk inspired vocal and sound on this 7". If you crossed early PUBLIC IMAGE with TUXEDO MOON and they rocked out with a generous amount of feedback you'd come close to what this sounds like. The bored, alternating spoken/screamed vocals are the icing on the cake. Records like this make my day. (MM)
(\$4 ppd: M. Kennan, 2601 Adeline St. #203, Oakland, CA 94607)

STIKKY - "Spamthology Volume 1" CD

These late '80s geek core heroes put together a collection of STIKKY's LP, two 7"ers, comp tracks (not including their two on "Turn It Around") and rejects from those recording sessions. 48 crazy geek-core songs in all! An 8 page booklet full of lyrics, nostalgia and disinformation tops off the package from these south bay goofs who claim STIKKY hasn't "broken up", just simply stopped playing. Essential. (HM)
(Sound Pollution Records, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)



STILETTO BOYS - "8-Track Stereo" EP

If someone told me that this was recorded 20 years ago, I wouldn't be surprised. Four songs in all of exciting and raw punk rock with loads of melody. Equal parts HEARTBREAKERS/DEAD BOYS snarl with SWEET/early STATUS QUO rock-isms. Each song kicks equally. (LH)
(\$3.00 ppd: Ron Zodiac, 329 B.N.

17th, Camp Hill, PA 17011)

STINKAHOLIC - "Melee" CD

STINKAHOLIC serves up a nice 12 song CD (I think the last song is supposed to be a secret, but I couldn't contain myself) that is quite reminiscent of OPERATION IVY at times, but also like the DROPKICK MURPHYS. Also, as I go on, I catch a bit of (dare I say) TURKEY MALLETT, and a little early FACE TO FACE kinda stuff. I know it sounds really weird, but it's really cool. Could use some better cover art though. I think you should check it out right away! (AT)
(Two-O-Six Records, 8314 Greenwood Ave. No #102, Seattle, WA 98103)

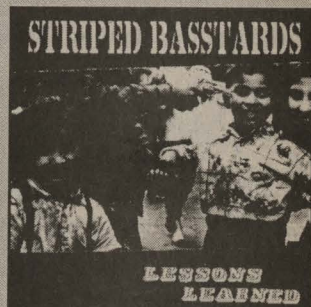
STOOL PIGEONS - "I'm The One/The Way You Look Tonight"

Girl vox on the A side. If you like girl garage punk, you'll love this. The B side is another GERRY & THE PACEMAKERS cover done as a SANTO & JOHNNY instrumental. Cool! (MC)
(Sympathy)

STRIPED BASSTARDS - "Lessons Learned" EP

STRIPED BASSTARDS have that fast paced, snotty vocal thing that makes me smile. While no new ground is broken here, STRIPED BASSTARDS have given us an enjoyable EP nonetheless. The only downfall is a pretty weak cover of the FREEZE's "Sacrifice Not A Suicide". (JF)

(Traffic Violation Records, PO Box 772, E Setauket, NY 11733)



SUMMON THE STRAIN - "Carnival Of Systematic..." EP

Mediocre Midwestern punk rock that approaches the line in being just another bad record. When they keep the speed up, things flow, but the tempo breaks just don't work. Their lyrics seem well thought out, and have a strong political slant. You're almost there but not quite. (RC)

(Sociopath Recordings 3149 Lyndale Ave. So, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

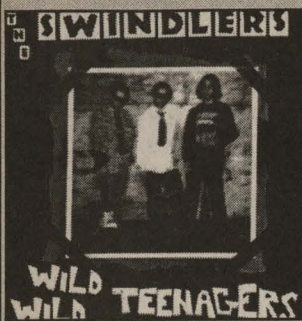


SUPERFLY T.N.T.'S - "No Talent? No Hits!" LP

Yeah, you guys also lack something else that the NO-TALENTS bring to the party, well half of 'em at least. Ring-tees! This is an album of well-meaning SUPERCHARGER worship outta the UK that fails to produce a song worthy of their idols but fails pretty interestingly anyway. Raw shit that is probably the only thing going in Newcastle on a quiet Wednesday evening. I don't know if every copy is this way, but all fourteen songs were pressed onto each side. Dumb. Hey guys, if you ever want a tour of South City, drop me a line c/o this mag. It's truly inspiring. (RW)

(Real Records, 13 Bell Hill, Petersfield, Hampshire, GU32 2EH, ENGLAND)

MUSIC REVIEWS



SWINDLERS - "Wild, Wild Teenagers" EP

Painfully young French stupes playing a great punk racket with knowing spiky guitar sounds that belie their years. Heavier, slower sound than on their first 7", I think they're gonna get even better, assuming they never hear any 80's metal or techno. Ignorance is bliss. (RW)

(Wild Wild Records, BP 55, 92123

Montrouge Cedex, FRANCE)

THUGGS - CD

Difficult review to write, as I liked the name, liked the graphics, and ended up pretty ambivalent about the music. It's mid-paced punk, a slightly rough edge that probably works to their advantage, but it's just nothing that exceptional. There's just too much happening for lackluster bands to gather much attention - imagine this is destined for the heaps. (TM)

(V.M.L., PO Box 183, Franklin Park, IL 60131)

TOAST - "Crashlanding In Hell" LP

Snotty punk rock that teeters on the hardcore side a great deal of the time. Sung (or much more appropriately: screamed) in Japanese, the lyrics are real raw and aggressive. Grinding guitars with the occasional breakdown mosh parts. Neat Pushead-like artwork on the cover and insert. For hardcore fans, this is worth checking out. (CW)

(Tag Rag, Omega Sound, 3-6-10, Nakatsu, Kita-ku, Osaka 531, JAPAN)

TOAST - "The Collection" CD

These English dudes (obviously not the above-mentioned band) rip off SCREECHING WEASEL pretty good with four 7" slabs on one disc. Sometimes they sound snotty and sincere, but mostly tame and predictable. (TB)

(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London E17 6NF, ENGLAND)

TOP GEAR - "The Pleasure" EP

Netherlands-ish bunch with a group picture that could color them as either metal, psych, or pop depending on which group member you focused in on. However, playing of the record uncovered them as very cool rocknroll with that right combo of the STOOGES, the STONES and old school punk. If that sounds almost too good to be true, well it just might be. Either by accident or design, these guys have apparently pulled off something that 90% of the bands that have passed through here have failed to do: a good, unselfconscious, toe-tapping rocknroll record (italics mine). Totally done without irony, retro-worship or any shit like that, these guys just went ahead and fuckin' put out a record with good tunes. What can I say: I'm flabbergasted by the whole concept! (JY)

(Lada Records, PO Box 360, 2600 Ajdelft, HOLLAND)

TOY DOLLS - "One More Megabyte" LP

Concise funnypunk in the inimitable TOY DOLLS style, with Olga cranking out guitar virtuosity right and left. As to the tunes, well, uh... "Me and John Williams" is a brilliant instrumental that must drive 'em crazy live; "She'll Be Back with Keith Someday" is up their first LP's greatness, and "In Tommy's Head" is a spunky, catchy bit of fun. The remaining grooves are loud and enthusiastic albeit not too memorable (powerchords don't become this band too well), but true-blue fans will find lots of fun here. (SS)

(Receiver Records, Twyman House, 21-39 Camden Rd., London NW1 9LF, UK)

TRAVIS CUT - "Complicated" EP

I thought the first couple of 7"s from TRAVIS CUT where damn good. Since then it's been all down hill with each single seeming to get progressively worse. They still have that UK pop punk sound, it's just TRAVIS CUT's songs sort of blow. Oh well, I'll still listen to their early stuff. (JF)

(Honey Bear, PO Box 460346, San Francisco, CA 94146)

TRIAL - "Through The Darkest Days" CD

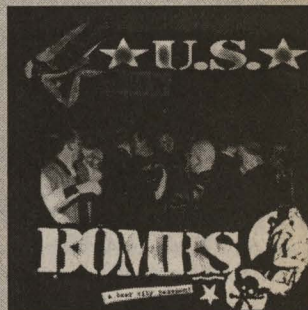
Lots of fingers in the air, block fonts - it's not like I couldn't guess where this one would go. As expected, it's straightedge hardcore as you've come to expect it - several flourishes that help propel it along (great lyrics, with plenty of political themes and the varied tempos being the most obvious) and keep it from total predictability. (TM)

(CrimethInc, 2695 Rangewood Dr., Atlanta, GA 30345)

THE U.S. BOMBS - "Beer City Basement" EP

Well, basically, aside from THE STITCHES, this is the best band around. One of the cuts on this is a different version of the song "Bubble Gum", with the other two being an unreleased original and a cover. One of my friends said the production was too thin but he doesn't know shit about good music and this rocks just the same. The cover photo is pretty cool too. If I'm not mistaken it was taken at The Nightbreak here in S.F. a couple of years ago right before Mr. Peter's got punched out that night. To quote George Tabb, "punk rock"! (RM)

(Beer City Records, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226)



UARTPUNK - "Demo '81 + Live '82" LP

Whoa, another blast from the past for me, I heard of this group, but never actually saw them live. Stiv T.V.O.R. found this tape. Very political hardcore punk, like CONTRAZIONE, WRETCHED and other great, early Italian punk bands. (EC)

(Havin' A Spazz c/o L. Cattaruzza, Via Di Cefalonia 47, S. Donato Milanese 22097, ITALY)

UNDERHAND - "Connections" EP

Melodic college radio friendly "punk". The title track is OK, but all 4 songs suffer from retarded lyrics. (MC)

(\$3 ppd: Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

MUSIC REVIEWS

UNARMED



UNARMED/ HOW LONG? - split EP

HOW LONG? shows that civil strife can mold catchy, meaningful HC. There are some comical bits here, "Smash Divisions" there's an amusing high pitched vocalists and "War System", a SHITLICKERS cover, starts with a Sesame Street-ish jingle (they call it a dance version.) UNARMED, from SWEDEN, gruff-

er in vocals, yet just as HC. Powerhouse from kids with plight. (TJ)

(Insane Society, c/o Barvak, PO Box 6, 50101 Hradec Kralove, CZECH REPUBLIC)

THE UNDERSHIRTS - "Digitality" CD

What can I say? They're German. They're punk. They sound like a Fat Wreck Chords band. That should be enough but I guess I should compare 'em to someone. But who? Hmm? Maybe... NOFX? Yeah, that's the ticket, NOFX! Or any other Fat band for that matter (hell they all sound the same anyway right?). Same old, same old. Yadda yadda yadda, blah blah blah. (AT)

(Mad Butcher Records, Pater-Klepping Str. 18, D-33154 Salzkotten, GERMANY)

UNHINGED - "Win Our Freedom In Fire" LP

Cream of the crop, punked out hardcore tunes all the way from Belgium. Imagine if NAUSEA really sped up their crust punk assault, or if MOHINDER slowed down their spastic hardcore approach. The lyrics are in French and English and are on a personal political level. This better be getting good US distro 'cause I want my own damn copy. (TH) (Nabate, BP 92, 4000 Liege 1, BELGIUM)

THIS MUST STOO



THIS MUST STOO

UNHOLY GRAVE/ WARSORE - split EP

Australia's WARSORE bored me with their version of blurring grind. No power, no catch, just plain noise. I had higher hopes for the UNHOLY GRAVE side due to their past releases. Unfortunately, there was so much echo and screech in the recording I couldn't stand listening to it. Another noisy grindcore

record bites the dust. (RC)

(Mink Records, c/o Mariko Ohkawa, 17-59 Shimoimaie Morioka, Higashiura-cho Chita-gun, Aichi 470-21, JAPAN)

THE UNSEEN - "Lower Class Crucifixion" LP

I could of swore I reviewed this CD about two issues ago. Oh well, can't get enough of that veritable rock-n-roll machine known as THE UNSEEN. Like the last time I reviewed this I think the music is a cool mix of pogo - anarcho and street punk with some of the lyrics being kinda cheesy. Again, better than most. (RM)

(V.M.L., PO Box 183, Franklin Park, IL 60131)

UNDER THE INFLUENCE - "Kip's Last Stand" EP

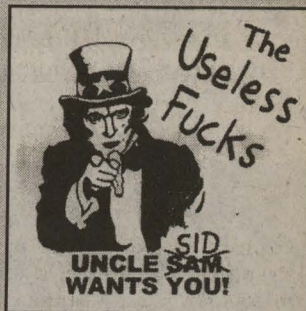
These guys tread ground already well worn done by the likes of EVERREADY and countless others. Take the best elements of early FIFTEEN, SCREECHING WEASEL and NOFX and this is the final product. Fast pop-punk, pure and simple. Completely DIY and executed well. It's almost 1992 in 1997. Mine is on blue vinyl. Cool. (PB)

(2615 Barbara Lane, Houston, TX 77005)

THE USELESS FUCKS - "Uncle Sid Wants You" EP

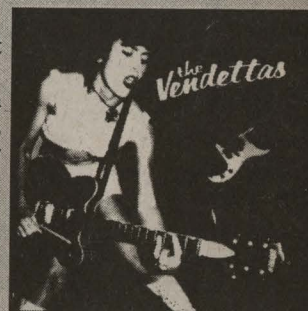
This record rules. It's real punk rock, eight songs on one seven inch, the way it ought to be. Now this is the kind of band I want sleeping on my floor-Low-fi and rad as fuck. The lyrics are clever and honest. Sounds a bit like ANTI-FLAG. It's pop, it's punk, but it's not pop-punk. (HD)

(PO Box 417, Greenland, NH 03840)



THE VENDETTAS - "Can't Stop/Gasoline"

Best thing out of Georgia since THE B-52's. This is a loud, short, cool single I'd play over and over on my Wurlitzer juke box if I had one. (EC) (216B Berean Ave SE, Atlanta, GA 30316)



VISITOR 42 - "Gnaw On This" CD

This CD was a nice surprise. Really well written indie rock songs with interesting parts and good lyrics. "Sometimes" has a driving beat while "State of Being" had some cool guitar solos with vocals that brought to mind D. Boon. There is something worth hearing in all the songs on this disc which isn't bad these days. (MM)

(564 Mission St., Box #336, San Francisco, CA 94105)

WARDANCE - "Orange" EP

Solid hardcore punk from Richmond, Virginia. Present on this record is an unique mixture of political punk, East Coast hard core, power rock and some more eclectic elements. The songs are quite interesting moving from straight forward punk through a multitude of intensities and layered guitar harmonies. Imagine a crusty, hardcore DRIVE LIKE JEHU. Worth a good listen. (MK)

(Tribal War Records, PO Box 20712, Tompkins Square Sta, New York, NY 10009)

THE WAY - "This Is The End" CD

Totally proficient melodic punk and hardcore. In some ways, this is best described as pop punk. But they're not really like a Fat or Lookout band. Maybe it's the raw production... Interesting lyrics that are both political in content and personal in attack. (LH)

(Edgar, Speckbachergrasse 52/25, A-1160 Vienna, AUSTRIA)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE WAILERS - "Do Not Release!" 10"

All of you mooks certainly know by now who THE WAILERS were (the Washington WAILERS, not the Jamaican Wailers that is), so the question is "How does this stuff compare to the released (and re-released) material?" Since it comes off an acetate that was recorded before the classic "Out Of Our Tree" LP, it's not surprising that it's not quite as wild (production is a tad flat, too) as that landmark. But anyone who's a fan of this band (one of the most notable of the hordes of criminally unsung [in "official" rock histories] bands who kept rock and roll going in the post-wild ELVIS pre-BEATLES era) will certainly find this worth picking up and will be a better person for doing so. (DD)
(Olympia 4 Dot Label)



WIRETAPS - "Call Waiting" EP

Usually you'd put the "hit" on the A side and the filler on the B side. In this case, the B side should have been the A side, the second song of the B side should have been the B side and the A side should have been accidentally erased during the final mix. OK garage punk rock on this MUDHONEY-owned record label. (EC)

(Super-Electro, PO Box 20401 Seattle, WA 98102)

WLOCHATY - "Bank \$wiatowy" EP

It's all in Polish so I can't understand a damn thing but I bet it's pretty political cuz there's a bunch of pictures of starving people, dead people, people in bomb blast suits, and a few choice political figures, all around a big nuclear explosion. So, maybe. But don't quote me. As far as the music goes I'd say that WLOCHATY is Poland's attempt at CHINA WHITE. Pretty close if you ask me. Worth a listen or two. Maybe more if you speak Polish. (AT)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie Records, PO Box 53, 34-400 Nowy Targ, POLAND)

WLOCHATY - "Wojna Przeciwno Ziemi" LP

Luckily for us uni-linguals, there's English translations. I can tell you this: WLOCHATY is fast, Polish hardcore punk rock, bullet belts and all, and a saxophone. Intertwined with the typical songs about anarchy and chaos are sincere and heartbreaking songs about youth gangs, what it's like to have to face your brothers down on the warfront (i.e. the street) and then having to face yourself in the mirror, and a pretty heavy self-critique of punk rock. This is real. This is sincere. I can understand this. (PB)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie Records, PO Box 53, 34-400 Nowy Targ, POLAND)

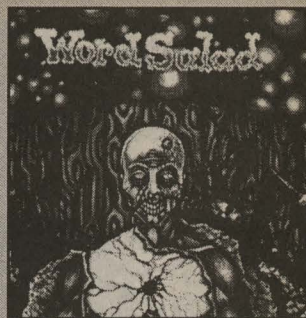
WOLFPACK - "Hellhound Warpig" EP

Ow! This shit is so fuckin' heavy you need a tourniquet to stop the hemorrhaging. The happy lyrics read: "Jesus Christ, dread and fear and heads split open, gunhead battalion". WOLFPACK has deep, shouted vocals and metal-laced death guitar- "Bloodstained horror, doomsday beast, fangs for weapons, on body's he'll feast". Scary stuff! (BR)
(Distortion Records, PO Box 129, 401 22 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

WORD SALAD - "Faction Of Dystopia" EP

Very intense hardcore in a league with the likes of HIS HERO IS GONE, EL DOPA, BUZZOV-EN, and LOGICAL NONSENSE. Prank Records is defining an entire genre in just two years. Amazing. The full color poster lyric sleeve is great and the music is definitely deserving of attention. The only weak link in this EP is the junior high school level of intelligence to the lyrics for "Overfed Politician". Other than that, this is another quality product! (PB)

(Prank Records c/o Vacuum, PO Box 460324, San Francisco, CA 94146)



THE WORKIN' STIFFS - "Whipping Boy/Better Than A Bitter Man"

Amazing picture disc. The Anchor Steam logo brought a tear to my eye, and the music is leap-in' off the turntable. These Frisco boys really know how to get it done. The A side is an upbeat thrasher and the flip side really stands out with melody, style and power. Get it. Hey guys, congrats on the new bass player. (TB)

(TKO Records, 4104 24th St #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)



WORMBATH - "Writing On The Wall..." CD

Head boppin', toe tappin', quick melodic music mixed with slow breakdowns and raspy male vocals. Definitely good. Some songs sound a lot like FIFTEEN without the political lyrics. Fun and high energy, this is some great music to sing along with as you clean your room. (HD)
(Forty-two Records, PO Box 983, Levittown, PA 19058)

X-RAYS - "Grown Up Drunk/Ghost Of Tom Price"

Good, chunky Detroit-ian riff mongering that brings back the glory days of UNION CARBIDE PRODUCTIONS's 1st LP. Thick, heavy and short bursts of bombast with a veritable tonnage of guitars and barely audible vocals. Two songs that kick the proverbial A. 2 for the price of 4 here, 2 songs repeated on each side. (JY)
(Kenrock, Gisslerodsbacken 18, 457 02 Grebbestad, SWEDEN)

YAWP! - "No More Excuses" CD

This Amsterdam band with a passion for Ajax football club has been around in various forms for years. In this incarnation they've put out a competent CD of melodic, anthemic punk, not unlike compatriots FUNERAL ORATION. I preferred them with the girl singer, but this is okay. Includes a cover of POISON IDEA's "Pure Hate." (AM)
(Kangaroo Records, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA Amsterdam, HOLLAND)

MUSIC REVIEWS

ZEKE - "Woooooo Pig Sooooooooouie" EP

This here record doesn't have the greatest of sound quality (cuz it's recorded live) but you still can hear that these guys have a wall of sound and can really tear shit up on stage. Fast paced punkabilly that sounds like a cross between FEAR and a thicker ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT. All that with red vinyl and tattoo shots from the early 50's? Can you say bargain!? (AT) (Man's Ruin Records, 610 22nd St, San Francisco, CA 94107)

ZEMEZLUC - "Z Extremu Do Extremu" CD

The majority of the songs here are really quick tempo, upbeat punk with lots of sing-a-long potential for Czech speakers. Just as the Spanish of LOS CRUDOS plays well off of their brand of hardcore, the Czech of ZEMEZLUC blends well here. Occasionally they slow down to almost ballad speed. Keep it fast! (TH)

(Nam. 28, Rijna 18, 602 00 Brno, CZECH REPUBLIC)

ZERO TOLERANCE TASK FORCE - "The Anal Medley And Three AntiParty Anthems" EP

ZTTF's Anal Medley is spoken word-style behemoth which starts off with a NEGATIVLAND narration style number. The following two extended-mid-tempo-bass/drums-groove-jam-poetry-reading disasters have more of a Biafra spoken word vocal inflection style. The medley comes together with a '50s cover tune cleverly switched to stick with the anal theme. Two of the AntiParty Anthems have loose progressive riffs that drag on and on sounding like a jam session. The remaining tune has a mid-tempo rock feel completely different from the rest of the EP. ZTTF took me to new levels of anal awareness and exploration, butt they didn't impress me. (HM) (no address)

A BENEFIT FOR THE RENO



FOOD NOT BOMBS

V/A - "A Benefit For The Reno Food Not Bombs" EP

I am really impressed with the fact that folks from California, Washington, and Nevada are joining together to do a benefit for the Reno FNB chapter. This comp is a good selection of bands as well that includes great stuff from INTIFADA, SCABIES, GOB, BRISTLE, EVER-

SKWELCH, THE DREAD, and FANATICS. Get this to support the project, and the bands as well. (LU) (Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931)

V/A - "All About Friends" CD

Well, first off, I was surprised to see this in my bin because I already own a copy, and it is one of my favorite picks right now. It have been listening to this for the past few weeks, and it is amazing. Bands include CR, BOTCH, IMPEL, NINEIRONSPITFIRE, SCREWJACK, THREADBARE, COALESCE, INDECISION, TRIAL, STATE ROUTE 522, and JOUGH DAWN BAKER. the more notable songs that will rock your socks off are an UNDERTOW cover by COALESCE, and an AGNOSTIC FRONT COVER by TRIAL. JOUGH DAWN BAKER also rips it up with a song that I don't want to name due to copyright infringements. Check this out, you won't be sorry. (LU)

(Point Furthest From The Middle, PO Box 11543, Kansas City, MO 64138)

V/A - "Asesinos De La Lucha Libre" LP

I feel like I'm treading on the turf of Herr Lucas here, reviewing a compilation of Mexican rock & roll from the '60s/'70s, but like most of you out there I don't know shit about any of these bands so maybe we're all just friends here, eh? Bands: LOS LOUD JETS, LOS BEATNIKS, LOS WHEELERS, LOS MATEMATICOS, LOS LOS ... there's not a duff track on here. There's even a really good 70's(?) buzz-punk 7" thrown on by one LOS YAPS. My favorite has to be a solo outing by one Juan 'El Matematico', which is 'Wild Thing' essentially only the singer seems to be choking back and/or gargling vomit or something ... fuck it. I can't begin to 'understand' this album. Time to drink. (RW)

(Discos Rey De Jalisco)

V/A - "Banging On A Trash Cop" CD

I think we are all "comp'ed" out by now. A song by bands you've heard of and not heard of. This has a good roster including DISCOUNT, RHYTHM COLLISION, GUTFID-DLE, and SIDECAR though and a portion of the proceeds goes to Food Not Bombs and the National Organization For Women. So as far as comps go this is up there but I'm tired of getting comps for one song by a band I like. Stop the madness. (RL)

(Class Action Records, 720 Deer Run Ln. #177, Agoura, CA 91301)

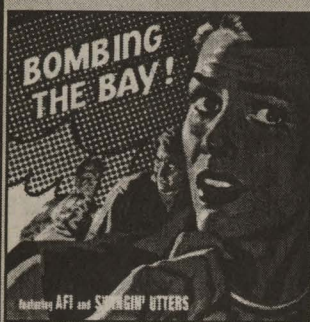
V/A - "Bloodstains Across The UK Vol 2" LP

Even rabid collectors are unlikely to have the majority of these early punk sounds, most by one-single bands catching the wave. Included here (now, collectors out there, promise me you won't get too depressed): NOW (great angry punk), REBELS (BUZZCOCKy guitars, but with protest sentiments), NEW WAVE (powerchord despair), ACCIDENT ON EAST LANCS (melodic punk with crazy lead breaks), and VICE SQUAD (no, not the Beki Bondage outfit — these guys are fun pop-punkers whose material is otherwise available only on a hard-to-get compilation). Essential for collectors, fans of early punk rock, or lovers of the obscure. (SS) (no address)

V/A - "Brazil Punk Attack" LP

Hey, I'm an international kind of guy. So needless to say I was intrigued by the prospect of hearing some punk™ by way of Brazil. I can't help but recall that a few years back Brazilians were big time into metal. So I kept listening for the give away guitar solos, but alas there were none. Instead I got Brazilian CLASH in the form of a band called EXTREMA-MENTE IRRITANTE, and a Brazilian cross between DEFILANCE and CASUALTIES in the form of a band called CASTROFE SOCIAL. Lots of short songs, mostly two minutes and under. Support Kaos Spikes, buy Brazilian. (JV) (Nerve Racking Records c/o Bill R. Martins 414, CEP 05878-000, São Paulo, BRAZIL)

MUSIC REVIEWS



featuring AFI and SWINGIN' UTTERS

V/A - "Bombing The Bay!" 45
Basically a split 45 with A.F.I. and the SWINGIN' UTTERS. A.F.I. does "Values Here" by DAG NASTY with decent results and I'm a big DAG fan so I was very skeptical. The UTTERS do a decent unreleased tune that is strong but not essential as far as they go. Still two great bands well worth collecting. (RL)
(Sessions Records, 15 Janis Way, Scotts Valley, CA 95066)

V/A - "Cool Beans Bonus" flexi

A grab bag of different styles here. HENRY'S DRESS, SHOTWELL, THE LITTLE PRINCESSES, QUEEN COBRA, pretty varied and at times pretty weird, but none of them compare to the recording of Rebecca Sealfon's triumphant showing at the 1997 National Spelling Bee. Could you have spelled "Euonym?" Comes with Cool Beans zine. (AM)
(3181 Mission #113, San Francisco, CA 94110)

V/A - "Cream Of The Crap" 10"

This is a Finnish comp that will kick half of your ass. That is because two of the bands rule (HARSH and EPAJAR-ESTYS), and two of them don't (CAUSE FOR EFFECT and CONTRADICT). HARSH lay out six killer blasts of grinding hardcore. But it was really strange reading their lyrics about "fucking rednecks". I guess it is a worldwide epidemic. EPAJAR-ESTYS takes things the other direction with some of that mid-paced crustcore that Finland is famous for. The other two bands were completely generic and barely worth mentioning. If they would have cut out half of this record out and made this a 7", it would of been a heck of a listen. (RC)
(Tylyt Levyt, PO Box 37, 55800 Imatra, FINLAND)

V/A - "Disoppress" EP

Yet another endless barrage of thrash that will have all the poseurs and wimps running in fear. This time around we got ABSTAIN, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, D.P.P.S (from Japan), KONSTRUKT (from Austria) and 4 others. Damn good comp if ya dig thrash and grind. (MW)
(Consensus Reality, 1951 W Burnside #1654, Portland, OR 97209)

V/A - "47 Canadian HC Bands" CD

Not all bands represented here I would consider HC, that in it's self does not make them bad. Boot stomping ULCER and BLUMDERMEN are all boots and braces ready to rumble punk. DANKO JONES's cow garage sound is square dance pit kinder. Don't get me wrong there is some HC here too. CHITZ in their usually style pound out some juicy HC. ACRID, DOOMTOWN And DISASSOCIATE FROM MAN cover all HC bases. PROPAGANDHI and I-SPY have done better songs in their careers, but their two cents are here too. This is full of good bands and some rocking songs, it's just that it also has it's share of unimportant contributions. (TJ)
(Fans Of Bad Productions Records, 225 Bagot St. #3, Kingston, ON, K7L 3G3, CANADA)

V/A - "Grito Suburbano" CD

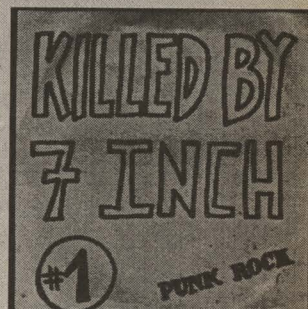
Boy did my jaw drop when I saw this show up in the mail. I never thought that I would ever see this reissued on CD. This compilation from 1982 contains three of the finest Brazilian punk bands ever: OLHO SECO, CÓLERA, and INOCENTES. It is all raw and distorted punk that hasn't lost a bit of energy over the years. This contains a live set by each band that is not found on the original release. The recordings of the live sets are quite good, and make this CD worth searching for even if you have the original record. (RC)
(Fabio R. Sampaio, CP 344, Guarulhos-SP, CEP 07111-970, BRAZIL)

V/A - "Killed By Death Vol. 17" LP

This new volume of this illustrious series was mentioned in the 'Peer Pressure' column of a few months ago, and this reviewer concurs with the opinion held forth therein ... a solid b-sides edition full of great lost '70s/'80s punk singles whose flips appeared earlier in the series. New arrival ACTIVE DOG has the best song on here with "Good Filthy Fun". Buy it if you see it, completists! (RW)
(Redrum Records)

V/A - "Killed By 7 Inch #1" EP

Interesting little record here, four really cool rare punk songs on an EP modeled on the 'Killed By Death' series. Coulda been useful, except it's limited to 300 so no one will ever see it. Includes PLAIN WRAP, MASSMEDIA, NAKED LADY WRESTLERS, and INTESTINES. (RW)
(Jackoff Dissques)



V/A - "Killed By 7 Inch #2" EP

Well whaddayaknow, right after the debut of Ryan Richardson's collector scum column and his extensive ranking of all "Killed By Death" comps, comes a series of "Killed By Death" 7"s thus extending the abuse of the original idea to greater heights. There's four tunes here, all somewhat obscure to me except for the ENEMY (Washington) 7" which I once bought for \$1 and promptly sold for \$. The TICKS comes across as a 3rd rate MAD (okay, how's that for other KBD references) crossed with the SPARKS, ie: slowish thug-punk with cheeseball humor and operatic singing, and is as silly as it sounds. THE ESSENTIALS do an okay (very okay) punk tune, the aforementioned ENEMY comes across as hardrock/punk with girl singing and is as forgettable as I remembered. Finally, there's GREGOR MACKENZIE AND THE MISANTHROPEs that's low-fi piano omph-pa type punk or something. This volume would probably not have even made it to Ryan's column. (JY)
(Jackoff Dissques)

V/A - "More Kids, More Fun" CD

Boring. Four bands: SUPERSLEUTH, SWING SET, AT LARGE, and THE DECEPTIVES, playing that melodic punk sound the kids seem to love and hate. I just think that these bands lack any spark. As I said in the beginning, I'm just bored. (JF)
(Myron's Broken Records, 605 W. Jackson, Naperville, IL 60540)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Limited Options...Sold As Noble Endeavors" 10"

It's extremely obvious that a lot of time was spent on this comp. First of all, there's a real diverse selection of bands. They've also been arranged so that each band somehow goes with the one before and after and the volume level is consistent throughout. Not easy to pull off considering the mix here: MAN AFRAID, THE STRIKE, MK ULTRA, DILLINGER 4, SWALLOWING SHIT and DEAD STOOL PIGEON, among others. Some of the bands are long gone, and some of the songs are previously released, but they've all got lyrics to keep you angry and thinking. This is a benefit and comes with *Contrascience* zine #5 1/2. (TH)
(\$7 ppd: Halfmast, PO Box 14118, Minneapolis, MN 55414)

V/A - "Plastic Bomb" CD

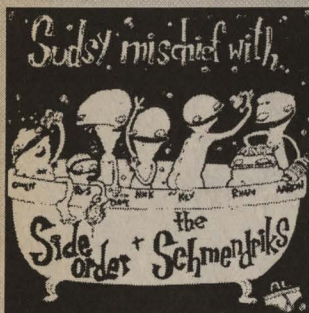
Hey, I'm in Germany and listening to a compilation that sounds like a tribute to every popular punk™ band to ever exist. DISTRICT manages to sound like BLACK FLAG and the SEX PISTOLS in the same song. You don't believe me, then check it out for yourself, I kid you not. There's also the worst NOFX ripoff band yet from Germany, I just haven't figured out which one it is yet. I think this kind of compilation, like a lot of the Japanese comps, are going to be kitsche collectibles. (JV)
(Plastic Bomb Records, Gartnerstr. 23, 47055 Duisburg, GERMANY)

V/A - "Punk Rock" CD

Four bands, CARTER PEACE MISSION, VETERAN FLASHBAX, THROW DOWNS, and BELVEDERE, that play BLINK, DOWN BY LAW, and LAG WAGON type punk with lesser results. (RL)
(Two-O-Six Records, 8314 Greenwood Ave. North #102, Seattle, WA 98103)

V/A - "Punks, Skins & Herbets Vol. 2" LP

Not enough herbets on this record. BOVVER '96 kick it off with some US street punk. STANLEY KNIFE play thrashy Aussie HC. SKINT and RUNNIN' RIOT do some Irish oi. SAD SOCIETY stand out from the pack with good Scottish punk. (TB)
(Helen Of Oi! Records, 35 Becton Lane, Barton On Sea, New Milton, Hampshire BH25 7AB, UK)



V/A - "Sudsy Mischief" EP

This fine EP has quite an attractive cover and is humorously titled. SIDE ORDER perform some pretty catchy, loose SCREECHING WEASEL style pop punk tunes. The SCHMEN-DRIKS have more of a pop punk/hardcore thing going with an east bay feel. Unfortunately (or is it), neither band included lyrics, but they did include choice

Blues Brothers movie sound bites between every song. (HM)
(Zanzabarbarian Records, 3020 Canal Rd, Miramar, FL 33025)

V/A - "Too Hot To Handle" LP

This German compilation almost lives up to its name. DISHWATER's "Bully" is a crashing amalgam of hard punk and EINSTURSENDE NEUBAUTEN percussion — terrific noise; DEMOLITION GIRL covers X-RAY SPEX's "I'm a Cliche" with authority, while the STEVE MCQUEENS barrel through a high-distortion tune that'll blow out the woofers on your stereo; BOONARAAS puts in a solid girl-vocal (I think) punk track, raw and fun...and that's just the A-side. The flip is a more familiar mix of punk styles, for the most part competently performed. Good consistency here; strongly recommended. (SS)
(Home Sick Records)

V/A - "United We Stand!" CD

Five bands from Korea displaying a range of styles, from oi to '77 punk to ska to pop punk. All the bands are good at what they do, making this a better than average comp. Seems like there could be a good scene over there. The bands are MAD COUSIN'S DESIRE, WEEPER, NO BRAIN, BENCH and CRYING NUT. Oh, it's one of those cute little 3" CDs. (AM)
(Izumi Kubo, 35 Sannalcho, Sennyuji, Higashlamaku, Kyoto 605, JAPAN)

V/A - "Who Needs America?" CD

Seventeen blasts of European pop punk and hardcore. All the songs seem to be from previously released stuff. To be honest my favorites here are the cover versions of THE BOXTOPS and THE PRIMITIVES... A nice sampler for fans of bands like FACE TO FACE and SCREECHING WEASEL... (LH)
(Slaughterhouse Productions, no address)

V/A - "Violence" 8" flexi

There are two important things to note about this record. The first one is it is on Six Weeks Records. The second one is that all the bands are from Japan. When you combine those two factors, you are guaranteed a must buy record! This has REAL REGGAE, NICE VIEW, ARGUE DAMNATION, NO THINK, FLASH GORDON, and ONE SIZE FITS ALL. Every one of these bands annihilate with an incredibly intense mix of grind/hardcore. Things like this remind me that I live in the wrong fucking country. (RC)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)



V/A - "Violent Core Attack" EP

Oh yeah.....tons of noisy, thrash bands with logos you can't read. I love this stuff. Bands go from the "gravel-in-the-blender" grind of CRUSH and DISABUSE, to the crusty punk of GLOBAL HOLOCAUST and OPPRESSED CONSCIENCE. 10 bands in all. (MW)
(Tobacco Shit Records c/o Simon Pare, 827 Goldbourn, Greenfield Park, PQ, J4V 3H4, CANADA)

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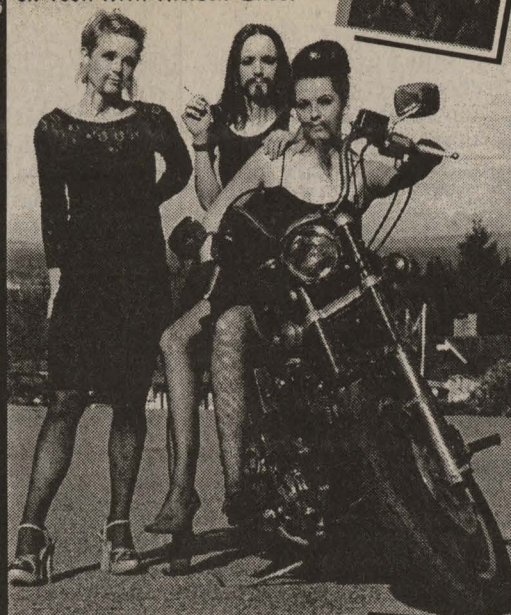
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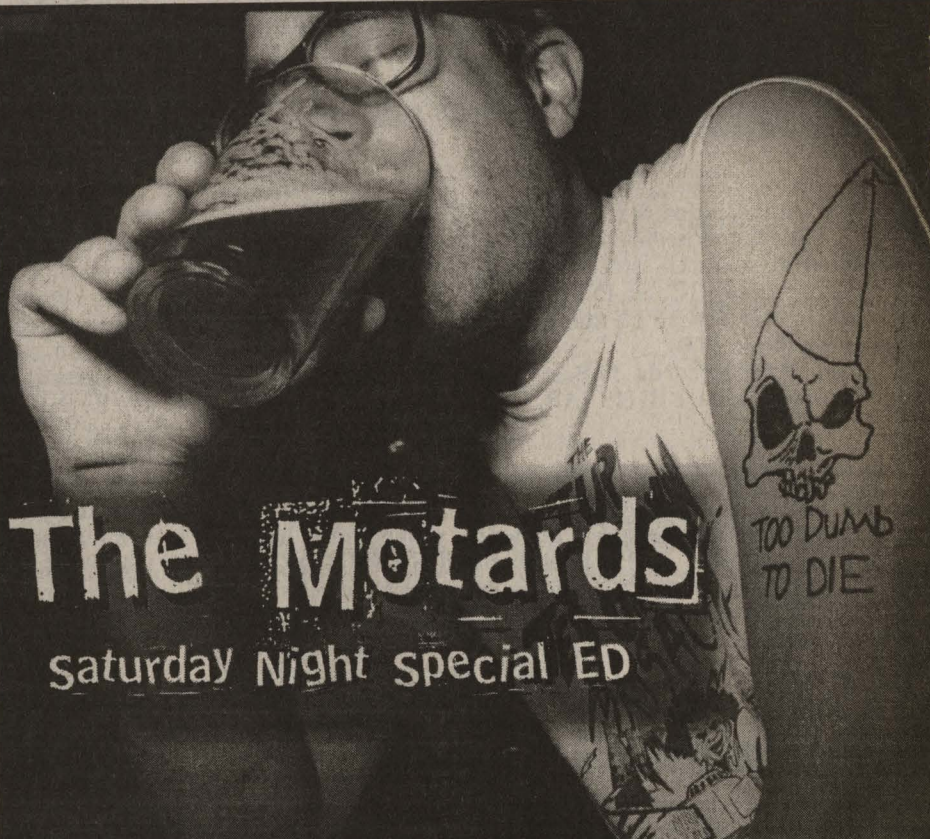
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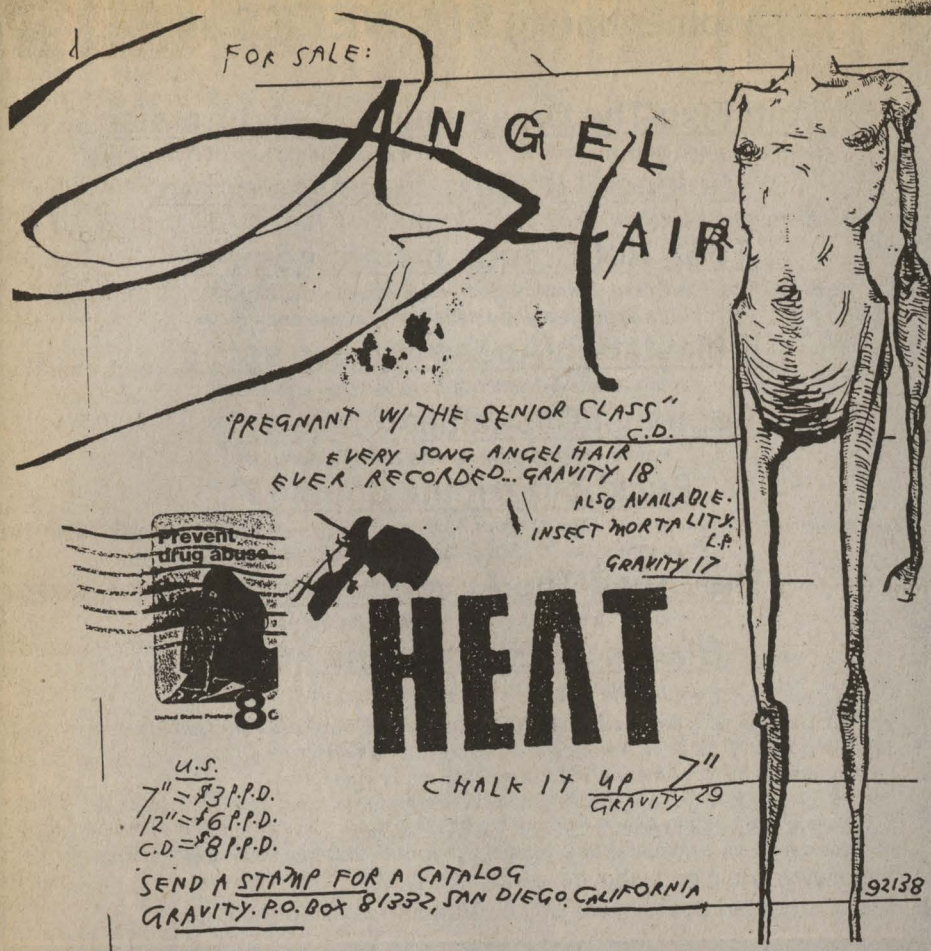
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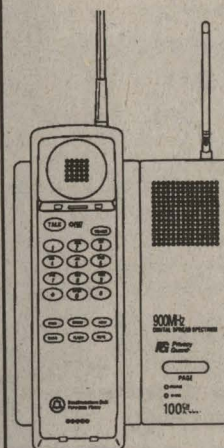
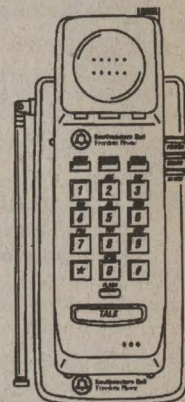
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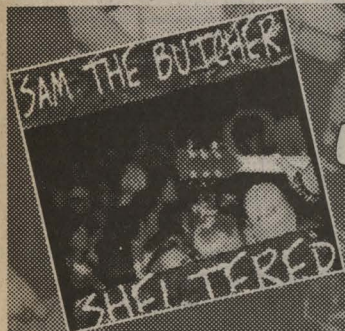
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We survived the UPS strike with our busiest month ever! Thanks for all the orders an especially to the labels and distributors for sending all the records special 4th class through the post office so we could keep stuff in stock. If you run a label or have a band or zine you should know that you can ship records and zines via special 4th class(some places call it standard mail) at a cost lower than any shipping company. The post office rules for DIY, offering cheapest prices and most importantly, the little guy can ship without an account.

One of the problems with being so busy is that the tons of new releases we received this month have yet to be reviewed and added to the catalog, hence the "column" style ad. I have been wanting to do something like this for a while anyway. We just added the full line from Stiff Pole Records, VML, Bulge Records, Probe, Recess, Turkey Baster, Junk Records, and What Else? to name a few.

So if you want to check out the new stuff visit the website or contact us to get a paper catalog. Our latest catalog is 56 pages with almost 2000 items and this time we made 6000 copies which for us is a lot. Next one will be 10,000 copies and 72 pages! We have enough extra catalogs so if you want a copy write, e-mail or call 212-777-5021(9am-9pm EST) to request one. Speak clearly on the machine you mush-mouths. Mumbling is not punk! Give us your postal address and we'll send you one. If you are too shy, write or e-mail.

The zine grab bag continues sell like hotcakes. For \$5.00 you get about 2 1/2 pounds of assorted zines sent via priority mail. For foreign orders add a few extra dollars and we'll send as much as postage allows. Please limit your zine grab bag orders to one every 6 months so we don't run low on stock and to avoid getting duplicates. To date we have sold 272 of these things which comes to almost 700 pounds of newsprint and scammed copies.

Thanks to all the zines who participate including HeartattaCk, Bad Stain, Spank, Slug & Lettuce, Sty Zine, Canvas, Thumb, FOE, Spooky Poop, Skratz, Go Metric, No Rules, Spleen a Zine, Shoelace, Fist City(Can.), Big Bang, Mylxine, Skull Session(Can.), S-854, Wasted Youth, Teenage Vampires(UK), Aunt Franne, Skeeter, Outpunk, Ornerly Boy, Day Old Donuts, Son of Scam(UK), In Whores We Trust, Greedy Bastard, Rocks Off and many more.

The zine grab bag now includes a zine grab bag info sheet with contact addresses for all the zines as well as a prepaid postcard so you can write one of the zines! Bands and labels grab a pile of stickers, patches, pins etc. and send them to us to include in the grab bag. Zines send a sample.

CHEAPSKATES MONTH

Here are a bunch of records from our catalog which are really cheap. Thanks to the labels for giving us good prices. We pass the savings on to you. All prices are postpaid. This is just a sample of our almost 2000 titles.

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7588...VIA-Hot Curly Weenie CD. Recess sampler...\$4.50
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7484...CRASS-Christ-The Bootleg CD. A classic...\$5.00
7553...VIA-Go Kart vs Corporate Giant CD. 28 trks...\$5.00
5002...BIKINI KILL-S/T LP. 6 songs.....\$6.00
5005...BUTTHOLE SURFERS-PCPPEP LP. Live BS.\$6.00
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5711...FURIOUS GEORGE-Get's a Record LP.....\$7.50

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Vital Music's website is up and running and has the most up to date listing of records plus other fun stuff and links. The address is:

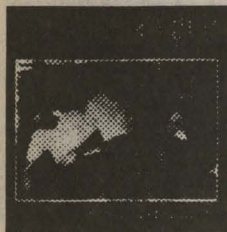
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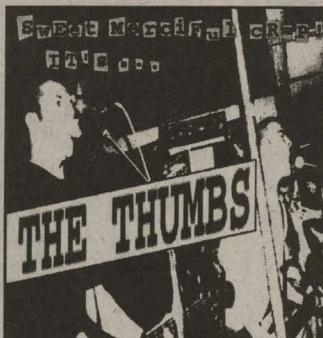
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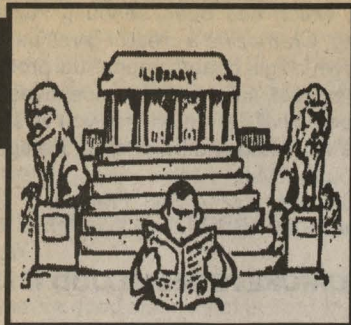
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BETWEEN THE LIONS

Reviews by: (JA) Jen Angel, (LB) Lily Boe, (JC) Jeremy Cool, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (TD) Timothy Doran, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (JF) Jodi Feldman, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (MJ) Mary Jane, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (JM) Jeff Mason, (RM) Raimundo Murguia, (AR) Aragorn, (TT) Travis T, (LU) Leah Urbano, (CW) Charles Wolski, (JW) Joe Whiting, (KW) Kelli Williams, (JX) Jux, (TX) Trixie. *Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the work and money going into it.*

Just a quick reminder, when you send in your zine for review please include the following information: number of pages, method of printing, and the price. This will help us and you. We will not review mainstream rock magazines, even in the guise of 'zines (like a few majors are attempting to pull off), poetry, swim suit magazines, hippie new age politics, etc. The scope of coverage isn't as narrow as it sounds, but you have to draw the line somewhere. Believe it or not, this isn't an easy job deciding what gets reviewed or listed and altogether rejected. Consistency is impossible in a situation like this. Thanks a lot, Mikel and Jen.

ARNIE COMIX #2 / \$2.75 ppd

4 1/2 x 5 1/2 - printed - 28 pgs

This is another great comic from Simon Gane. He has this cool dot-and-dash style of drawing that makes me want to connect the dots to fill in the images. There are three stories, including a long (fictional?) piece on an alcoholic Modigliani and a shorter one of Arnie the Anarchist. The third - about a movement to reclaim the word "dork" - is a reprint from a comic I read earlier this year, but this is still fine work. (TX)

PO Box 2337 / Berkeley, CA 94702

AVERSION #6

/ \$2 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - printed - 20 pgs

This looks like it could be a *Pro-fane Existence* insert. We're talkin crust, anarchy, crust, and more crust here. A bit sparse but well done and the "Anarchist Defense Of Pornography" piece was interesting. Other than that it's basically interviews and reviews. (RM)

PO Box 22 / Bradford / BD2 4 YX / England

AVOW #7 / \$2 ppd

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 60 pgs

This is a substantial zine with a lot of honest writing. The writing comes from a personal perspective but doesn't make me feel like I'm reading a diary. It's very similar to my own writing style and to zines like *Spectacle* or *Pants That Don't Fit*. There's a fucking amazing piece about punk rock

consumerism, a long and interesting interview with the amazing and indefatigable Theo Witsell (of *Spectacle* zine and *Tree of Knowledge* zine distro), some great illustrations, and unfortunately, some poetry. Overall, I would really recommend this one. (JA)

Keith Rosson / 11860 SW Ebberts Ct. / Beaverton, OR 97008

BABBLE ON #2 / \$1 + 2 stamps

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 14 pgs

Well, since I am part of the reproducing/

printing biz, I was pretty intrigued by this zine's full color look. Once I looked further, I found a story on tripping, a punk rock quiz, poetry, a piece on the Plasmatics, a punk horoscope and of course record reviews. Should you get it? Yes, if nothing else for the printing. (JX)

417 Westwood Lane / Rochester, IN 46975

THE BAFFLER #9 / \$6

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - printed - 128 pgs

For those not familiar with *The Baffler* it's more of a book than a zine and each issue has a different theme. This time around it focuses on labor issues, past and present, in the good old U.S. of A. I'm kind of at a loss trying to come up with the words to describe how good this is so I'll just say it's far and

beyond the best written and put together collection of short essays (both fictitious and objective), poetry and art dealing with political themes that I've ever had the pleasure of reading. And considering the recent U.P.S. strike this is as timely and relevant as it gets. (RM)

PO Box 378293 / Chicago, IL 60637

BEYOND THE WALL OF INJUSTICE

#9 / SOCIAL UNREST #6 / ??

11 1/2 x 14 - printed - 24 pgs

This is a split between two similar political

zines, tho I'd have to say I prefer the second one. There is no information about the *BTWO* people, and a lot of the articles have no obvious authors, which also makes me suspicious. If people want to sway me over to their politics, I want to know who they are. Social Unrest is better, with lots on wimmins rights, vegan stuff, the Black Panthers and more. Its clearly written too, which is essential for this sort of information. (TX)

PO Box 80481 / Bakersfield, CA 93380

BLACK SHEETS #11 / \$6.00

8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 52 pgs - age statement

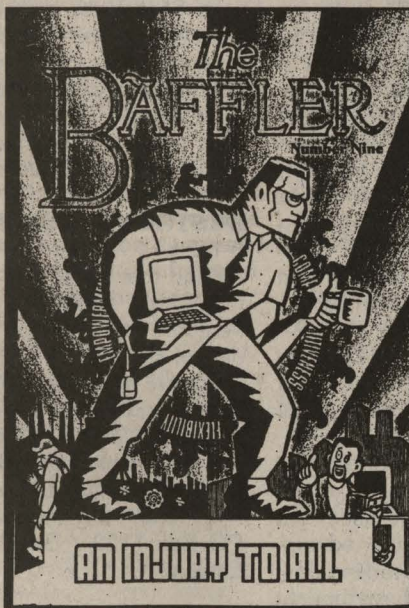
"The Bad Sex" issue. This is probably not one that you want to share with either your parents or children. Graphic stories about a wide variety of sexual misadventures, from all genders and flavors. I was prepared to not like this, but as I read it I was impressed with the openness and humor of the writers in recounting some of their most embarrassing and occasionally painful moments. This is not for everyone, but if you are an open minded adult with tastes beyond vanilla then this may be for you. Include a signed age statement. (JW)

PO Box 31155 / San Francisco, CA 94131-0155

BLOOD MOP #1 / \$1 ppd

7 x 4 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs

If you haven't figured it out yet, Migraine Press always comes with the good shit. I'll bet their catalog is as thick as a zine itself. This new zine is up to Migraine par, although I don't know if its 16 pages are worth a dollar. Don't get me wrong, it's a great zine with a cool idea behind it, basically a collection of stories based on every form of body excrement (except sweat, my favorite). Most of the stories are ones like you and all of your wacky punk friends exchange over breakfast, "...and then he puked on the guy's head!", "...and we put this bucket of rancid piss above the door...", etc. Funny and daring, a



really welcome zine...but a whole buck?
(TT)

Migraine Inc. / PO Box 2337 / Berkeley,
CA 94702

THE BOMBSHELTER #5 / \$?

8 1/2 x 5 1/5 - copied - 36 pgs

This is the kind of personal zine that is a collection of sometimes amusing anecdotes about the editor's life. Work, play, silliness, you name it. All about living in Tampa and hanging out. Well intentioned, but not my type of thing (not enough meatiness). (JA)

PO Box 82602 / Tampa, FL 33682

BRAIN TRANSPLANT #1 / \$4.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 44 pgs

Some very striking photos of the Eat, Radio Birdman, and many reviews leaning to the drunk/obnoxious/obsessive record-collecting end of the spectrum. The Eat actually get a lengthy interview that closes in some of the gaps of human knowledge that surrounds the band - a little clean graphically (maybe too legible) but a good read anyway. Simple enough? (JH)

PO Box 24310 / Los Angeles, CA 90024-0310

BREAKOUT #5 / \$3 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 36 pgs

Well, I was hoping that I would get this to review, and I did. I was all set to give it a bad review because Colby said it sucked, and was his worst issue yet. I beg to differ! Layout wise, this looks a lot cleaner than past issues. The interviews rock! In here are Rely, Powerhouse, Redemption 87, Ensign, Sick Of It All, Ten Yard Fight, Hatebreed, and Jason Mewes from that movie "Clerks." Honestly, Colby has out done himself with this issue and not only represents the Bay area to its fullest, he also has branched out a little to include bands from the East Coast as well. This keeps getting better and better...get it now! (LU)

Colby / 2018
Shattuck Ave.
#19 / Berkeley,
CA 94704

CHUNKLET

#12 / \$9.99

8 1/2 x 11 - electrobright - 74 pgs

No way. This just ain't worth the ten bucks. I don't know, it comes with a CD (see record reviews) and all, but still it seems like a pretty steep price. The print of the zine is pretty nice, but the articles are just not that great. I mean a whole page on

bumper stickers and lists of silly thing to do at a college final? Just a waste of time and paper. Excellent article on "Krautrock" though; long, thorough and amusing, from Amon Duul through Neu! through Kraftwerk. The same goes for the interview with Col. Norm Cruwsen, some fucking psycho who wants to put disk jockeys on the goddamn moon. Fuck him. (CW)

PO Box 2814 / Athens, GA 30612-0814

COFFEE BREAK #7 / 50p or \$1

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 40 pgs

Sassy English zine with numerous interviews: Voodoo Glow Skulls, Lunachicks, Sick of It all, etc. But the real treat to *Coffee Break* is its diverse articles, featuring all sorts of differing voices from a porn specialist named Porno George to thoughts on how to balance the ideals of anarchism with a society incapable of implementing these ideals. They also banter around with cute, English colloquialisms like "slapper" and "gary." (KW)

Pim and Fran / Flat 1, 61 Meadow, Godalming, Surrey / GUM 3H5 / UK

COOL BEANS #7 / \$3.95

7 x 8 1/2 - printed - 56 pgs

San Francisco and bikes issue. Excellent as to be expected from Matt Kelly. Short (ie perfect length) interviews with bands such as Cat Power and the editor of *Ain't Nothing Like Fuckin' Moonshine*. Matt always manages to think up interesting questions that actually get interesting answers. The prize for me this issue are the stories contributed by SF cabbies. Other good stuff includes a Black Panther history (how come nearly every zine I've read lately features the BPP??) and a bike tour of the city. The only black mark is reprinting an interview from the Internet,

even if it is with Kevin Shields. Tsk tsk! Recommended. (TX)

3181 Mission #113 / San Francisco, CA 94110

COOL BEANS

San Francisco and Bikes Issue

#7
\$3.95
SKRP-CB-7

Calponer
Queen Cobra
Little Princess
My Bloody Valentine
Selling Sex in San Francisco
The Black Panther Party
Bike Messengers vs Cab Drivers
Ain't Nothing Like Fuckin' Moonshine
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More Cab Driver Stories
Newtunes! Hapoi! Hoi!



FREE Flexi featuring 2 unreleased Henry's Dress songs!
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reviews and a cassette featuring the above two bands. (JW)

PO Box 1234 / Coquitlam, BC / V3J 6Z9 / Canada

CRAMPZINE #1 / \$1 & 2 stamps

7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pages

Ah, a zine that gives me faith in the sister-

hood, which has been seriously fuckin' lagging. *Crampzine*'s creator gives us the lowdown on girl pirates, menstrual protection reviews, info on contraceptives, a voodoo doll of "the man" for you to stick it to, a word find and other stuff. Personal and tough. (MJ)

PO Box 641532 / San Francisco, CA 94164-1532

THE CRICKETS SEEM LOUD #2 / \$3 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs

This is a fine sophomore effort by this fledgling zine. This time around it appears that religion is the theme because that's what all the short rants and a couple of other pieces deal with. Most of the stuff in here is well written and put together so it makes for interesting reading. There's also couple of band interviews as well as record and show reviews. Keep it up. (RM)

Rainer / Lichtensternsiedlung 3/8 / 3150
Wilhelmsburg / Austria

CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #7 1/2 / 75¢ ppd

4 1/4 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs

This zine is based in Spokane and looks way too much like *Cometbus*, both in terms of style and content. It's got a "punk" map and guide to the city, stories like the history of patches in Spokane, cartoons, interview with Behead The Prophet No Lord Shall Live, anti-smoking rant, and junk like why Gern Blandstein are sell-outs for doing press kits. If you care about shit like that or why David Hayes is lame cos of what he said about patches or monotonous travel stories, this is for you. (MJ)

PO Box 1781 / Spokane, WA 99210

DESTROY #1 / \$4.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 30 pgs

A 'zine that looks and feels more like a magazine - maybe it's the heavy paper. Features the likes of the Spent Idols, Brainsdance, Red Flag '77, the Lunatic Fringe, and more more more. Nice high-contrast photos and layout, and a highly disturbing survey of "Bristol Mutants" sexual and personal habits. Stiv Batons also makes another posthumous appearance in a 'zine this month - a winner. (JH)

PO Box 1122 / Bristol / BS 99 2HX / England

DIET SOCIETY #6-7 / \$1 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs

One of those kinda sloppy punk zines. This has a lot of political stuff inside, especially on the EZLN and Mexican revolution. There's also a lot of people answering the question "What is punk?" and lots of reviews. (MD)

4520 Bennett Ave #213 / Austin, TX 78751

DIG IT #12 / 25 FF

8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 42 pgs - French

Glossy-covered French punk music zine with interviews with the McRackins, the

awesome BellRays, DM Bob & The Deficits, an article on Jerry Lee Lewis that I found enjoyable and not at all half-assed, one on Rich Coffee, and reviews. Pleasant to the touch, nice cover art. (TD)
Sacco / 10 Rue Gazagne / Toulouse / France

DIVERSITY IS STRENGTH #3 / \$2.00
ppd

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 38 pgs
This is a good example of the basic generic English punk zine. In other words it's all cut and paste, every inch of every page is covered, and it's all well done and a lot of fun to read. Interviews with Road rage, Contempt, Love Junk, Beergut 100, and Black Kronstadt, plus reviews and a couple of columns. I had to read this one a couple of times, and enjoyed it quite a bit. (JW)
7/4 Birnies Court, Edinburgh / EH4 4JS / Scotland

DO OR DIE #6 / \$5 ppd

8 x 6 - printed - 156 pgs
An excellent activist resource detailing actions in England (with tons of information on Reclaim the Streets' actions and tactics) with critical analysis. Theory, history, lots of "scene" reports and paranoia. I am particularly enamored with the discussion of industrial tourism (complete with a nice photo of a group of cameramen huddled around some aboriginal natives seemingly telling them how they needed to pose for the next shot). A must have for the eco-set. (AR)

South Downs EF! / Prior House, 6 Tilbury Place / Brighton BN2 2GY / England

DOLL #120 / \$10.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 156 pgs - Japanese
The ultimate glossy Japanese punk magazine. Lots of great color photos, even more in black and white, and loads of interviews. All in Japanese except for the front cover-kind of a tease. This is a lot of fun to look at, but I don't think I'd spend \$10.00 on it. Much better to co one of your friends into buying it and then borrowing it. Interviews with Madball, Motorhead, The Misfits, Bikini Kill, Buck O'Nine, Los Gusanos, Crown of Thorns, Rudebones, and probably some others that I missed. Plus a long article on Johnny Thunders. (JW)

No 303 Aota Building / 3-59-9 Kita, Kohenji Minami / Sujinami-ku, Tokyo / Japan

DWGSHT ZINE #? / \$8

8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 70 pgs
This book (I guess that's what I'll call it since it's not really a zine, and it's too thick to be a booklet) comes with the new Hand To Mouth LP, and is basically a collection of essays ranging in topic from veganism, to radical history, to prison life. It also includes lyrics and explanations to the Hand To Mouth songs. There's really a lot here, and it takes a while to digest, but it's well done, (for the most part) well written, and well presented. My only complaint is that if

you know you're regurgitating ideas, and that you have nothing original to add to the argument (as in "The Moral Question" essay by Eric Zulaski), why bother? You're just wasting paper (which is what you're trying to tell people *not* to do with the "Low Impact Lifestyle" theme). Anyway, this is a commendable effort. (JC)

PO Box 28 / Durham, NC 27702

8TH GRADER #3 / \$1 + 2 stamps

7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
Here's a concept you don't see every day. This guy gets actual eighth graders to write things for his zine. Like record reviews as well as expressing views on marriage etc. Otherwise, pretty standard fare, interviews with Discount and Hickey and some travel stories.

I was gonna make some pun about 'the kids' but... (GF)
1224 N. Bonnie Brae / Denton, TX 76201

EN DEPIT DE TOUT / \$2

4 x 5 - copied - 96 pgs - French

A short, fat, handwritten French translation of *Cometbus* stories. Done by Stephane of Rad Party. Send a copy to French teachers and French relatives and tell 'em its the new American Kerouac or something like that. "L'amour punk c'est baiser derriere les poubelles, dans la rue, en contrebas de la salle de concert..." Ahhhhh. (TD)
Small Budget Productions / BP 07 / 78110 Le Vesinet / France

EUGENE #6 / \$2.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 46 pgs
The editorial begins with something about "Eugene and his satanic balls of fury" or something perhaps best left to the imagination. Interviews with the Descendents, A.F.I., Screw 32, and the usual amount of reviews and comment, one stuff like extraterrestrial life and Satan (I sense a recurring theme here). Actually I notice that this is issue #666, appropriately. (JH)
229 Apache Dr. / Paint Lick, KY 40461-9750

FAMOUS HARDCORE OF PUNKLAND

#1213 / \$5 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 162 pgs
Craig Hill is the shit; he's a fucking nutcase! this issue of 162 pages of DIY (non comput-

er) mayhem is only 5 fucking bucks! the goddamn staple wont go through it all! And he loses \$1.57 on every US mailed issue, that's pretty fucking punk to me. At any rate this issue (12th anniversary no less) is so loaded, I don't know where to begin. Greatly written obituary on author is both comprehensive and well written. I petered out pretty early on the article on nuclear pollution, but Craig did do his research. About one third of this issue is completely devoted to reprints of early 80's punk articles and transcripts of early MRR radio. Most of the punk articles revolve around Black Flag and seem pretty rare a find. MRR radio transcripts are from 83 and include outtakes with Jello Biafra. This fucker is too loaded, buy one right away! (CW)

Craig Hill / 950 El Camino Real / Belmont, CA 94002

FILTH #25

11 x 17 - newsprint - 32 pgs
The penultimate issue of *Filth*, if you haven't seen it by now you're probably too late. Kind of like a cross between *The Weekly World News* and *People Magazine*, with just a hint of MRR thrown in for flavor. Always entertaining. This issue is mostly about the future as divined by a number of random guest writers. Plus an interview with Helios Creed. Worth look-

ing for. (JW)

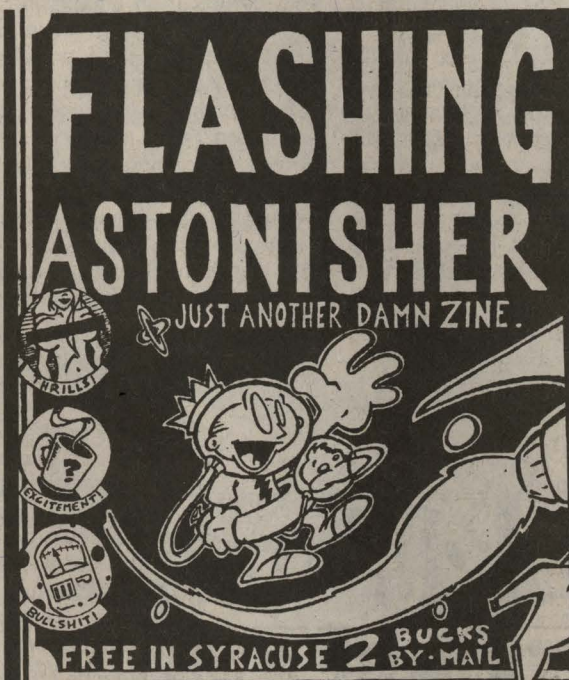
104 Market St / San Francisco, CA 94114

FLASHING ASTONISHER #9 / \$2 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copies - 34 pgs
The cover of this says, "Just another damn zine". At first glance, one might agree, but upon closer inspection there's some interesting stuff here. Beyond the reviews and interviews are some really cool articles. A list of checks that celebrities receive, a gripe about parking tickets, and stories on everything from masturbation to marijuana. At least one subject of interest to everyone here. Show, record, and zine reviews too. A little bit of everything. (TT)
PO Box 70 / Syracuse, NY 13210-0070

FLIPSIDE #107 / \$3.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 160 pgs
I still have this certain sentimental attachment to *Flipside* - after all it was the first 'zine I subscribed to (even before MRR) and what little I know about Los Angeles



geography can be traced back to Huntington Beach and Orange County scene reports. In the years since I've lost track many things have changed - Zed Records have a website, the Crowd have broken up and reformed several times, and then there's the interior color pages. While Maximum still comes on the same rapidly-decaying newsprint - ah well. Features NoFX, Billy Childish, the Evaporators, Fixtures, many reviews and scene reports, and some really unattractive photos of the Demolition Doll Rods. The San Fran. stuff is still all bands I've never heard of, apart from the Loudmouths, but what are you gonna do. Another institution. (JH)
PO Box 60790 / Pasadena, CA 91116

FORLORN HOPE #3 / \$1 and a stamp
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
You'd think this was a heavy emo zine by the title and some pretty sad looking chaps on the cover. Nope, this is a hardcore high school girl on the rampage telling us how to save money, sharing some finger pointing circle jerk show reviews, reprinting a paper on the atomic bomb and relating some random funny stuff about her childhood and school trip to DC. I love the way she talks about "youth crew chants" and how she exclaims "Fuckin' GO!" when she likes something. Ah, to be a junior and wear a gray hoodie in Jersey... (KW)
Christina / 11 Revere Ct. / Princeton, NJ 08550

FULL CUP #9 / \$2 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
I'm sorry to say that this is the last issue of this comic, because it is damn hilarious. The drawing technique reminds me of *Eightball*, only scruffier. The writing is all about regular joes out to get a cuppa joe, watching tv, beating each other up at the coffee shop and fucking off at work. This is like when you get the sweats from drinking too much coffee. You know you're hyped on stimulants but you're having too much fun, anyway. (KW)
Neil Schmidt / 294 Finley Rd. / Bridgeton, NV 08302

GENERATION EXCREMENT #1 / \$2 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Power violence attitude in full effect here. Interviews with Suppression, Grief, Rise and Despise You here, as well as an article on smartass responses to Christian rhetoric and porno reviews. Actually I think there could be a job at some porn mag for their reviewer, he does a better job than many

I've read. If negativity and doom-laden metal music are your thing, this is for you. I personally would have liked to see more. (AM)
Carlos / 14341 Inglewood Ave #116 / Hawthorne, CA 90250

H8Z #4 / ?
8 1/4 x 11 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Most zines from overseas look so good. This one is another one that is just cool as hell. Content wise, I am really disappointed. Interviews with Sektor, Vitality, show reviews, record and zine reviews and more.
Josef Demeesterstr. 33 / 8800 Roeselare / Belgium

HELL YES I CHEATED #1 / \$1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 26 pgs
This comes from a guy who changes the name of his zine each issue. So, I consider this like number 7 or so, and please do not be fooled: Jason is an experienced zine writer. I have seen his stuff over the past few years, and it amazes me how much he has grown in terms of zines and getting his thoughts out. This issue is pretty nifty and has thoughts on everything. Some well spoken ideas, and rantings in here. Makes you think a little, and also question things a bit. (LU)
Jason / 5080 98th St. SE / Blooming Prairie, MN 55917

HORNY FOR THE REVOLUTION #1 / \$2
6 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs

Boy, if there's ever a revolution, I hope you guys don't get any power - and I hope you aren't horny around me, either, cause I'll kill you. News bits written in the Western Civilization is Evil mode. Whatever. (TD)
2217 W. Lupine / Phoenix, AZ 85029

I LIKE MY MEAT TENDER #1 / \$1 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs

Really terrific for a first issue. Full of clip art with funny captions, handwritten editorial remarks and comics. Inside: Why Timothy McVeigh is cool, bad friends, deflowering boys, Helen Keller jokes, an interview with the Feederz

and stuff about John Waters and Pink Flamingos. Good to see, fun to look at. (JF)
114 Ingham Hill Rd / Old Saybrook, CT 06475

INTERNATIONAL STRAIGHT EDGE BULLETIN #22 / \$3 ppd world

10 cm x 21 cm - copied - 36 pgs
I hadn't seen one of these yet so I was a little surprised to see that it had reached issue 22. Informative interview with RASH (Red Anarchist Skin Heads) and tons of brief scene

reports including: Croatia, Belgium, Brazil, The Czech Republic, Malaysia, Bulgaria, Panama, Philippines, Peru, Spain, Yugoslavia, etc. Unsophisticated but a hell of a lot more important and DIY than anything Victory has touched. (AR)
Y. Boisleve / BP 7523, 35 075 / Rennes cedex 3 / France

THE LAST REMAINING MELLISH BIRD / \$15

7 x 8 1/2 - printed - lots of pages
This is a big comic book with a crazy, convoluted "plot" and shitty, scratchy drawings. Way overlong and nonsensical in a boring way. This would suck for \$5, never mind \$15! Check out Chester Brown's *Ed the Happy Clown* instead. (JM)
689 Queen St. W. #171 / Toronto, ON / M6J 1E6 / Canada

LIBERTAD VIGILADA #1 / \$2

8 1/2 x 6 - copied - 24 pgs - Spanish
There are interviews with the bands Bhakti, She-Devils, Insane and Crackdown. This simple zine has a straight-edge viewpoint with lots of ads and contact addresses. (HH)
Diegiito / Calle 31 #517 / CP (1862) Guernica / Buenos Aires / Argentina

MAGNET ZINE Vol 3 Issue 1 / \$1

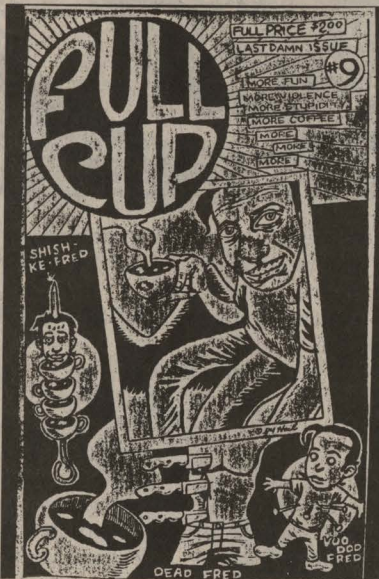
4 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied, screened - 24 pgs
This is a cute little zine, a half and half mixture of writings and drawings. It reminds me of a handmade birthday card. Overall themes of wistfulness and melancholy take a different twist by the end. (TX)
Rachel McLellan / 1571 Hunters Ridge Dr / Bloomfield Hills, MI 48304

MY GOD CAN BEAT UP YOUR GOD/SMALL SAILOR split issue / \$2 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 60 pgs
MGCBUYG side has lovely interviews with Hard Skin and Crackle Records, a heavy metal guide, some lame jokes and a review of skinhead movies, along with the usual punk rock mumble jumble. *Small Sailor* has horror movie, gig and record reviews, and interviews with Ignite and Blanks 77 among others. DIY punk rock, cut and paste style. (MJ)
Aaron / 6 Mowbray Place / Thirsk / N. Yorkshire / YO7 1RE / England

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN #3 / \$6.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 48 pgs
The hefty price tag is because of the 33 song CD that comes with it. You also get a free pin and/or sticker with your order. I still think that's a bit pricey, but hey; If you've got \$6.00 burning a hole in your pocket, and you feel that you don't have enough interviews with the Misfits and Electric Frankenstein, then you could do worse. You could do better too, but... My favorite part is when the editor is interview-



ing his own *band* and asks the singer "In 'No Pot I Cry' you talk about drugs, are you a crack addict?", to which he responds "No it's a satire you fool. You are in the *band* for God Sakes." Funny stuff, eh? You also get the usual columns, reviews, some descent comics and a D.C. scene report. Did I mention that it costs \$6.00? (JC)
9379 Tartan View Dr. / Fairfax, VA 22232

NEAT DAMNED NOISE #13 / \$4 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 54 pgs

Apparently some of these came with a bonus 45, but there's none to be found here - a fanzine solely and singly devoted to the Damned, a band that have reached more heights and plumbed more depths than James Taylor, George Michael and the surviving Beatles combined. Reviews, listings, cartoons, rare and unseen photographs. It all reminds me of those 'Star Trek' zines that were so popular in the seventies, with the sheer level of devotion. Includes a capsulized history of the life and death of Stiv Bators, though it might not be obvious how he figures in all of this. (JH)
PO Box 42850-123 / Houston, TX 77242-2850

THE NEW EXCREMENT/IF THE BIBLE TOLD YOU... #3 / \$2 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 42 pgs
This split zine is pretty good with the *I.T.B.T.Y.* side stealing the spot light. *The New Excrement* side is OK. Mostly short political pieces ranging in topic from becoming a vegetarian to boycotting new year's 2000(???) but nothing that interesting really. I dug the *I.T.B.T.Y.* half because it took more of a personal approach. I particularly liked the story about this person's chemistry teacher and how he was a crazed pyro. Worth it for the *I.T.B.T.Y.* side of the zine. (RM)

Jereme / PO Box 127 / Craven, SK / S0G 0W0 / Canada

NO PROBLEMS #2 / \$1 + 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs

Once you get into this zine, it's pretty funny. A kind of dry humor that pulls you in. Well, it would have to with a picture of "Saved by the Bell" on the cover... Inside are some local stuff (LA), a BMX story, travel tips, record reviews, a Jewel interview and show reviews. Worth the buck in laughs. (JX)

PO Box 8614 / La Crescenta, CA 91224

NO SCENE ZINE #9 / free (send a stamp)

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs

I was going to put this in the listings section, but decided not to...this zine is short, but it has a lot of neat stuff for only four pages. Interview with Sacto Hoods, show reviews, pen pal ads, and a sex zine list. This is just so damn cute, and a nice idea for these folks that need an outlet for communication if they live in places that literally have no scene. (LU)

BooGer / 3260 Starr #3 / Lincoln, NE 68503

OI-PUNK FANZINE #14 / \$1 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs

Don't let the name fool ya, this is the all comics issue written by the editor, Moz, and drawn by friend Scott Houston. It's totally silly and endearing. Punk kid as comic hero who fights "the bad guys" - over zealous skinheads, jocked out straight edgers, etc. drawn with bubble eyes, and everyone has huge feet. However, women are portrayed as fuck/ crush objects with large lips and perky breasts yet it's still giggle inducing with a thick slice of punk irony. (KW)

PO Box 1369 / Katy, TX 77492

PxOx #6 / \$1+

stamp or trade

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs

Mainly autobiographical stuff. Issues include college, cops, Ellen coming out on TV, you name it, Greg and Jake tell you what they do and don't like about it in a series of rants. Zine, book, and record reviews as well. (TT)

PO Box 36 / Saratoga Springs, NY 12866

PHOENIX ZINE #6 / \$1.00 or trade

5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 24 pgs

Inconclusive arguments, poorly written rants and lame poetry adorn the sloppy cut and pasted pages of this zine. More than anything, this was just boring. The writing is trying to be all dramatic, but it's so bad that it just sounds ridiculous. Listen to this; "... wallowing in a world of confusion. What's right? What's wrong? Do you mean what you say? Are we, am I, in some twisted psychological vise, dancing in the fires of madness / alienation ..." Excuse me while I put on black eyeliner and listen to Bauhaus records. The whole thing's like that. (JC)

PO Box 93174 / Milwaukee, WI 53203

PLASTICBOMB #19 / \$5.00

11 1/2 x 8 - printed - 132 pgs - German

Call this zine the German version of *Flipside*, I say that with compliments. This issue has interviews with the bands Korrupt, Shityri, Wahre Lugen, punks in Russia, Jughead's Revenge plus much more. There are also excellent articles on Afghanistan and marijuana. Finally there are just loads of music and zine reviews. Excellent reading here! (HH)

Michael Will / Forststr. 71 / 47055 Duisburg / Germany

PSYCHO.MOTO #9 / \$1 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 14 pgs

A very short mini-zine dedicated to furthering urban legends and conspiracy theories. Well written with a good sense of humor, this zine does not stray too far into goofy. A whole bunch of lies and rumors sent in by readers and gathered by the editors; such as "The Sexy Tart" and "Brushes with Fame" and "Evil Babysitter", to name a few.

Also a comic about recycling and lots of reviews. (JF)

45th Ave B#2 / New York, NY 10009-7450

PTBH #2 / \$1 ppd or trade

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs

There are some good stories in here like squatting in a bridge, using your nipples to clean CDs, childhood memories of hearing/saying obscenities, a personal/punk history, etc. There's also filler like the dumb Denny's interview and the dumpster diving advice to not eat rotting meat. Overall, I'd say there's more

good than bad here, so trade your zine or whatever. (JM)

540 E. 5th St. / Anchorage, AK 99501

PUNK PORN #1 / \$1.00?

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs

Short and sweet, personal writing about family and relationships. Also some animal rights, an essay about political activism, and the inevitable "what is punk" page. You could do a lot worse than this, and many have. (JW)

Rayno Novak / 309-3953 Godwin Ave. / Burnaby, BC / V5G 4A1 / Canada

PUNK 101 #? / 2 stamps + donation

5 1/2 x 7 1/4 - copied - 34 pgs

I'm always a little worried by zines that seem to consider themselves of or whatever, but this one is really good. There is a great piece on world hunger and it's real causes, an interview with Sad Society, and a compelling interview with Dick Lucas from Citizen Fish. It's like a breath of fresh air these days to hear from somebody so articulate, and the fact that he is into his thirties and has been in the thick of it for so long has got to be impressive. (GF)

148 E Roe Blvd. / Patchogue, NY 11772



PUNK SHOCKER #7 / \$2 ppd

8 x 6 - copied - 40 pgs

Very cool British zine - good sense of humor and interesting interviews with Red Alert, Apartment 3G, and the Cockney Rejects. Loads of reviews, football, beer and writing on punk, x-mas and selling out. Well done. But hey - I just don't get why *punkboys* are so into the Spice Girls....(MD)
PO Box 1TA / Newcastle Upon Tyne / NE99 1TA / England

PUNK SLOP #2 / free + 2 stamps

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs

This zine is hard to review: It has 32 pages, but the content of like 16. Not that the 16 are bad, since they include an interview with the Swingin' Utters, a couple columns on band stuff, record reviews and some other interesting rants. *Punk Slop* is alright but could have had more. (JX)
PO Box 12334 / Ft Pierce, FL 34979

RABBLE REVIEW #1 / \$4 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 48 pgs

Tom Wheeler, formerly of *Out Of Bounds*, has managed to pull together a good first issue. Imagine something similar to *Boy-cott Quarterly* or *Alternative Press Review*, but with a welcomed informal attitude at times. The thing I don't like about this zine is that it is exactly what you would expect by looking at it. The layouts and style are unoriginal, and the graphics over-used. There are a lot of big names like David Barsamian and John Stauber, and in some ways this seems like a clone of all of the other political, lefty type zines out there. It's not fresh or original, but the attitude is great (very enthusiastic) and the writing is good (the first two articles are about Tom's whistle-blowing experience, the rest are in a similar corporate watchdog vein), and I'm sure I'll add it to the list of zines I read regularly. I hope it lives up to its manifesto: "[*Rabble Review*] will call into question every form of corporate domination over our daily lives and challenge the various forms of authoritarian and social control practiced by business, political and cultural elites." (JA)

PO Box 4710 / Arlington, VA 22204

RED BADGE OF COURAGE #2 / 2 stamps

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 33 pgs

Yer basic punk zine, with stuff on the scene, the Spice Girls, an interview with Jimmy Eat World, the Dismemberment Plan, Squirtgun, lots of weird ads cut out and stuck in and an interview with himself, reviews, 2 complaints - in the random thoughts section, one of the editors expresses his desire to compete in the special Olympics because he's "normal" and could win, and the drawing of the dripping

dick on the back inside cover. Probably pretty funny stuff if you're a 12 year old boy (or in 70% of touring bands). (MJ)

228-F Northpoint Ave. / High Point, NC 27262-1016

RIGSBY #7 / \$3 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs

Another packed issue from the Just One Life collective. Columns, recipes, tons of reviews, and interviews with MU330, Assert, Sick Of It All, The Muties, and One Hit Wonder. A worthwhile endeavor from one of many such groups in the UK. (AM)

142 Springfield Rd / Brighton / East Sussex / BN1 6BZ / UK

ROCKET FUEL #2 / \$2 ppd

7 1/4 x 11 3/4 - printed - 32 pgs

Interviews and reviews. The questions are pretty much the same for all the bands - who writes the songs, how's your label, etc - except the Earth Crisis interview which is a good overview of what they're about. Other bands are Back Of Dave, Kerosene 454, Caulfield Records, and The Promise Ring. Unless you love these folks send your \$2 somewhere else. Not bad, just typical. (JM)
Daniel Reed / PO Box 926 / Normal, IL 61761

ROTE KUH #7 / \$4

8 x 6 - copied - 68 pgs - German

In this issue of *Red Cow* there are interviews with the Vageenas, Raped Chucks and ZSD. There are interesting articles about the fascist tendencies in punk, and why TV sucks. There are also columns, reviews, ads and lots of irreverent humor. (HH)

Danny Winkler / Elsterwerdaer Str 37 / D-04932 Prosen / Germany



19351

SATURATED FAT #5 / \$1

+ 2 stamps

8 1/2 x 6 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs

This punk-ska zine features interviews with Mike Park from Asian Man Records, Spring Heel Jack, and Bigwig. There are also live show reviews, a story about blowing up a toilet with an M-80, info on the new Spawn movie, Motley Crue and some record reviews. (TT)

PO Box 11 / Lewisville, PA

SCAM #3 / \$2 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 60 pgs

The first two issues of *Scam* will forever be in my memory as some of the greatest zines ever, so imagine my pleasure to find #3 nestled in my review bin, the day before deadline! Anyway, having spent the last half hour trying to cram as much as I can, I think I can safely say that the new issue is on par with the others. If you read the older ones, you know you want this. If you're a novice, heed my advice and experience it now for the first time. Extremely well written stories of

living cheap and trying to keep out of real trouble while getting in as much trouble as possible. The even poorer man's *Comet-bus*. Awesome. (AM)

Recess Records / PO Box 1112 / Torrance, CA 90505

SCENESTER! #4 / \$1 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 32 pgs

This is one of those skimpy newsprint music zine deals. These always look gray and boring. Hey, I know *Maximum* is no oil painting in the layout department, but I wish people would put more imagination into their layouts sometimes. Especially when it's obvious that they have the computer equipment that makes it easier. Alright, so the interviewees are Ben Weasel, Less Than Jake, Baby Gopal, Floorpunch, the Promise Ring, and Todd Bridges from Diff'rent Strokes, talking about that Show'n'Tell comp and his time in rehab. This zine isn't bad, it just doesn't really stand out. Oh, and they have a copyright symbol next to their title. That has to be a joke, right? (AM)

Jonny Cristol / 641 Broad Acres Rd / Narberth, PA 19072

SECOND NATURE #6 / \$2/\$5 world

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 88 pgs

Holy shit. Yeah, this is one of my favorite zines, and it just blows me away. This issue has interviews with Mineral, Converge, Grade, Boy Sets Fire, Descendents, and Refused. The line up of interviews can't get better than this. This zine is amazing! A definite interview zine to say the least, and as more and more people jump on the staff, it gets better and better. Two thumbs up! (LU)

PO Box 11543 / Kansas City, MO 64138

79 REASONS WHY HITCHHIKING SUCKS / \$1

4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 14 pgs

I know, I know. I should of put this in my short reviews. This lil zine is short and nifty though. All it is literally, is 79 reasons why Andrea's recent trip sucked. They are numbered, and the numbers correlate with photos from her trip. For example, the picture corresponding with "You have to listen to people go off on their life stories..." is the creep who she met on the trip that she had to actually endure this from. Gee, I hope none of these people see this. (CW)

Andre Wyckoff / PO Box 19554 / Portland, OR 97280

SHARKPOOL #1 / \$2-3

8 x 6 - copied - 36 pgs

This is great for a first issue, although the music it covers (mostly pop-punk) isn't really my cup of tea. There are interviews with Ten Foot Pole, Diesel Boy, No Fun at All and Panic. Plus there's being political and into pop-punk, reviews and other random little tidbits. The editor is also doing a dissertation on being a woman in the punk

scene (write to her if you want to help!) and there's some writing about that in here as well. (MD)

20 Grange Road / Broughton, Kettering, Northants / NN14 1PH / England

SIMBA #12 / \$2 ppd

8 x 6 - copied - 60 pgs

On the one hand, I think *Simba* is a pretty cool zine. I like that Vique says what she feels, and fuck you if you don't like it. On the other hand, it's a lot of self-obsession, ego strokes and mental masturbation. Although, if you are going to read anyone's ramblings, it may as well be hers, because she has some good things to say. Amidst the smooch and telling, and the "I'm so in love" (that seems to be the theme this issue) there are some interesting challenges to how relationships and sexuality are and should be. I especially appreciate the female perspective on all this. However, my continual complaint is that coming from a feminist, this zine is all about boys!!! Yuck, oh, I mean, old news. Anyway, there are also decent interviews with the Van Pelt, SaidIWas and Ink and Dagger. Check it out. (MD)

PO Box 340 / Leeds LS4 2XU / England

SIMPLE MINDED #1 / 2 stamps

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs

A hand written clip art riddled 20 pages of nonsense. A lot of times things are funny to just you and your friends who you are doing a zine with. Catch my drift? However I was pleased to read the flyer about the closing of Radio Free Hawaii. Other than that, there are some horoscopes and a top ten list. (JF)

PO Box 11812 / Honolulu, HI 96828

SLAVES TO REALITY #4 / \$1 or 3 stamps

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 44 pgs

Beware of this one, the editors claim that it's "open to all people and their thoughts and ideas" so don't blame them if they print stuff about "faggots", "fat chicks", and have comics that embody racial, religious, and class stereotypes. They're really pissed off about something: mostly straight edge, skaters, the government, and religious authorities. Top it off with some bad poetry along with the sketchy content, and I have to give this one thumbs down, baby. (KW)

Wil / 75-1195th Ave. / Queens, NY 11416

SMELL OF DEAD FISH #43 / \$?

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs

New issues of this zine keep showing up every single month, it seems like. Although I find the editor's writing style approachable and easy to connect with, his attitude on the first page that "I wrote this and this sucks so skip it" is just dumb. Don't put out a zine or publish your work if you don't think it's worth it, coz no one else will. Anyway, this is the contributor issue so it's much more hit-or-miss than the last ones I've

seen. It's just an amalgamation of weird stuff, like a band's lyric sheet, paste up art, poetry, stories about Athens, and well, there's some good stuff in there - it's just a little hard to find. (JA)

Skott Cowgill / PO Box 484 / Pensacola, FL 32597

SOAP & SPIKES #2 / \$2 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs

This issue's got a good interview with the Demics, which you should check out if you wanna read about the late 70s Toronto/London (ON) scene. Otherwise you get simple mail interviews w/ Special Duties, Doom, NOTA and the US Bombs. Also ads and reviews. (JM)

Derek Dykeman / 431 Burlington Ave. Apt. #2 / Burlington, ON / L7S 1R3 / Canada

SOCIAL DISEASE #17 / \$2.50 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 19 pgs

New Zealand punk rock, politics and what have you. Many reviews, contact addresses and a very swanky photo of Chaos U.K. on the cover - a little of everything, in fact. "100% Two Fingers in the Air Punk Rock", it says on the cover - that more or less sums it all up. (JH)

PO Box 14-156 / Kilbirne, Wellington / Aotearoa, / New Zealand

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING #36 / a stamp

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 12 pgs

This zine is always worth a fuckin stamp, so cough it up, kid. Really good quality columns and stories, some serious and some funny as hell. The shining story of this issue is about becoming addicted to a Dungeons and Dragonsesque card game. Fuckin eerie, man. (TT)

516 3rd St NE / Massillon, OH 44646

SOUND VIEWS #46 / \$2.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 46 pgs

Another entertaining issue, this one with the Bush Tetras (who've reunited?), Farenheit 451, the Novellas, Five Chinese Brothers, stuff on the NY Underground Film Festival, and more. Basically a good, diverse area of coverage and a good level of writing - can't really ask for much more. Good. (JH)

96 Henry St., 5W / Brooklyn, NY 11201-1713

SPANK #21 / \$2 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs

This is a really well done music mag. Interviews with Jody Blyle (Team Dresch, Hazel), Gnomes of Zurich, Pond, The Van Pelt and Crank! records. Plus the usual reviews ads etc. My favorite part was the special review section for the really shitty records, subtitled "thanks for the jewel cases". (GF)

1004 Rose Ave. / Des Moines, IA 50315-3000

STRANDED #1 / ?

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 64 pgs

This zine is a bit of a mixed bag and if you don't live in Columbus, Ohio, chances are

you won't get some of the jokes. That's not to say there's not flashes of brilliance here and there. The piece arguing that Charles Manson wasn't such a bad guy was hilarious as was the "Crap Poetry" section. Along with these and a couple other short pieces there's record reviews and band interviews. Not bad for a first issue. (RM)

91 E. Patterson / Columbus, OH 43202

STUCK #1 / \$1 ppd

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs

Lewis explains his feelings on being a High School geek. His approach is interesting: crude, short comics followed by lengthy explanations of those comics. The comics are mainly commentaries on the sad state of social interaction, especially getting picked on for not fitting in. I kinda thought the comics spoke for themselves, but for people who can't relate as easily, the explanations are clear and well written. Comes with a killer military style patch that says, "GEEK". (TT)

Lewis Houston / RR #1 Box 1168 / Nescopeck, PA 18635

STUPID OVER YOU #2 / \$4

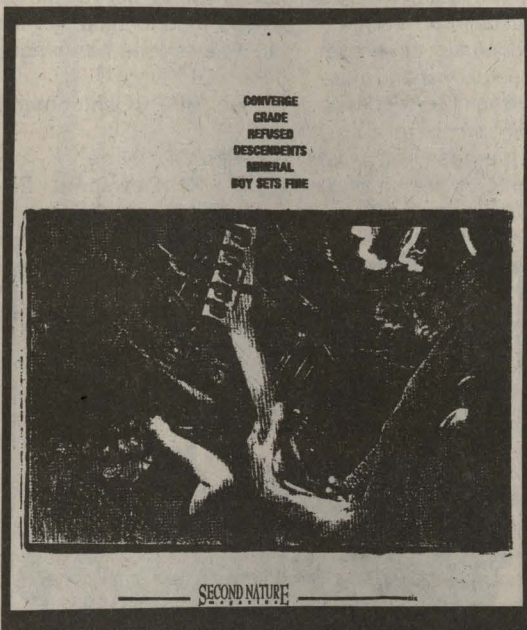
8 x 6 - copied - 100 pgs - German

This fanzine leans towards the oi/ska side of punk with this issue mentioning lots of bands and where they have played about in Germany. There is also plenty of zine and record reviews, plus what's happening in the world of soccer. (HH)

Marko Drawe (Fiedler) / Schwedter Str 94 / 17291 Prenzlau / Germany

SUPPLICANT #2 / \$1 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 48 pgs



This magazine is on the cusp of funny/annoying. depends I imagine on the time of day you read it. While in the vein of this magazine, it does seem to have a good cross section of columnists and interviewers - NYC style. Interviews include the Descendents, Disenchanted, Milhouse and Swingin' Utters. Oh yes, and the ever present record reviews.
PO Box 8619 / New York, NY 10116

TAIL SPINS #29 / \$3 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 92 pgs
Another issue of *Tail Spins*, off to a rocking start with the excellent cover art, a drawing by Brian Ralph (*Fireball*) of a couple of lunatic BMXers on a rampage through an apocalyptic city scene. The rest of the zine lives up to it, with the usual mix of offbeat articles and dedicated music coverage. Sometimes I think they actually spend more time on their reviews than the releases merit, but I work at *MRR*, where four lines on a record review is verbose. Anyway, this time around the articles are on Blaxploitation movies, a 19th Century savage, and an account of one American college student who was stalked by an English woman during a term there. The musical diversions are provided by Dianogah, the Spider Babies, and Los Straitjackets. Great zine. (AM)
PO Box 1860 / Evanston, IL 60204

3RD GENERATION NATION #8 / \$4

11 1/2 x 8 - printed - 52 pgs - German
My fave zine this month, especially with its uncluttered lay-out. There are interviews with the Drones, Manic Hispanic, Screeching Weasel, Chinese Takeaway and Bad News. There is also an excellent article on a 1979 Clash tour in America. And finally there are plenty of music reviews. (HH)
Ralf Hunebeck / Muhlenfeld 59 / 45472 Mulheim / Germany

TOO MUCH COFFEE MAN #2 / \$3.95

8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 32 pgs
I used to read a lot of comic books as a kid so I was happy to see this show up in my bin. This fine, full-color comic documents the trials and tribulations of Too Much Coffee Man using single page stories as opposed to a single story that runs the length of the comic. The art work reminded me of *The Tick* where as the humor is reminiscent of *Ripoff Comics* (*The Freak*

Brothers ect...). Great! (RM)
Adhesive Comics / PO Box 5372 / Austin, TX 78763

TRAILER TRASH #9 / \$2 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 92 pgs
Thank you. This zine is rad. It's the work issue, focusing on ways to survive while working less—right on. There are also pieces on CB radios and lesbian TV characters, but the work pieces are the shit. Some first hand work horror stories, overall philosophies about work and why it sucks (in the lifetime sense, not the obvious day to day misery) and some ideas and advice on how to live full healthy lives without being a wage slave. Of course, the more people who clue in to this, the harder it may get for those of us who have always tried to slide by without working, but I think everyone has a right to full time laziness. (GF)
PO Box 864 / Cantonment, FL 32533

TRIPPA #7 / free

8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 24 pgs - Italian
General ant-establishment sort of thing with interviews with the Burning Heads, Los Fastidios, and the New Bomb

something for nothing.



issue 36.

Turks; film-maker Mario Mero-la; and some personals ads that I hope aren't supposed to be serious. Not bad. (TD)
Ballini Steffano / Via Mocale 79 / 50028 Tavar-nelle V.P. / Firenze / Italy

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #29 / \$1 + stamps

8 1/2 x 5 1/5 - copied - 52 pgs
In some ways it's always rewarding to see a zine which has made it through such a high num-

ber of issues, because so few zine editors stick it out through the lean years. However, this turned out to pretty much be a bunch of show reviews, a short interview with Zen Guerrilla, an interview with Dwindle, reviews, and a little bit of political writing. Too much white space, and not enough substance. (JA)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205

TRUST #64 / \$4

12 x 8 - printed - 68 pgs - German
As always Trust comes across as a quality zine. This issue showcases Jello Biafra, and the bands, Lighting Beatman, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, and Integrity. There are

columns, articles, plenty of reviews and of course gig dates. Trust is now on the internet at <http://planetsound.de/media/trust>. (HH)

Postfach 43 11 48 / 86071 Augsburg / Germany

UNDER 18 #4 / \$2 ppd

7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 64 pgs
Inane hand drawn comix, Black Army Jacket, Anti-product, Flux of Disorder, Doom, Gasp, and Bomb Squadron. Pretty standard fare but for the multiple page reprints of Winnie the Pooh (with a mohawk natch) and the Smurf puzzles. (AR)
1215 Ronan Avenue / Wilmas, CA 90744

URLO #17 / HATE #7 / \$3

8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 64 pgs - Italian
Two zines in one, like those kids books where you turn it over and the back of the book is an upside-down cover. *Urlo* contains an article on the garage scene in Italy, interviews with the Others, Cripple Bastards, Lilith, Crummy Stuff, demo tape reviews, and more; *Hate* has an article on Australian punk bands, a feature on blues giant Slim Harpo, and more record reviews. (TD)
Pierluigi Bella / Via Vidaschi 11B / 00152 Roma / Italy

WE DON'T KNOW YET #6 / \$2 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
This looks like an okay rag, but there is a lot of wasted white space. I hate that! Inside has mediocre interviews with UK Subs, Billy Childish, Shonen Knife, and more. I would have liked to see the interviews go way in depth, and tackle as much as possible. Why not go for the gusto if you are interviewing bands that are of this caliber? Not the worst, but with improvement and more time this could be a very impressive zine. (LU)
PO Box 16120 / St. Paul, MN 55116

WOUNDIG #1 / trade or \$1.50

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - photocopied - 52 pgs
Neat personal zine with some cool comics, vegan recipes, and lots of writing. Just stuff about interpersonal relationships, a hiking trip, friends and a debate about gun control. There's just something very sincere about this zine that I liked. (MD)
Kristy / 104 Union St. / Nelson, BC / V1L 4A2 / Canada

ZINE VERGUENZA #2 & 3 / \$3

8 1/2 x 6 - copied - 24 pgs - Spanish
This small zine from the Caribbean blends anti-fascism (that is anti-US imperialism) and punk rock very well. There are interviews with the bands Demencia Masiva, Tonito Experiencia, Lopo Drido and Lakkra. This zine is probably the best place for making contact with the Puerto Rican scene. (HH)
Calle 7 C-19 Metropolis / Carolina, PR 00987

ANGELHEART #8 / \$2 ppd

Page after page of tiny type and minimalist layout from Finland. Kesko, Global Holocaust, Tuomiopaivan Lapset and more.
J-P Muikku / Kotaniementie 47 / 83960 Koli / Finland

ANTI-SOCIAL #1 / stamps

Stories about drinking, Taco Bell, ageism, interviews with Schlong and the Roswells, punk rock pick up lines and a convict's psychological report.
Ryan Kennedy / 1919 Ridgehurst Dr. / Wickliffe, OH 44092

BLACKLIST / stamps

Interviews with Avail, show pics, columns, record reviews.
PO Box 1431 / Ojai, CA 93024

BLIND AND LOST #1 / \$.50 ppd

Small and pretty short. I found some humor in here, but not much else. Cut and paste to the max!
4 Roosevelt Ave. / Mystic, CT 06355

BLIND TO FAITH #2 / \$1 ppd

An OK music-type zine with record reviews and interviews with Asshole Parade, In/humanity and Fang.
PO Box 771296 / Lakewood, OH 44107

BRAND-X #9 / \$1 ppd.

X marks the spot here for the sober jet set. Interviews and reviews.
2006 W. Mile Rd. / Springfield, OH 45503

CHEROTIC REVOLUTIONARY Vol 1 Iss 7 / \$5

Nudity and poetry.
Frank Moore / PO Box 11445 / Berkeley, CA 94712

CHUMPIRE #86 / free+1 stamp

4 page mini-zine with record reviews and more.
PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316

CONTRASCIENCE #5 1/2 / \$7 ppd with 10" record

Artistically well done anarcho-oriented diatribe against The System somewhat reminiscent of that Crass booklet in Christ the Album but more up-to-date and less beautifully written.
PO Box 8344 / Minneapolis, MN 55408-0344

COOL LIKE US #3 / 3 stamps

Typical zine fare with a Sidecar interview, one or two rants, and reviews.
PO Box 18404 / Irvine, CA 92623

DRINKIN' PARIFFIN #1 / \$2 ppd

Cider & gig reviews, ex-junkie tales, spike up your mohawk and throw rocks at the cops stuff.

19 Parkgate Road / Reigate / Surrey / RH2 7JL / England

ELEGANT DISCOURSE #2 / \$1

Devoted to girls who rock - cool concept. Show and record reviews, resources for grrl bands, websites and songs transcribed so you can play along.
PO Box 16475 / St. Louis, MO 63125

GRACIOUS #3 /

\$3 ppd
Depressing music zine with Promise Ring, Bouncing Souls, Orange 9mm, an anti-choice stance, and poetry.
Chrissy Dobash / 25 Tuckerton Rd / Shamong, NJ 08088

GRINNER #2 / \$1

ppd
Handwritten personal zine with childhood anecdotes and rhymes, heavy metal, etc.
Jas Toomer & Kelly Mills / 75 Winsover Road / Spalding / Lincs. / PE11 1EQ / England

KILLING SWINE #3 / \$1

Leftist tripe, a praise of MRR, a few nice stories, some reviews, and it's short.
PO Box 549 / Medicine Hat, AB / T1A 7G5 / Canada

LIFE #3 / free

6 x 8 - copied - French
Marsaillaise zine with interviews with the Refused, the \$400 Suits, D.O.A., gig reviews, record reviews, the focus being "Hard-core, Punk, et Oi."
Becamel Stephane / 43, Cours Lieutaud / 13006 Marseille / France

MONKEY ON MY DICK #2 / free

Masturbation, xeroxed photos, and a title that just about says it all (at least it's free).
2730 Polk Street / Lenzburg, IL 62255

OH POOP SANTA'S DEAD #1 / \$3 stamps

Self-righteous suburban high school hell. Smoking, Hot Topic and the ROTC come under attack.
Ben / 622 Silversmith Lane / Charlotte, NC 28270

PEOPLE ACTING AGAINST TRADITIONS #1 / 2 stamps

9 single sided pages too many of a dumb joke, making fun of stuff like anti-war and anti-

sexist rants.

Class Action Records / 631 Oak Run Trail #312 / Agoura, CA 91301

PUBLIC OFFENDER #3 / \$3 ppd

A zine for punks and skins. interviews with the Templars and 10-96. Articles on animal liberation.
Tim Offensive / Box 260276 / Madison, WI 53726

PUNK LIFE

#1 / ??
Boring writing of a bored commuter on a boring subway.
PO Box 15 / Arlington, VA 22210

**PUNK ROY-
ALE #3 / free**

An attractive computer produced zine with Less than Jake, Out of Order, Das Klown, the Vandals, and a bit of a Ska feel to it.
9833 159th PI NE / Redmond, WA 98052



SCROUNGER #2 / \$1 and 2 stamps

Political-punk stuff - female circumcision, vivisection, the scene, zine and record reviews.
John / 2628 S. 357th St. / Federal Way, WA 98003

SMALL SERVICE WITH A BIG STATE #2 / \$1 ppd or trade

Bored teenager type zine. What to do in Nelson, BC, ant-Christian rant, some Christian magazine reprints, short interviews with drunk idiots, comics.
Nathan / 1152 E Georgia St. / Vancouver, BC / V6A 2A8 / Canada

TRASH TIMES #1 / \$1 + 2 stamps

Article on Curious George (that lovable little monkey) and an interview with Mike Stax.
Box 248 / Glenview, IL 60025

UNDYING #2 / 2 stamps

Handwritten sXe zine, with reviews of records and shows. Also, stories about working at a gas station and how dumb most folks are. Just as a side note: this is full of misspellings and poorly reproduced pictures.
8409 Broadview Rd / Broadview Hts, OH 44147

After more than 8 years and 50 issues, Earquake is one of the best French zines. Sober but punctual, full of info and quality interviews, it was about time to interview Fred who has a lot of interesting things to say about what punk is in one's everyday life. Interview conducted thru email by Le Bouffon for the French zine L'Oreille Cassée (Broken Ear) in January '97.

MRR: Could you briefly introduce Earquake? Where does the name come from?

When I started the zine, some friends and me had had this idea for 2 or 3 years. We had done the mock-up of a first issue that we never printed. It taught me that you need a minimum of organization to do the things well. So a year later, when we finally felt ready, I bought a typewriter and before you know it, the first issue was done in one weekend with scissors and glue. We've done 50 copies that we sent a bit everywhere waiting for answers with impatience. I wanted to call it Earthquake because a week before there had been a giant earthquake in India, and on the cover there was a picture of a collapsed building. I cut some letters out of the newspaper, and stupidly I pasted the "q" right after the "r". When I realized it, I thought it was as good because it was playing on words. The flyers had been written with earthquake written on them, ha, ha. Some find the name stupid while others, me included, like it. I think it's interesting because it's not stuck in the punk/hc style and the name gives a connotation that we can (or we should) have when listening to hc, especially the good old school that I like more than anything else, like Black Flag's "Police Story". Earthquake is stupid because it sounds bad in French and a lot of people don't know how to pronounce it.

MRR: How did you become a punk?

I'd say naturally (as the opposite of overnight like so many kids nowadays who arrive in a scene that's already organized and take it for granted). When I was 12, someone offered me a tape recorder and a radio. I started to listen to some music and to record some tapes by placing the like close to the speaker. And everything I was recording was the heaviest songs because it was the disco/new wave era at that moment. I liked the English bands like the Pistols, Buzzcocks, Clash...and especially the French bands because there was a show on Saturday afternoons where a guy was playing all these great bands like Orchestre Rouge, Sax Pustuls, Marquis de Sade, Starshooter, Little Bob, Bijou, WC3, Taxi Girl, LSD...and on tv, there was a big show called "Les Enfants Du Rock". Every week, they were going to a different city to shoot some local bands in their garage, in a pub, in the street... The scene was smaller then but I remember that with emotion. Young French punks drool when you tell them that you could see Barrikads, Camera Silens, Collabos, No Fuck BB...on tv. You could see also Black Flag, the Vandals, the Dead Milkmen... At that time, I went to highschool with all these bands' names written on my jacket. I ended up in a gang with some boys and girls like me. We created some bands, read some zines and the anarchist press, ran some squats -a marvelous place with rooms to sleep and rehearse, a fire place, a library with stolen books (shoplifting was our favorite sport). We escaped often from school, bought some beer, browsed in the city in our multicolored outfit fighting with hard rockers and hippies. They were great times also because some of the best

records came out at that moment in France (Chaos en France, Komintern Sect, Reich Orgasm...), in the US, in UK and a bit after we got the first records from New Wave Rec. featuring new French bands and bands from the East Block. It was a real blow out and it was very exciting because even if a lot of punks intellectuals today think that this period was negative (even if most of them weren't here at that time) they'll hate me for what I've just said and for the bands I've



named. We were very united and passionate by the contacts we could have all over the world. People hated us and we loved that, today being punk is cool...

MRR: Why did you choose to make a zine rather than something else? Where does your taste for the written language come from?

Of course before writing, I love reading. Very early I started to read a lot of zines, and with our band we'd send some tapes a bit everywhere. We loved to be interviewed and tell our bullshit to the people we would never have met. It gave us the impression to have some friends everywhere and that our gang was covering the entire world. A lot of people involved in zines also had a band, so we thought of doing a zine. When we finally put out the first issue of Earquake, the first band interviewed was...ours! Not very ethical. I like zines and all the non conventional literature. I keep the best space for them in the zine, right in the middle, and with some longer reviews, not just to say what's inside and what's the price. About writing, in fact I rarely write some articles, I can't consider interviews like writings because it's the others who express themselves, not me. So only the reviews are written by me, I like to describe the music with words because it's easy.

MRR: You've found a format that you've kept, not only the size but also the contents of the zine. What could be the evolution for Earquake?

The size is the same since the beginning except

that there's more pages now. The size is one of the things why it took me a while before to put out the first issue. It's sophisticated nor special but for me, it's the one that's more simple and adaptable. It's small because most of them are mailed, it fits in a small envelope, and an A4 can be folded in 2 because it's the standard format for xerox machines. The small divides all the expenses by 2. The only negative point is that it limits the freedom for the layout. So I have to keep a strict structure (2 or 3 columns), but it's also a good way to stay readable. I thought of changing a couple of time, sure it was more beautiful but it was also more annoying to put together and more expensive. For the contents, it's the same thing, I think it's the most efficient, and it gives some space for the news. I try to talk about everything by alternating news tidbits with rapid access to the addresses, and interviews that you can take your time to read. I don't foresee any evolution for the moment, I've tried some other layouts and sizes but it didn't work out that well.

MRR: How many copies? Do a lot of them get distributed thru your mailorder? How many are sent to foreign countries?

Right now, I print 800 copies. I sell directly around 200 of them via mailorder, during the gigs, and through the subscribers. The rest goes through around 30 distributors in France, Switzerland, and Belgium. Some are mailorders, some others are record stores, concert associations, bands or individuals who sell it in their city, their school... Abroad I have some subscribers and some distributors in the French speaking countries (like Canada). I also have some subscribers in the US, UK, Germany, Italy, even in Malaysia: some people who only want the addresses, who understand French a little, or French people leaving abroad. And, of course, I send a copy to all the bands and all the labels that are interviewed/reviewed (at least I try). It's like 100 of them that are going all over the world like that.

MRR: What do you think of the recent punk fashion and have you felt some influences on the zine?

First, there are 2 aspects of the punk fashion: there are all the bands a la Offspring/Green Day who are aired on the radio, and that fill the streets with students or rich kids (sometimes both) wearing scottish pants and doc martens. That doesn't interest me and that makes me sad. Not so long ago, when we met a guy like that, he either crossed the street or we'd kick his ass and steal his shoes (now I'm alone in my district and I'm quite short). And then there's the nostalgia with its rereleases of good and bad records from the 80's. Well, I like that because it reminds me of my childhood and I can finally listen to some rare records but that too starts to suck. The problem is that the young bands are totally forgotten and interest nobody, or they just try to copy the old ones to attract people. Anyway good old punk and oi are still my favorites. I think that the success of the "revival" is also the result of a certain scene that was losing itself going in every direction without finding its real way (nothing remains from the grind wave, the UK hc/peace punk fills up the second hand record stores, not to speak about the avant garde emo-core or the noisy-grunge...). I felt no influence on the zine, some people even complain that I talk too much about this punk scene. I think that the punk buffoons don't read zines anyway, thank god. As for the 80's neo-punks, they buy the

zine for the cover (like for their records actually), so they prefer big fonts with Exploited interviews, some pictures of spiked hair guys and skulls, or else it's not punk!

MRR: How do you see the influences of this fashion on the French scene?

It's hard to say, things are going very fast... As I said before, bands are gonna have to respect some exterior criteria like the outfit, the sound...in order to please. But there can be a positive element in the way we're going back to a root of punk that's gonna change us from the noisy/emo thing that's not always great. But I'm afraid that this influence will be negative too because most of the people interested in this kind of stuff are usually superficial (clothes, jackets, mongoloid attitude). I'm afraid it'll kill punk again as a living movement and that it'll survive only as a postcard thing like rockabilly. But after all, like the song says "punk rock: born '76, died '76". The worst part is that nothing new seems to appear that has a real positive energy right now. Each sub movement secures itself only by rejecting the others, I think.

MRR: Do you think that punk is a counter-culture that self satisfies itself?

I guess what I said before means yes. But there will be always some exciting bands and in all the scenes that I have criticized before, you have some sincere people who keep the faith that moves mountains. It's an easy feeling to be blasé or cynical, it's true that you have to point at the abuses that fragilize the scene and make it older, but we have to encourage the "youth" (in the spirit, not the age) because punk has to remain young, rebellious, provocative, insolent, itchy, like the people who make it happen. I think that if we have this revival right now, it's because a lot of active people are getting old (me included?) and they want their little piece of comfort, their little records delivered at home, to meet and stay among people like themselves, their little routine beer/docs/nice gig evening, not too much politics nor rants.

MRR: How can the movement and the scene open themselves on a larger audience without selling out their soul?

"Why do people hate us?". It's clear, it can't. It must not. Why are we "punks" and involved in the scene? Because like every adolescent, we were fighting against ourselves. Then we were attracted by a movement that appeared nihilistic to us, and at the same time, ends up in calming these pulsions through contacts with people who have the same problem. When you fight with yourself, you're fighting against the entire world. We find ourselves in a movement that criticizes it and refuses it. To open ourselves to the world would mean to make peace with it and to accept the fact that it rules. But it doesn't. When you're in peace with the world, you are old and not at all punk anymore. If everybody hate us, we are on the right way.

MRR: 2 questions à la Earquake: what is the most embarrassing record you have in your collection? what is the record you'll still listen to when you'll be 80?

There's no record in my collection that embarrasses me except some that I got as gifts (like a Depeche Mode's double live album) because I only buy the records I like (if I don't, I sell, trade or offer them). But I must admit that there's a bunch of records that could shock people that I might let see my collection...and I think that's the sense of your question. I think what would annoy the readers the most is a CD compilation of Public Enemy (not the Ameri-

can rap band). About what I'll listen to at 80 (may god hear you), maybe it'll be Black Flag's "Loose Nut", my favorite record.

MRR: How much time do you spend on the zine and do you do in your "free" time?

In fact, it varies from one issue to another, the pages can go from 24 to 32 and if some people help me or not. The reviews are more time consuming. My free time is devoted to (in order of importance): listening to music, reading, meeting some friends, playing my guitar, swimming, cooking, visiting some places, walking, doing nothing and going to some gigs. And as this free time is short, I try not to waste it by getting in a pub, smoking, drinking...

MRR: Mean question: How come so many punks are teachers as they are always criticizing the educational system? (any explanation about changing the system from the inside will be refused)

I don't have the impression that punks have criticized education so much, at least less than other institutions like the police, the army or the government. In fact, there's not so many punks in



education, I know around 10 of them and among them a lot are in unstable condition. People who are curious are always attracted by studies but what to do after? Lawyer, banker, salesperson? Teaching is still a job where you exploit nobody and where you can even get the illusion of giving something to others. Of course, in the beginning, you get the impression you'll be able to change things from the inside, although in fact you're just a brick in the wall that continues the system. But I think that someone who chooses to become a teacher when he has a good level of education is someone who chooses not to turn his back on his (social) class. He's gonna get a minimum wage and will keep in touch with his origins as the dream of most is to get a well paid job and to move to a more affluent district. There are some districts where cops never go but teachers are going there every day. I often criticize the education but more for the system by itself because I think that education is fundamental for any individual and it's impossible to learn alone. Punk and teacher are not non-compatible. Or then punk and student, punk and mechanic, punk and cannabis dealer are also. I think that it changes a lot of things in the human relationship with the students. I think they appreciate the difference. The real changes only happen in the everyday life, between individuals, I'm sure of that. We also

provide a sane lack of respect for hierarchy that is a real break in the school system. School is not such a bad place. Most people who leave school early regret it when they have to humiliate themselves in front of bureaucrats in order to get their welfare money, when they have to face some crazy cops, some bosses or supervisors ready to treat them like shit, a sergeant, or to face a frozen tool on a construction site at 6 in a winter morning. I think that most of the teachers are intelligent and don't take advantage of their power on kids. Some others in the same situation would do that, just think of the private schools, police, corporations...And compared to some other professions, they have a certain social conscience (without being revolutionary, but how would you qualify your co-workers?). And then why are there so many unemployed punks paid by the state when they criticize it? And some many who are exploited in factories when they criticize Capitalism? Honestly, I think it's job where you can put in practice some principles of tolerance, equality, improvement of your relationship with others, and face reality with your nice principles. And it's not as obvious or easy as from your chair or from your rebellious student bedroom. This job is useful, it's not a parasite nor an easy job like some executives, politicians or culture representatives (and when I hear the word "culture", I grab my Piss Drunks records).

MRR: What's the future for Earquake?

It's not a question that concerns me. When Earquake will stop it's because I'll be fed up with it, so I'll have no regrets. I think there's a bright future for the zine as my life has become more stable. I've continued it although I had to change job several times, sometimes within the year, sometimes without getting any money, and even when I had to go to the army. So maybe I'll try to get more people involved in the zine, I don't know, I don't plan ahead, the zine changes by itself.

MRR: Hey, last one: Punk, what is it?

Nobody can pretend to know what punk is, and everybody has the right (and the duty) to formulate its own definition, so here's mine for what it's worth. I'll try to be short, cause an entire zine wouldn't be enough. The more you think you reach the punk concept and the more it seems to escape from you. Punk is a whole thing. It's in you and outside of you and that's why it brings a feeling of harmony in you. It's an attitude, a philosophy, but not something you strictly follow like a religion or a political theory but more something in which you find yourself daily, through some insignificant facts or important decisions. It's a burning fire that pushes you, always to the discovery and unknown, far from conformity and comfort (material or intellectual). On the musical side, it's a musical style or more a way to make music, to create in general, and that gives you a certain feeling, the same one that'll guide your life. In fact, punk is to apprehend the world, in always questioning, starting by oneself of course.

MRR: Feel free to conclude.

Thank you and L'oreille Cassée as well as all the people who keep the faith. And as la Souris Deglinguée used to say "Salut, les copains, vas-y, vas-y leve ton poing, montre leur qu't'es avec eux". Oi, mates, go on, go on, raise your fist, show them you're with them.
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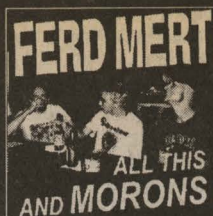
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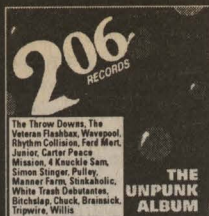
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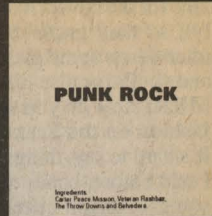
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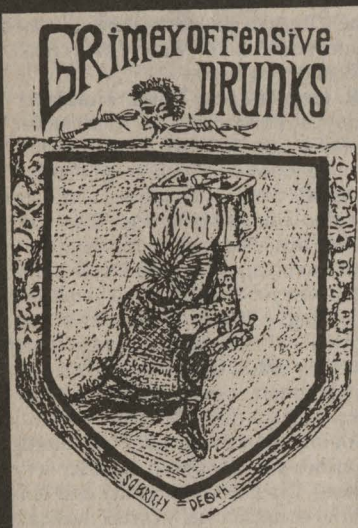
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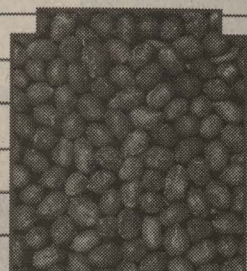
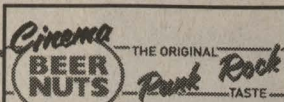
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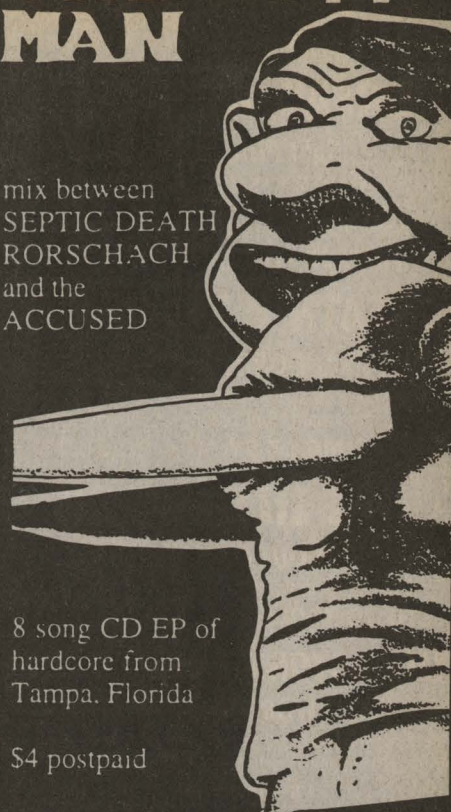
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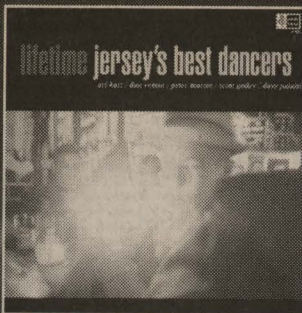
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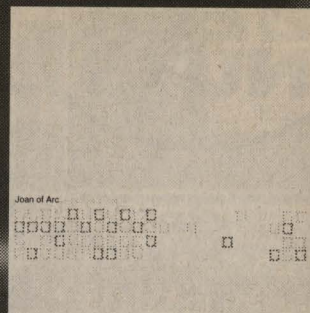
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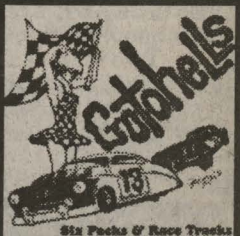


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BALL PEEN COMPANION - The debut album by Rompecabeza is out now! "Music for and about truck drivers with crabs that have to keep on moving". Interested in ads, interviews, and reviews in all your dirty zines. Send ad rates and any other info to Rompecabeza c/o Huel Records, PO Box 21134, Winston-Salem, NC 27120-1134; or e-mail us at huel@aol.net

LOOKING FOR ANY live/demos/rare tapes of Extorts, Enzymes, Slinkees, Untouchables, Void, or any other early DC bands especially Teen Idles California dates. Have lots to trade. Scott, 25 S. Church Rd. #62, Maple Shade NJ 08052

ALL EIGHT DIFFERENT Killer issues. \$8.00 USA/\$10.00 Canada-Mexico-South America/\$15.00 elsewhere. #1213 -(current) Clown Alley (\$5/\$7/\$10). #11 Blue Collar (\$4/\$6/\$8). #910-Black Flag(\$4/\$6/\$8). #8 -early Mighty Sphincter(\$2/\$3/\$5). #7-Hates(\$2/\$3/\$5). #6-early Impulse Manslaughter(\$2/\$3/\$5). #5-Fatal Error(\$2/\$3/\$5). #4-Soldier Dolls(\$1/\$2/\$3). Famous Hardcore of Punkland t-shirts. Ultimate DIY shirt reads: "Anti-EMI, anti-Caroline, anti-Major Label." Printed black on white large size only. (\$12/\$15/\$18). US postal money order, concealed cash or ire's. Famous Hardcore of Punkland (payable to) Craig Hill, POB 987, San Carlos CA 94070. Next issue deadline, march 15th 1998. No checks!

EUROPEAN & JAPANESE HC classics for trade/sale: BGK, Pandemonium, Crude SS, Shitlickers, Tervet Kadet, Bannlyst, Zyklome A, CCM, Negazione, Wretched, Malinheads, Kaaos, Kohu 63, Heresy, Varukers, Ripcord, Amebix, Larm, Outo, Gism, Systematic Death, and lots more. Rare Dischord/T & G stuff wanted!! Send 2 ire's to J. Reitz, Breul 35, 48043 Munster, Germany.

RARE PUNKROCK FOR trade/sale: Heart Attack 7", Lewd 7", Maggots 7", DOA 7"s. Sado Nation 7", Mad-Fried Egg 7", KFC 7", Aheads 7", Big Balls lp, Kriminella Gitarrer 7", Paere Punks lp, Napalm-2nd 7", Rockers-Comp. lp, Frantix 7"s, Ebba Gron 7"s, Starshooter lp, Panic lp, Ivy Green lp, Vopo's 1st lp, Siniestro Total-1st lp and lots more. Send 2 ire's for complete list to J. Reitz, Breul 35, 48143 Munster, Germany..

RARE! UK PUNK & OI! for trade/sale: Abrasive Wheels, Blitz, 4 Skins, Business, Cock Sparrer, Cockney Rejects, Strength Thru Oi!, Oi! The Album, United Skins, Infra Riot, Oppressed, Partisans, Red Alert, Red London, Antisocial, Criminal Class and more. Send 2 ire's for complete list to J. Reitz, Breul 35, 48143 Munster, Germany.

CANADIAN PUNKS! For a free catalogue featuring tonnes and tonnes of kick ass punk rock records from too many labels to mention at rock bottom prices, write to: 1000 Leafs, County Fair P.O., PO Box 23017, Thunder Bay, ON, P7B 1K0.

MUSIC I'M LOOKING for: Token Entry LP's (not Jay Bird, or W.O.T.W.) S.C.U.M. LP 1st Inferno LP, anything by M4 Alice. I will buy or possibly trade for any of this music. If not, just make a copy of it on tape and I'll buy it. Tim Eiswirth, 2459 Eastill Dr., Jacksonville, FL 32211.

MUSIC I'M LOOKING for: Special Forces LP, Stretch Marks LP, Raped Teenagers - I Kraftans Klor, N.O.T.A. 7"s, Bimbo Shrineheads - 7" (not iime da una rabia). I will buy or possibly trade for any of this music. If not, just make me a copy of it on tape and I'll buy it. Tim Eiswirth, 2459 Eastill Dr., Jacksonville, FL 32211.

BANDS SEND TAPES for upcoming comps and to be added to my tape distro.. All tapes will be responded to. Send \$1 for catalog to Josh PO Box 6165, Rome GA 30162.

007 RECORDS - Sgt. 6 Assault - "5 out" 7" blue vinyl ltd to 700, Short Fuses - "Ride Me" 7" red, ltd to 500, Sgt 6 Assault fan club 7" ltd to 300 green. All \$4ppd each. Chris, 534 E. 14th St. #15, NY, NY 10009 USA.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL *music classifieds*

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN FANZINE #3. Includes interviews w/ The Misfits, Electric Frankenstein, and more. Comes with a 35 song CD w/ Electric Frankenstein, Blanks 77, Violent Society, Neutrotiks, All Day and many more. Only \$6. 9397 Tartan View Dr., Fairfax, VA 22032

WANTED: LPS & 7" on the labels Crass, Corpus Christi, Mortarhate & Spiderleg. Bands like DIRT, The Mob, Icons Of Filth, Omega Tribe, Amebix, Poison Girls, Flux Of Pink Indians & Rudimentary Peni. Send reasonable (I don't want to pay \$20 for a fucking 7") replies to Jeremy, 770 West 8th Avenue, Eugene, OR 97402

THE EXCREMENTS are a DIY hardcore punk band that needs more shows in Southern California. We also have merchandise so buy some! Bands, bookers, promoters, venues, punks, please write! Please book us shows! Excrements/1965 Canyon Dr./LA, CA 90068. Bands, labels... wanna trade tapes?

PLEASE HELP ME find the following items: Stretchheads 10" and "Five finger..." 12", Terminal Cheesecake "Angels in pigtales" 12", Tumor - all 7"s, Fear of God "As statues fell" 12" and "conservant" 7", Gravatar/Grae Com split 12", Terminal Cheesecake/God split 7", Crash Worship - any live videos, Heckle and Jeckle comics, talking Pee Wee Herman doll. Nice pen pals into this stuff also wanted. Mitch/5045 La Crescenta Ave./La Crescenta, CA 91214

BLACK FLAG DIY compilation video live performances, hilarious "TV Party" video. 120 minutes of Black Flag madness. Misfits/DK/Black Flag video compilation 120 minutes of pure entertainment from your favorite bands. Includes "Braineaters" video! \$12 each or \$20 both (ppd). Nick Driefuerst/6329 Pheasant Lane #F114/Middleton, WI 53562.

AIRPLAY MATERIAL WANTED for punk/grind/metal/noise freeform FM radio show broadcasting in NYC/NJ metro area. Diane's Kamikaze Fun Machine c/o WFMU FM PO Box 171, Hopatcong, NJ 07843. Aired every Weds 11pm-2am, Thurs on 91.1. Latest playlist: Locust, Devoid of Faith, Towel, Morgion, Krabathor, Croatan, Faxed Head. Touring bands get in touch. Email: diane@wfmur.org.

COMPILATION: LOOKING FOR punk/noise/hardcore to be on a series of compilations. Wide distro... good format, may be on CD! Get in touch soon, send SASE/demo/bio/Email account/phone number to Chastity Records PO Box 381 Swansea, MA 02777-0381. ChastyBelt@aol.com.

OI! OI! OI! I'm always looking for all sorts of Oi! records so if you got some you don't want drop me a line. Ben Richards, 44255 Duchess, Canton, MI 48187, USA.

STILL LOOKING TO TRADE or buy the following...Code of Honor, Antidote 7", Chain of Strength (Has the Edge...) t-shirt, X-Swatch, YOT (We're not in this...)(EuroPress), and of course all the typical Schism, and Positives Force Ranties and shirts...Call 910-867-7635. Aaron, 609 Georgetown Cir., Fayetteville, NC 28134.

WONKA VISION Coming to you from Bucks County, PA Packed with record reviews, punk, ska, hardcore, personal stories, poems, pictures, political issues, columns, fun contests, veganism, and interviews with Spring Heeled Jack, Nerf Herder, and Funeral Operation. Only \$1.00 through your mailbox. Upcoming issues feature interviews with...Buck-0-9, mxpx, Mustard Plug. Send to Wonka Vision, 206 Twining Ford rd., Richboro, PA 18954. 25% of sales go to underprivileged children in the Kensington Shalom house.

WANTING TO BUY: Disrupt/ Tuomipaivian Lapset 7", V/A West Coast Powerviolence 3x7" box set with Dropdead live 7". Will pay cash. John Tilley, 66 October Dr., St. Catharines, Ontario, L2N 6J6, Canada. (905) 937-7763 (leave a message with your phone number). e-mail: yu21198@yorku.ca

ALL YOU CAN EAT/LAWNSMELL split cd album, Australia only release. 11 tracks, 500 only. Yours for only US\$10 (postage included). Cash only (or trade). Blind Records, 118 Ashley St. Chatswood, NSW 2067 Australia

IDEA DISTRIBUTION - 3,000 titles form around the world. Send \$1 US, \$2 foreign for current catalog. Sound Idea/ PO Box 3204/ Brandon, FL 33509-3204 USA. Call (813) 653-2550. Stores: Get in touch for wholesale rates. And visit the Sound Idea store in Brandon.

3,000 PUNK AND HARDCORE titles in the Sound Idea catalog. Send \$1 US or \$2 foreign for current catalog. Bootleggers get in touch. Sound Idea Distribution/ PO Box 3204/ Brandon, FL 33509-3204 USA. Call (813) 653-2550. Stores: call for wholesale rates.

T-SHIRTS, RECORDS, VIDEOS, cds and more! Send \$1 US or \$2 foreign for current catalog. Send samples and working terms for consideration. (No demos). Sound Idea/ PO Box 3204/ Brandon, FL 33509-3204 USA. Call (813) 653-2550. Stores: call for wholesale rates.

WARNING: LOS FEDERALES have a new 7" out as of September '97. All red-necks and Christian Coalition folk will be destroyed in honor of this occasion. Send for your copy now so you can tell all your friends you had a part in the glorious destruction of the religious right. \$3 (well concealed) to No Theme! Records / 2509 N. Campbell Ave. Box 75 / Tuscon, AZ 85719

NEED DISTRO HELP? Send samples and working terms. (No demos). If I am interested, you'll hear from me. Sound Idea Distribution/ PO Box 3204/ Brandon, FL 33509-3204 USA. Call (813) 653-2550. Stores: call for wholesale rates.

JAPANESE AND EUROPEAN labels: Trade with me! I run Burrito Records and Sound Idea Distribution. If you can't trade, send wholesale prices. Sound Idea/ PO Box 3204/ Brandon, FL 33509-3204 USA. Sound Idea store open now! Call (813) 653-2550. Stores: call for wholesale rates.

SHORT FUSES 2nd 7" on 007 Records. Ltd to 500 on red vinyl. Ex Speedway and Dummies. Balls out rock n roll! Four bucks x 2 stamps USA/\$7ppd overseas. Chris/534 E. 14th St. #15/NY, NY 10009/USA

TURN IT AROUND double 7" \$20 + OpIV "Hetic" EP (Laytonville early press) \$10 + NCM "Ultimate Orgasm" 7" (VVV) \$20 + Live at the Hot Club (Hugh Beaumont experience, Bobby Soxx, Ejectors) \$20. US postage: \$2. Ryan Richardson (the one not looking for Nirvana or Pussy Galore) PO Box 49984 / Austin, TX 78765. Email: vacuum@mail.utexas.edu

AUDIO AND VIDEO TRADERS. Trade contact is finished but I'm still trading. snuff, Scared of Chaka, Psychone Rangers, Wipers, Descendents, Hoss, RFTC. Another RNRD will emerge one day. Don't send promos! Kelvin Craig / 18 Rhonda Ave./ Willetton WA 6155/Australia

FREE PORN! You're still falling for that? Well if you are read this: The Dead End Kids CD is out, No Fraud's CD is coming out this month and a compilation with Rythmn Collision, Link 80, and many more. Send stamp for catalog, patches and stickers: Kevin Allesee Records, PO Box 2510, Pt. Charlotte, FL 33949.

NEW! INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION Compilation Video! filmed at CBGB's on June 28th, 1997. Salvo, Resist, Burn Cycle, Crocodile Shop, and Clay People. This is a high quality show in hi-fi stereo. Available in any world video system. Running time is 80 minutes. Price is \$15 + \$2 Shipping USA / \$5 worldwide. Peter De Mattia / 8 Haddon Road / Hewitt, NJ 07421-2329 USA

VIDEOS! I have the shows you wanna see! Free transferring to any world system. Over 3500 quality shows, rare old and hard to find new stuff. Punk, hardcore, movies, documentaries, ska, alternative. Send 55c sase or \$1 for big list. Fast reliable service. Call, write, e-mail: Peter DeMattia / 8 Haddon Road / Hewitt, N.J. 07421-2329 USA. Phone: (973) 853-4420 E-Mail: peterd@warwick.net

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL music classifieds

WORLD-WIDE PUNK ROCK for sale. 2000 items 7"/12"/Albums. I've got megarare stuff as well as usual stuff. Also got indie/mod/powerpop records. The list is full of Killed by Death, Back to Front, Bloodstains stuff like: Anarchy, Briard, Shit Dogs, Rattus, Eat, Bastards (Finland, Italy; Switzerland), Victims, Razar, Glueams, Fresh Color, Filth, Kriminella Gitarrer, Paraf, Stalin, Friction, Liket Lever, Guilty Razors. Trades welcome! Send 3 IRC's or \$2 for complete list to Ingo Eitelbach, P.O. Box 1319, 23833 Bad Oldesloe, Germany. Fax +49 4531 67733 (Tel 67438). E-Mail 101603.2202@compuserve.com

VIDEOS - PAL (UK ETC) & NTSC (USA etc). trade/sale. Thousands of shows/promos/tv clips. Stuff like Propagandhi, Business, Screeching Weasel, Zounds, Exploited, Poison Idea, DK's, Blitz, Queers, Conflict, Schwarzenegger, GG, Dickies, Descendents, Operation Ivy, Guns n Wankers, Misfits, Subhumans, Snuff, Gin Goblins. SAE (UK), 2IRC's (overseas) or decent trade list: Dave, 50a Great King St., Edinburgh, Scotland. E-mail: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk

RARE BRITISH PUNK/OI/H.C. Set-sale. 1800+ items, Abrasive Wheels - Zounds. Want-list service. Please send IRC for catalogue: Elista, 157 Common Rise, Hitchin, Herts., SG4 0HS, England. Tel/fax: (01462) 433089.

TRAVELING BANDS the S.O.B. wants you! If you are going to be traveling through Ohio and want a place to play, contact us. We are a new club so we can't offer guarantees. What we offer is a place to play, food, and lodging. Contact us at (513) 241-1430 and send demos to: S.O.B./ 1815 John St./ Cincinnati, Ohio 45214. e-mail us at chevron@fuse.net

POOR DUMB BASTARDS 14 song cd. Booze driven sleaze to please from Texas's reigning kings of trash punk. \$10 ppd U.S., \$12 world. Cash, check, money order to Robert Walters, P.O. Box 474, Baytown, Texas 77522-0474.

DATA RECORDS, the old-school punk mailorder specialists, are now on the internet! Our full catalog of new and rare vinyl and cds can be found at http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/sarah_harris/ There's a free prize draw too!

THE outhouse in Lawrence Kansas! I'm making a documentary of this historical landmark. I'm looking for video tapes of old shows and new shows. If you have played there or have a story to tell let me know about it! Heath Alien, 522 S. William St., Columbia, MO 65201, (573) 449-5417 write for a price list of shows and the documentary.

SERIOUS COLLECTORS of punk, wave, garage, underground 1975-85, Stoopid Records now open 6546 Hollywood Blvd. #212, Hollywood, Ca 90028. 12:00-8:00 mon-sat. Bring trade. Call for mailorder 213-467-6990 or send detailed wants.

JACK AND JILL (off) needs you!! We need pix for our Boner Issue, so get on the stick and send us your stick! Also, jot down your wanking at work/ school/ wherever stories. Girls welcome, of course! Contributors receive their issue free. You are not alone! Back issues \$6; both for \$10. Sign age. JJ(O), POB 624, Alameda, CA 94501.

PERPETUALLY SINGLE boy looking for anybody who finds intense political discussion and fighting for social change sexy. Must like old Napalm Death, Mob 47, traveling and long distance bike rides through the woods. Call or write Chris, Revolutionary Anarcho Punk Dating Service, 429 Circle Ave., Forest Park, IL 60130. (708)366-3477.

FOR TRADE...STALIN - Dendoukokeshi flexi; Stalin - Stalinism 7"ep; Comes - No Side lp; Lip Cream - Lonely Rock 7"ep; Lip Cream - Night Rider more than Fight 7"ep; Confuse - Flexi 7"ep; Shuffle - flexi 7"ep; V.A. - Oi! of Japan lp (original); V.A. - Japanese Movement 12"ep; Gism, Gauze, Zouo, Cobra, Gai, Kuro and many more Japanese stuff!! Please send me your want/trade/sale list and offer! I want to trade with you. I want to buy your sale stuff. I'm looking for rare world punk/hc (77-84). Write to: Yoshiaki Nagano/ 3-29-5 - 103, Daita/ Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo 155, Japan

POOR DUMB BASTARDS 14 song cd. Booze driven sleaze to please from Texas's reigning kings of trash punk. \$10 ppd (u.s.), \$12 (world). Cash, check, money order to Robert Walters, P.O.Box 474, Baytown, Texas 77522-0474.

"HEPPED UP ON Goofballs", the new Piss Shivers cd is out now! 8 punk rocking gems for a mere \$5.00 (ppd). Includes the hits: "Anarchy Baby" & "Nice Shoes, Let's Fuck". Payable to: Cedric Crouch/ 46 Oberholtzer Rd./ Bechtelsville, PA 19505

ANARCHO PUNK and hardcore vinyl for sale. Hundreds of items (many rare) from the 80's and 90's, including 7"s etc from Crass/Mortarhate/Bluurg records. Send \$1.00 for complete listing to George Curran, 43 The Cairns, Beaubec, Dublin Rd., Drogheda, Co. Louth, Ireland

FOR SALE / TRADE: rare punk and hardcore seven inch vinyl. Includes boots and originals by Misfits, Dead Kennedys, Fear, Angry Samoans, Minor Threat, Septic Death, QuinCY PunX, Exploited, NoFX, SNFU, NOTA, Sloppy Seconds, Conflict, Black Flag, Dwarves, and many more. Free huge list. Paul Holstein, 6759 Transparent Drive, Clarkston, MI 48346.

GG ALLIN MAILORDER. Since 1990 we've sold GG merchandise at cheap prices. Catalog includes over 50 different GG items including vinyl, CDs, tapes, videos, t-shirts, zines, stickers, & more. Send \$1 to: GG Allin/ PO Box 9561/ Wyoming, MI 49509-0561

AUIDO/VIDEO TAPE TRADERS wanted: quality recordings, quick service. Misfits, Ramones, BTS, DKs, ANWL, Pistols, CJs, GBH. Your list gets mine. Greg Gibson, 507 N.Marshall, Clarksville, IN 47129

FILTHY, LOADED, SHITBAG sell me these records-The Eat-Communist Radio, Fear-I Love Living in the City, Cramps-The way I Walk, Human Fly, Germs-Lexicon Devil, Agnostic Front-United Blood org. 7", The Lewd-Kill Yourself, Comp of all Lewd songs, Plasmatics-Meet the, UK Subs-Brand New Age. Robert Frishkoff, 502 Minor Ave. North #3, Seattle, WA 98109

WANTED! Funthings 7", Absenteese 7", Razar 7", Mad 7", Nasty Facts 7", Jermz 7", Xpress 7", Fx 7", Rowdies 7", Spitfire Boys 7", etc. Please send your list to: Satoshi Sasaki, 7-22-3 Gumizawa, Totsuka-ku Yokohama-shi, Kanagawa 245 Japan

RAW PERUVIAN HC split tape with: Dios Hastio and Materia, it comes with booklet and info. Available for \$5 ppd everywhere. Contact: Jose M/PO Box 4370/Lima/Peru

RICARDO MONTALBIN'S triumphant return - Tape \$3 ppd. Cash only. The fucking United States only. Fucked up punk rock that will make the neighbors call and your mom scream. Free stickers and tape too!! Ricardo - 754 Lancaster Ln., Geneva, IL 60134.

DRUMMER WANTED for Lesser of Two, an angry hardcore band that welcomes experimentation. We have toured the US somewhat extensively, released two EP's and were on "Farmhouse 1994 comp". PO Box 3603; Oakland, CA 94609-0603. (510)923-1230.

RUMORS FROM THE Air Conditioned Tiger Pit CD comp. of bands from around Reading Pennsylvania featuring Bomb Squadron, Piss Shivers, Christian Science AD, Figurehead, DUI and more. 13 bands, 26 songs with 16 page booklet. \$6 US, \$7 world. Rotten House Records, PO Box 12705, Reading, PA 19612-2705. Checks and money orders payable to Brett Tobias.

WANTED: OLD HARdcORE 7". Exp. S.O.A., Teen Idles, Minor Threat, Iron Cross, etc. I am also looking for Monkees memorabilia. Looking to buy or trade. If you have anything, write me. Igor, 307 Charles Alexander Ct., Alexandria, VA 22301

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL music classifieds

MUSIC I'M LOOKING for: Maggot Sandwich - Dead to my World 7", Justice League - Thing or Sing 7", Life Sentence - No Experience LP, Detonators LP, Sedition LP. I will buy or possibly trade for any of this music. If not, just make me a copy of it on tape and I'll buy it. Tim Eiswirth, 2459 Eastill Dr., Jacksonville, FL 32211.

BRINE Learning Process eight song 7", cassette available. choppy, pissed, heavy, socio-political speedcore. Topics include: death penalty, maintaining relationships, community contribution, societal contradictions, politics of smoking, corporations vs. employees. \$3: Tyler Galloway, 6736 West 74th St., Overland Park, KS 66204.

RARE REMISSION GOODS: t-shirts - \$10. Live at Gilman + 4 studio songs demo tape \$5. A Few Faces of Protest 7" \$5. Boris Shit: End of the Century LP (lim. to 1700) \$25. Same record, white vinyl (lim. to 300) \$40. Grilled Cheese 7" (orange vinyl lim. to 500) \$15. 8-Tes-ticled Pogo Machine pic disc (lim. to 1000) \$30. Send to LP (cash only) 1336 1/2, Doty St., Green Bay, WI 54301.

WANTED: "Hurt - a Psychotechnics Comp" LP. Also vinyl and t-shirts from Slug, Distorted Pony, Dana Lynn, Man is the Bastard, Oiler, Pixies. Sam Crawford, 129 W. Walnut, apt. R, Lancaster, OH 43130.

BANDS WANTED! Slovenian label wants new-school, ska, melodic H/C bands to send demos for compilation. If interested send a tape + info to: Rok Djordjevic; c/o Pancake Records; Cesta v staro vas 5; 6230 Postojna; Slovenija; Europe. Thanx!

I WILL PAY top dollar for these early Dischord 7"s! S.O.A.; No Policy (green wax), the Necros #41/2 split release w/ Touch & Go), Youth Brigade; Possible 7" EP and Government Issue; Legless Bull 7" EP. Send me your list of set prices, description, and condition to me at: Krispyn Joelyay, 2942 Kinsey Ave. Des Moines, IA 50317.

I WILL PAY top dollar for these items! The Rejectors; Thoughts of War 7" EP on Fartz Wreckords, D.R.I.; Violent Pacification 7" EP (RRadical), D.R.I. 22 song (Dirty Rotten) Fartz; Because This Fucking World Stinks on eith Fartz Wreckords, or Alternative Tentacles (both would be great). Send you lists to me at: Krispyn Joelyay, 2942 Kinsey Ave., Des Moines, IA 50317.

HELP ME!! I'm desperately looking for...the Modernettes "teen city" 12" ep, Skrewdriver "All Screwed Up" LP, Cyanide lp & all singles, Write... James Smith 3100 Lake Brook Blvd. Apt. 45 Knoxville, TX 37909 ps- Also, for trade Screaching Weasel "Ramoness" (tour only, white vinyl, silk screened cover, & autographed by ben!!wow!) LP

I WILL PAY top dollar for these items! Four old 7"s on a 12" (early Dischord sampler) Fartz; World Full of Hate 12" LP, MDC; John Wayne Was a Nazi 7" EP, Cramps; Songs the Lord Taught Us 12" LP Etc etc?! Everyone thinking of selling, please send me your lists of other stuff as well. More than likely I'll be interested. Write me at: Krispyn Joelyay, 2942 Kinsey Ave., Des Moines, IA 50317.

EXTREME TURNTABLE TERROR! Worldwide fast HC/grind 7" for sale! Nailed Down, Enemy Soil, Opstand, Rot, Phobia, Dahmer, Sistema Nervioso, Agents of Satan, Global Holocaust, etc! Write for free list: Knot Music/POB 501/ SouthHaven MI/ 49090-0501/ USA.

RAW PERUVIAN HC split tape with Dios Hastio and Materna, it comes with booklet and info. Available for \$5 ppd everywhere. Contact: Jose M/PO Box 4370/Lima/Peru

FOR SALE/TRADE: rare punk and hardcore seven inch vinyl. Includes boots and originals by Misfits, Dead Kennedys, Fear, Angry Samoans, Minor Threat, Septic Death, Quincy Punx, Exploited, NoFX, SNFU, NOTA, Slop-py Seconds, Conflict, Black Flag, Dwarves, and many more. Free huge list. Paul Holstein, 6759 Transparent Driv, Clarkston, Michigan, 48346.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL music classifieds

FREE HBO, PLAYBOY! Showtime. Laid off punk cable worker tells all! Build descrambler for under 13 bucks with 7 Radio Shack parts, and very fast. Send 10 dollars, cash or money order for simple 7 step instructions to Ed Duckfield. Immediate response guaranteed for DIY punks! Ed, PO Box 157, West Sayville, NY 11796

SILK-SCREENING: Do you need t-shirts or patches made? Do you want it done inexpensively and DIY? Mail Tango your design and information regarding quantity and size of shirts or patches, ink and shirt color, and any other important information. Enclose a stamp for a reply of price quotes. Tango/P.O. Box 190/Wilsonville, AL 35186 USA

SPIKED LEATHER, BONDAGE, S-M. Pyramid belts, collars, wristbands, restraints, cones, spikes, studs. Anything you need, punk as fuck handmade leather products. Are you sick of paying out the ass for cheaply made leatherware? Guaranteed highest quality at low prices. Custom orders also made. Send stamp for catalog to: B. Leather, 2072 Richfield Dr, Kettering, OH 45420.

TANGO T-SHIRTS: High quality shirts of bands like Pist, Mankind?, Drop Dead, Hell-nation, Spazz, Aus-Rotten, Detestation, Ulcer, Resist, Masskontrol, Monster X, Forced Expression and more. All shirts are done with band's permission. Cash only \$8ppd in USA! Tango/P.O.Box 190/Wilsonville, AL 35186 USA

FREE CABLE PUNKS! Laid off punk cable worker shows you how to build your own descrambler with only 7 parts from Radio Shack for under \$13. 7 step instructions that anyone can do. Fast service, you will receive weeks guaranteed! Send well concealed cash or \$10 money order to: PO Box 157, West Sayville, NY 11796

DARK ENTRIES is a pen pal network dedicated to printing classified ads, so punks can meet other punks, trade free shit, get free shit, poetry, or just basically voice their opinions. Send your classified ads (40 words or less), poetry, stories or commentary to: Dark Entries/6245 Alantic Ave. #134/Bell, CA 90201

PUNK/GOTH GIRLS! Photos wanted for book! Those published get free copy. Nudity(18+) guarantees publication. Send photos to: Ratis Productions, PO Box 262, Marina, CA 93933

BLITZ ZINE OUT NOW! Issue one, 50 cents and stamp. Need interviews, columns, art, etc. Send all stuff to: Box 1218, Manteo, NC 27954. Also, I'm looking for hardcore bands from NC to add to a compilation tape that I'm doing. Send tape(or record), lyrics, and an address to the above address.

PALE HORSE PROD.? Are you still in buisness? No response to 3 orders? Anyone else out there with literature for sale? All kinds reading is my junk! Send catalogs to: D. Hinge/718 W Ave. D/ Killeen, TX 76543

INCARCERATED IN TEXAS!!! Bored 21 y/o male punk rocker looking for female penpals to correspond with.. age, race and sexual preference unimportant. Musical interests are Spazz, born Against, MITB, Los Crudos, etc.... I'm on the brink of going crazy. Don't hesitate, write me today!!! Will respond to all letters. Josh Flowers #763240, Dominguez Unit, 6535 Cagnon Rd., San Antonio, TX 78252, USA

14 YEAR OLD punk girl looking for interesting punk boy to write to. I'm interested in pictures too, if you want to send one. Tricia, PO Box 1172, Grand Marais, MN 55604.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL *classifieds*

WANTED: Amebix, Asbestos Death, Blitz, Disproved, Dystopia, Exhumed, Hammerhead, Man is the Bastard, Spazz (out of print stuff). Also looking for compilation 12" with Crawl Unit & Illusion of Safety etc. "Decompositions in Dee Minor" it's a "tribut" to Diane Minor -noise- and current 93 Lashtal 12". Contact Melissa at (248)360-7998/7145 Roundhill Dr. Apt. B-2, Waterford, MI 48327.

ALL EIGHT DIFFERENT killer issues \$8 USA/ \$10 Canada, Mexico, South America/ \$15 elsewhere #1213 (current) Clown Alley (\$5/ \$7/ \$10) #11 Blue Collar (\$4/ \$6/ \$8) #910 Black Flag (\$4/ \$6/ \$8) #8 Early Mighty Sphincter (\$2/ \$3/ \$5) #7 Hates (\$2/ \$3/ \$5) #6 Early Impulse Manslaughter (\$3/ \$3/ \$5) #5 Fatal Error (\$2/ \$3/ \$5) #4 Soldier Dolls (\$1/ \$2/ \$3) Famous Hardcore of Punkland payable to: Craig Hill, POB 987, San Carlos, CA 94070. Next issue deadline March 15th 1998. No checks.

FAMOUS HARDCORE of Punkland T-shirts - Ultimate DIY shirt reads "Anti-EMI, Anti-Caroline, Anti-Major Label." Printed black of white large size only. (\$12/ \$15/ \$18) US postal money order, concealed cash, or IRC's. Famous Hardcore of Punkland payable to: Craig Hill, POB 987, San Carlos, CA 94070. Next issue deadline March 15th 1998. No checks.

HEY THERE! My name is Gigi. I'm a 15 yo punk girl who is looking for *young* kids from Philly or anywhere who want to start a zine with me! !! If you are a talented writer or artist or you just wanna have fun and can't do either... Please contact me at (215)-324-5298 or write GiGi M./ 4638 "A" St./ Phila. P.A. 19120.

17 YR OLD QUEER BOY looking to correspond with other queers or anyone into HC. Looking for people my age (13 to 25). Into: Madball, H2O, Misfits, and anything queer. Write: Ron Reynolds, PO Box 10093, Cranston, RI 02910

MRR-BACK ISSUES! Selling my entire collection. Every issue from early 92 to late 96. Including G.G. death issue! Will not separate. Name your price. Kris, 417 Milton Ave., Anderson, IN 46012.

ORGANIZATIONS, BANDS, labels, etc.! So. Cal buttonheads make high quality 1" buttons at cheap prices: one color ink on any color paper-100/\$25 or 500/\$100. Full color-100/\$35 or 500/\$140. Call or write for details and samples: PO Box 620173, San Diego, CA 92162-0173. (619) 237-0403

NONPROFIT, DIY T-SHIRTS: Septic Death, Spazz, Misfits, Circle Jerks. Six dollar post paid. Specify size. Sabrina, 1103 14th St., 31A, Tuscaloosa, AL 35401.

BOURBON & CLOROX has done custom badges for the Dropkick Murphys, The Unseen, Subzero, War Zone and H2O (among others who were way cooler than any of those shleps). What? You're too good for us? 30 bucks per 100 buttons. Such a deal. For info and a catalog write: Bourbon & Clorox, P.O.B. 3824, Nausea, NH 03061-3824.

DIET SOCIETY FANZINE has moved. Sorry if you sent something and you haven't recieved anything. \$1 ppd. New issue out in August (punk theme) and November (conspiracy theme). Write to: Diet Society/ 4520 Bennet Ave. #213/Austin, TX 78751

EXPLOITATION/ HORROR/ Sci-fi/ Trash/ Drive-In/ Cult/ Corman/ Fantasy Psychotronic/ Biker/ LSD/ Blaxploitation/ Classroom/ Wood/ Steckler JD/ Hercules/ Film Noir/ Detective/ Women-In-Prison/ H.G. Lewis and much more!! 3 Movies/ \$10.00 Postpaid. High-Grade name brand tape. Send for free catalog. Sell or trade. Steven McLaughlin, 1573 Black Angus Way, Marysville, CA 95901 U.S.A.

SGT ROCK ISO La Femme Nikita: An offbeat moron into wanderlust and Mad Max films wants to hear from some kind of chick that can relate to athletic ordeals, getting trashed by the loved ones, and being feared by geeks. Let's talk about feats of strength, weird items and fun things to do in boring places. Ken LB, PO Box 140634, Howard Beach, NY 11414.

ADVERTISE IN The Silicon Valley Review, available in over 20 magazine outlets in the San Francisco Bay area. Full page ads are only \$19 (camera-ready, black & white, 6" wide x 7 1/2" tall). 40 word classified ads are \$4. Sample copy is \$2 to: Gene Mahoney, Box 843, Redwood City, California 94064 or call (415) 266-8214.

BOURBON & CLOROX has new designs, a new catalog and a whole lotta lovin: New buttons include Guana Batz, Negative Approach, The Dark, Bold, Play Dead, Rosetta Stone, Government Issue, The Damned, etc. plus old favorites. Buttons: \$1.00 ea.. Send for catalog as well. Bourbon & Clorox, P.O.B. 3824, Nashua, NH 03061-3824.

HEY PALEFACE! Bourbon & Clorox have-um heap many badges. Gothic-type, Industro, Psychobill, Hardcore and like that there. Brave who wearum punk badges gettum many squaw. Sendum smokesignals to B&C, P.O.B. 3824, Nashua, NH 03061-3824.

MAINLINE STREETWEAR is a new clothing line and skateboard shop that is now open. We also do consignment so come down and see the shop, we are open 7 days a week 12:00 noon to 6:00pm. 4159 E. Live Oak Ave. Arcadia, CA 91006-5828. Call Terry at (626) 446-4520.

19 Y/O MALE into anarchy, skateboard, photography, books, movies, and a hell of a lot more. If this sounds like you please write. The stranger the better. Jon, 38 Holiday Ln., Somerset, KY, 42503.

I'M SXE, but you don't have to be to write me! 16 y/o male into hardcore and assorted other nonsense. I am very bored, so all letters will be responded to. Write: Jake, 221 mimosa Ave., Somerset, KY, 42501.

FREE DISCOUNT counterculture catalog! Amaze your friends with underground books, music, cult videos, comic, and 'zines from the Essential Media catalog and guide to the best of alternative culture. Our full catalog is just \$2 or get the mini version for free. Available at <http://www.essentialmedia.com/> or write to Essential Media - MR, Box 661245, Los Angeles, CA 90066-1245.

INDIANAPOLIS activists, zine people, punx, hardcore kidz! Write me! I'm especially interested in activism and would like to meet others who are. Into punk, HC, Avail, Minor Threat, photography, Orwell, Weegee, etc. I'm drug free but not XXX. Anal retentive, elitist punx don't bother! Johnny Scruedaman, PO Box 19014, Indianapolis, IN 46219.

STAY ALL OVER THE WORLD For Free. The World for Free was started by a touring band to help with accommodations in people's houses. Since then it's grown to over 250 members. If you like people more than hotels, find out about The World For Free. For information send a SASE to: The World For Free, PO Box 137-M, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012, USA. or email: TWFF@juno.com

ATHEIST COALITION of San Diego, CA needs youth! We're the swankest atheist group in the US (we protested at the Mt. Soledad cross and almost started a fucking holy war). Meetings are held usually the last Tuesday of every month at the Thomas Paine Coffee House (4247 Park Blv) around 7:00 pm. 619 622 1892 for info and free newsletter.

FREE CABLE PUNKS! Laid off punk cable worker shows you how to build your own descrambler with only 7 parts from Radio Shack for under \$13. 7 step instructions that anyone can do. Fast service, you will receive weeks guaranteed! Send well concealed cash or \$10 money order to: PO Box 157, West Sayville, NY 11796

MRR CLASSIFIEDS readers: Bear in mind that just because someone advertises in here doesn't necessarily mean that they are cool... don't be too trusting of someone just because they may be "punk," for what that's worth.

KATHODE

KATHODE ; We Are Anti Nazi, Anti National War 7EP

JUDAS ISCARIOT

Skeptics, Mystics and Blind Idolaters...7EP

QUADILIACHA

Keeper Of The Seven Bass Players 7EP

Pour un peu je croirais à la télépathie. C'est vrai:
j'étais en train de penser à toi et ta lettre m'arrive!

Europe Japan オーダーは英語でどうぞ。
Canada Australia



POSTAGE

U.S.A.

\$3

plus

\$2

\$1

\$4

plus

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\$1

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plus

\$2

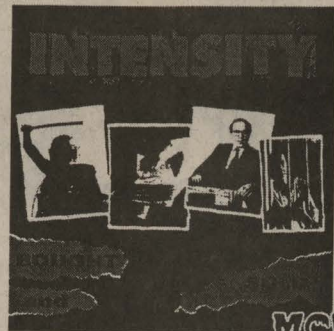
POSTAGE

No Checks No Cheques
Only Well Hidden U.S. Cash To
Yoshiyuki Takahashi



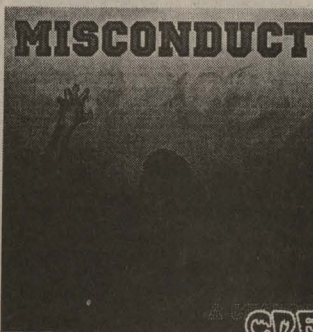
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Please Welcome...
The **HammerSmith
Hardmen!**



Intensity
Bought and Sold

Old school punk-rock with the
early Dischord/Revelation sound
- Day Nasty/Minor Threat/Gorilla
Biscuits. 14 tracks in less than 19
minutes... Review in MRR - Feb. 97



Misconduct
A Change

Debut release from this Kristinehamn
4-piece. Fast, aggressive NYHC in your
face! 10 tracks in less than 14 minutes.
Review in the May issue of MRR (I think)



Everyday Madness
Preaching to the converted

Swedish crust-HC at its finest! 12 tracks
Inspired by bands like Heresy, State of Fear
& Disrupt. Review in MRR - Apr. 97

Mini CD \$9.- Shipping Charges
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CDEP \$6.- Each additional \$1



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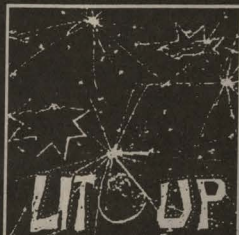
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unreleased tracks
white vinyl 7" \$4

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NEW ALBUM featuring
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"boots, beer, studs,
& spikes"
new full length
CD \$12



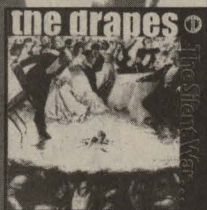
LAST BEAT RECORDS

2819 Commerce Dallas, TX 75226 800.201.2328 www.lastbeatrecords.com

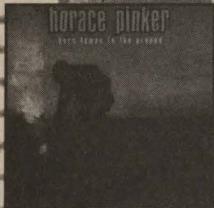
A little somethin' for your brownstar!



Latex Generation - 360°
Straight outta New York!
Attitude filled
sing-a-long songs every
punk should
own.



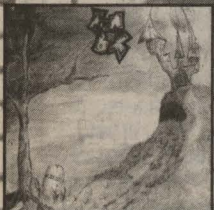
The Drapes - The Silent War
Fast aggressive skate
rock in the vein of
Good Riddance and
Diesel Boy



Horace Pinker - Burn
Tempe To The Ground
You heard the 7" on Fat,
now pick up their full length
on Onefoot.



**Lick 57's - ...And The
Band Played On**
Catchy hardcore, best
described as Face To
Face meets Avail.



Funbox - VXX III
Pure energized sk8 rock
with influences such as
Seven Seconds and
Descendents/All



**The Tie That Binds -
Slowly Sinking Under**
Five guys outta Texas
playing melodic emo-core
in the vein of Samiam,
Lifetime, and Jawbreaker

"CHECK THIS OUT, BABY!"



a ONEFOOT Records compilation

18 songs from 18 KICK ASS
bands!

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An Open Letter From A Major Label to The "Alternative Nation"



OUT

When we here at
AML records recently
released Dick Army's EP
"The First Four Beers" we felt
confident that it would be wel-
comed by "punks" with
open arms. Certainly all our
marketing research indicated
that this would be the case.

However, slow sales, com-
bined with poor reviews in
important trade publications,
such as "Maximumrocknroll",
have led us to retool the
group's image somewhat.

Gone is the group's
wacky drummer "Mikey".
Our research indicated that his
happy go lucky attitude was
out of sync with contempo-
rary "punk rock" mores. The
group will now be displaying
a more "sullen" and
"detached" attitude, both in
concert and on subsequent
releases. We are certain that
the new "in your face" D.A.
will be welcomed universally
by the "scene".

In the meantime, we

stand by the release of "The
First Four Beers" as a fine
"punk rock" record. It is avail-
able for \$3ppd in the US.
Also, the new, more refined
D.A. will be on tour this
november in the midwest with
the highly credible "Furious
George".

IN



AML "Selling Out The Scene Since 1997"

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Brooklyn, NY 11215

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blistering grind fury/early Napalm"\$11.00
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very ltd/extra song not on cd"\$12.00
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what else but fucking brutal !!!!! "\$12.00
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Excellent Australian Black metal"\$14.00
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sick zine has: HEMDALE/EXIT 13/EXHUMED/
FESTERING PUKE/WICKED INN."\$4.00
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MORTEM-"demon tales" CD
vicious Delcoid-like black death"\$15.00
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it's been re-done !! Diff. cover"\$13.00
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(green)vicious fast noise blasts"\$5.00
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blasting grind death from OHIO"\$4.00
DEMONIAC-"Stomblade" digi-pak CD
intense war metal / awesome"\$13.00
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has:DYSPHORIA,SLAVESTATE,EXHUMED,
UNEARTH,ABAZAGORATH...etc"\$10.00
MARDUK-"Heaven Shall Burn" CD
Swedish black/limited import"\$16.00
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very limited digi-pak/Black"\$18.00
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this howls ! Limited colored wax"\$5.00
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great death metal from Ohio"\$5.00
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has SKINLESS,INHUMAN,DEADEN"\$8.00
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(Norway) has Fontiz of D.Throne"\$16.00
CHARDS OF-"CIVILISATION-Comp 7"
w/ GROINCHURN,AG,ROT...etc."\$5.00
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bleating death attack from MO."\$6.00

ATTENTION!

No mailorder this month!

Unless you're ordering
Passive Fist or Clean Plate
releases, please don't order
from us this month.

We've fallen behind in
our mailorder and need a
little time to get caught
up. If you are currently
waiting on an order, or
have recently placed an
order, don't worry - it'll
be on it's way to you
shortly.

Catalog requests will not
be answered until the
new catalog is done

Stores and distros - we'll
still be doing wholesale,
so get in touch!

Sorry for any inconve-
nience. We're working on
a way to make things go
much smoother. Look for
us again next month with
lots of neat-o new crap!

PASSIVE FIST

P.O. Box 9313 / Savannah, GA 31412

VACUUM SEPT.

CATTLE DECAPITATION	Ten Torments	San Diego goes harsh - great cover	Humanure	EP	3.25
DIVISIA	Wifebeater	Second full length - quality shit	Pessimiser	LP/CD	6.50/9.5
DOGPRINT	Number 9	Spazz/BAJ single + great read	Weight = 8 oz	Pr/EP	3.00
EXCRUCIATING TERROR	Live @ Gilman	The title says it all - you need this	625	EP	3.00
GAI	Extermination	Japanese flexi classic reissued	I dunno	EP	4.00
GODSTOMPER	Halo	Bay Area HC - raw & unpolished	625/Open Wnd	EP	3.00
HAIL MARY	Glorius Morn.	Albany HC does it again	Prank	EP	3.00
JESUIT	Servitude 101	Fuck. Heavy as hell. Wicked dark.	Reservoir	EP	3.00
MONKEYBITE	Number 2	Noothgrush/BAJ single + monkeys!	Reservoir	Pr/EP	3.00
PAY NEUTER	Dead Inside	Apocalyptic - blast of slower/harsher	Tee Pee	LP	6.50
S.D.S.	Scum System	First release in a long time, still great	Mangrove	EP	3.50
STIKKY	Spamthology	Everything on a aluminium thing	Sound Pollution	CD	9.00
V/A BENUMB/DUKES OF HAZARD		Should need no explanation	My dog	EP	3.25
V/A BLOODSTAINS - DENMARK, NORWAY, YUGOSLAVIA		- the European wave continues!		LP	12.00 ea
V/A CHARLES BRONSON/UNANSWERED		Some of the best US today - great.	Track Star	EP	2.75
V/A CRIPPLE BASTARDS/PATARENI		11 / 13 songs - the showdown	Havin' a...	10"	8.00
V/A EL GUAP0		Still available - SPAZZ, CHARLES BR, NAILED DOWN, ETO, NO LESS			
V/A GO - 47 Canadian HC Bands		AOS, LACK OF INTEREST, ANSOJUAN	625	LP	6.50
V/A GOB/WINK MARTINDALE		URANUS, ACRID, SWAL, SHIT, PROPAGANDI etc		CD	9.00
V/A KILLED BY DEATH 8.5 or 9		Umm... you've heard - best hurry	My left foot	EP	3.25
V/A LIMITED OPTIONS		Last chance on these US classics	Redrum	LP	10.00
V/A RETURN OF THE DJ - Volume 1		Super intelligent zine + great listen	Wght=12 oz	Pr/10"	7.00
WORD SALAD	Specimen	First back in print - awesome stuff	Bomb	2xLP/CD	13.00 ea
		Huge foldout cover - desert destruct.	Prank	EP	4.00

\$1 (US) for full list - PRICES ARE - NOT - POSTPAID!!!

Catalog online: <http://www.interlog.com/~tedwong> Email: Timojhen@slip.net

Post Info: EP= 2oz / LP= 8oz / CD= 6oz / Mailer = 8 oz

Ck / MO to Vacuum / Below post rates USA only!!! Others send for sheet

Spec. 4th - \$1.50 first Lb, 0.50 ea add Lb / Priority \$3 first 2 Lbs \$1 ea add. Lb

POB 460324 SF CA 94146

new on **FAN ATTIC**
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BRATFACE "Attention Deficit Disorder" CD
 -Soon you too shall bow down to the might that is Bratface. Take early Butthole Surfers, mix in an equal dose of early Die Kreuzen, and drink vigorously. Then you'll be ready!



TOBOGGAN / METRORAGE WAREHOUSE split CD
 -Toboggan'll slam you against the wall with their furious hc rants on sex, alcohol, football and Pat Buchanan. MRW counter with potent hardcore punk with inciteful lyrics on personal topics, without going all emo on you.

still available:

wa "Runt of the Litter Vol.2" CD -34 New England punk bands. Only about 100 copies left...\$8.00ppd

The Medveds "My Mom Smoked My Stash" 7"ep -4 doses of depraved poppunkto get stuck in your head...\$3.50ppd

Penis Fly Trap / Kermit's Finger split CD -2 albums worth of drunken punk rock 'n thrash...\$8.00ppd

God Told Me To "Briss" CD -10 raunchy punk'n'roll tunes full of loads of energy and hooks...\$7.00ppd

Payment preferred in well-concealed cash or postal money order made out to **Ron Lacer**

All orders get free posters, stickers, etc.

My mail order list has over 60 other New England punk records

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Stores: contact Surefire Dist. at [617]542-2929

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southern wisconsin's best selection of punk: hardcore, garage, pop-punk, oi, emo, ska, crust, indie, etc.! also an amazing selection of extreme metal, industrial, noise, gothic, techno! check out our cool new shop and our ever-expanding selection, meet the new staffers, and take home some killer shit!

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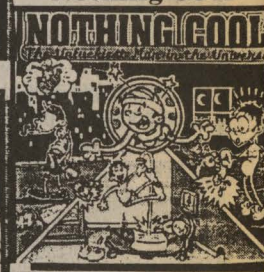
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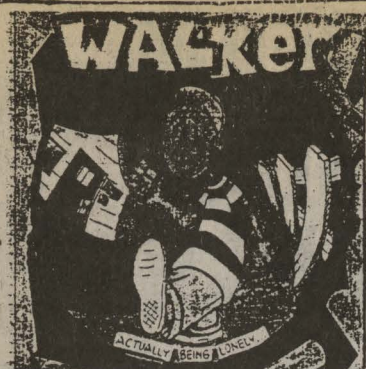
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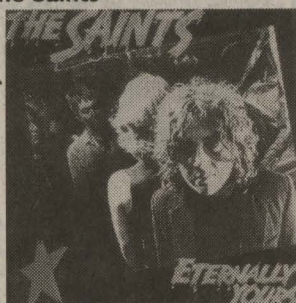
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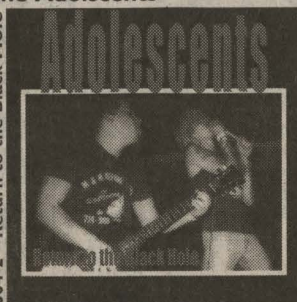


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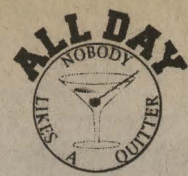
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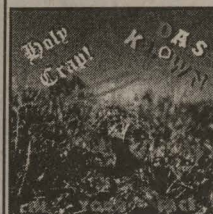


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